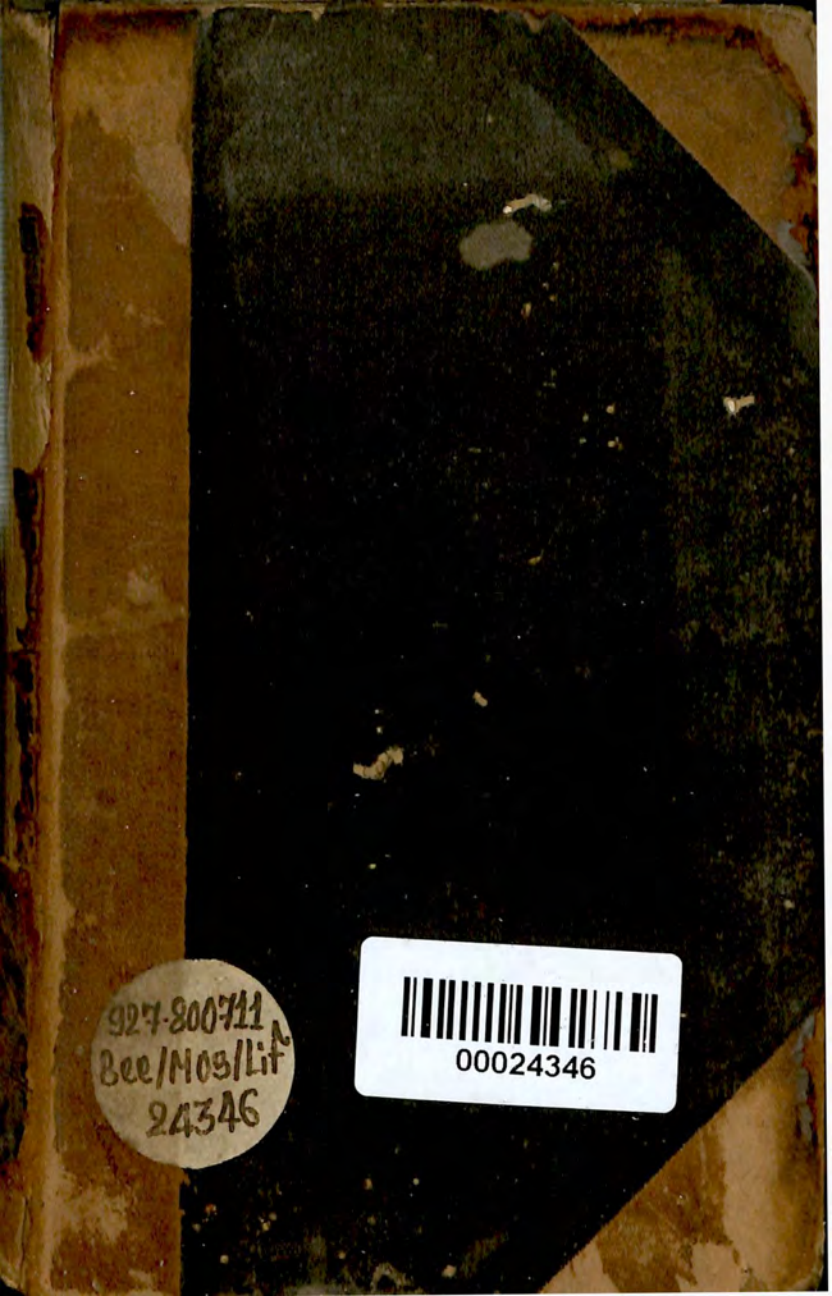
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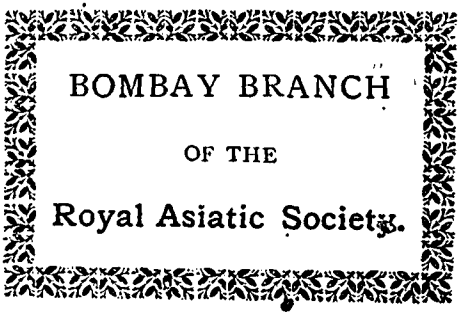

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THE LIFE

OF

BEETHOVEN,

INCLUDING HIS

CORRESPONDENCE WITH HIS FRIENDS,

NUMEROUS CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS,

AND REMARKS ON HIS MUSICAL WORKS.

EDITED BY

IGNACE MOSCHELES, Esq.

Pianist to his Royal Highness Prince Albert.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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LIFE
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The Ninth Symphony was finished, and Beethoven now proposed to devote his attention, without delay, to a work worthy of his powers—the composition of an Oratorio, written by his friend C. Bernard, and en-

titled "*The Victory of the Cross.*" From this work he anticipated much pleasure, as he was satisfied with the poetry—a point in his estimation of no little moment—when an occurrence took place that deserves to be circumstantially related, as well on account of its importance to the history of art, as because, in relation to Beethoven, its consequences were interesting.

The Italian Opera in Vienna had now for some years possessed itself of those halls devoted to the melodious art, which in the time of Gluck had been exclusively occupied by German music; and although, for the last ten years, the tendencies exhibited by the musical world had been rather towards the sensual and the material, yet, in the main body of the Vienna public, a noble spirit was stirring, which it would never have been possible to exclude, or rather to expel, from its native soil, had there only existed a determination firmly to uphold what was of native growth.

The German Opera had still among her

votaries devoted adherents, who, by holding manfully together, might long have resisted the force of prevalent error, and saved the edifice from destruction.

A former administration does not seem to have duly understood the demands of the time, so as, while cautiously yielding to them to a certain extent, to have, nevertheless, retained all that was essential. The public, therefore, became impatient, and the first Italian Solfeggio that was heard within those walls sounded like the signal of banishment to the German Opera. The violence of the current carried every one along with it. No one asked in what direction he was borne, for all were enchanted, intoxicated, with the *roulades* of the Rossini school. Few, indeed, were they, who could resist the force of such a stream, and preserve in all its purity their taste for the truly beautiful and ideal in art; but to this little band German music is deeply indebted; for its warning voice by degrees brought back many a wanderer to the right path.

How, then, did all this affect Beethoven? As monarch in his own domain, he was almost as much forgotten by the crowd as if he had never existed; and no other mark of distinction was conferred upon him than the manifestation of outward respect, even by persons of the highest rank, whenever he made his appearance. How deeply he felt this ominous state of things, and how much it weighed upon his mind, was proved by his more than ordinary seclusion, as well as his determination to bring out the two new works, the Mass, and the Ninth Symphony, in Berlin. The report of this intention induced a small number of artists and friends of art to make an effort to avert from the imperial city the threatened disgrace; and they, in consequence, addressed to Beethoven a memorial, of which, on account of the interest of its contents, I will here give a faithful transcript:—

"To M. Ludwig van Beethoven.

"A small number of the disciples and lovers of art, from the wide circle of admirers

of your genius, in your adopted city, present themselves before you to-day, in order to give utterance to wishes long felt, and to prefer a request which they have long hesitated to make.

"Although the number of speakers bears but a small proportion to that crowd, who are sensible of your worth, and joyfully acknowledge what you have done for the present and future time, yet their wishes and requests are by no means confined to the speakers, but shared by all to whom art and the realization of the ideal are more than a means of passing away an idle hour. Their wish is the wish also of a countless number, and their requests are repeated, aloud or in silence, by all whose bosoms are animated by a sense of whatever is divine in music.

"The wishes of those who venerate art in our native country are those which we would more especially express to you at present; for, although the name and the creations of Beethoven belong to every country where a susceptibility to the beauties of art exists,

Austria may yet boast of the nearest claim to them. Among her people a due sense of the value of the great and immortal works of Mozart and Haydn, produced within her bosom, is not yet dead; and with joyful pride do they remember that the sacred triad, in which your name and theirs appear as the symbol of whatever is highest in the spiritual realms of music, sprung from the soil of their father-land.

"So much the more painful, however, must it be to you to see that a foreign power has invaded this royal citadel—that above the graves of the departed, and within the dwelling-place of the only one of this band that is still left us, productions are taking the lead, which can boast of no relationship with the princely spirits of this house; shallowness usurping the name and symbol of art, and an unworthy sporting with what is holy darkening and effacing the sense of truth and everlasting beauty.

"More than at any former time, therefore, do those who now address you feel a lively

conviction, that the one thing needful at the present moment is a new impulse from a powerful hand—a new appearance of the sovereign within his own domain. This necessity it is which brings them to you to-day, and the following are the requests which they now prefer to you in the name of native art and of all to whom it is dear.

"Withdraw no longer from the public enjoyment,—deny no longer to our sense of what is great and perfect the performance of the latest masterpiece of your hand. We know that a valuable composition in church-music has been produced, to succeed that in which you have immortalised the sensations of a soul, penetrated by the power of faith and illumined by the divine rays of genius. We know that a new flower blooms in the garland of your magnificent and unequalled Symphonies. For years, since the thunders of the Victory of Vittoria ceased to sound, have we anxiously hoped to see you pour out again, in a circle of kindred spirits, fresh gifts from the abundance of your wealth. Disappoint no longer the expectations of your friends;

heighten the impression of your newest creations by introducing us yourself to the knowledge of them. Permit not these, the youngest offspring of your genius, to appear one day as strangers in the place of their birth —to fall, perhaps, into the hands of those whose minds are foreign to yours.

" Appear, then, once more in the circle of your friends, your admirers, your venerators; this is our first and most urgent request.

" Other claims on your talents, however, have been openly put forward. The wishes expressed and the offers made to you a year ago by the Directors of our Court Opera, and afterwards by the Society of Austrian Lovers of Music, were shared and approved by too many who respected your name, and were concerned for the interests of art, not to have quickly become public, and to have excited universal interest. Poetry has done her part to support these pleasing hopes and expectations, and worthy materials from a much-esteemed poetical mind await only your magic touch to charm them into life.

" Let this summons to so noble a work not

be heard in vain. Delay no further to transport us back to those long-departed days when the power of Polyhymnia moved with mighty spells alike the hearts of the multitude and of the consecrated priests of art. Need we say with what deep regret your late retired mode of life has filled us? Is any assurance required that all eyes have been turned towards you, and that all have seen with sorrow that he, whom they acknowledged as the highest of living men in his own domain, should have looked on in silence while our German soil has been invaded by the footsteps of foreign art—the seat of the German muse usurped—and German works have become but the echo of those of strangers; threatening a second childhood of taste to succeed its golden age? You alone are able to secure activity to the efforts of the best among us. You alone can bestow new life on national art and on the German Opera; bid them bloom once more, and save the true and the beautiful from the violence by which the fashion of the day

seeks to subject to itself their everlasting laws.

" Suffer us, then, to hope for the speedy fulfilment of the wishes of all to whom your harmonies have penetrated. This is our second and most urgent request. May this year not pass without our being rejoiced by witnessing the fruits of our entreaties, and may the unfolding of one of those long-wished-for gifts render the coming spring to us, and to the whole world of art, a twofold time of promise.

" Vienna, February, 1824.

(Signed)

" PRINCE C. LICHNOWSKY.
ARTARIA & CO.
V. HAUSCHKA.
M. Z. LEIDESDORF.
J. E. VON WAYNA.
ANDREAS STREICHER.
ANTON HALM.
ABBÉ STADLER.
FERD. COUNT VON PALFY.
EDWARD BARON VON SCHWEIGER.
COUNT CZERNIN, Chamberlain.
MORITZ COUNT V. FRIES.
J. F. CASTELLI.

PROF. DEINHARDSTEIN.
CH. KUFFNER.
F. R. NEHAMMER.
STEINER VON FELSBURG.
MORITZ COUNT V. DIETRICHSTEIN.
IG. EDLER VON MOSEL.
KARL CZERNY.
MORITZ COUNT VON LICHNOWSKY.
VON ZMESKALL.
HOFRATH KIESEWETTER.
DR. N. SONNLEITHNER.
VON FELSBURG.
FERD. COUNT VON STOCKHAMMER.
ANTON DIABELLI.
STEINER & CO.
LEDERER.
J. N. BIHLER."

The bearers of this memorial indulged the expectation of receiving immediately from Beethoven an assurance of his compliance with the requests contained in it; but in this they were egregiously mistaken, for he declined reading it till he should be alone. I had been prevented from being present when it was delivered to him, and arrived only just as he had finished its perusal. He communicated to me the contents, and, after running them over once more, handed the paper quietly to me; then turning towards the win-

dow, he remained some time looking up at the sky. I could not help observing that he was much affected, and, after I had read it, I laid it down without speaking, in the hope that he would first begin the conversation. After a long pause, whilst his eyes never ceased following the clouds, he turned round, and said, in a solemn tone which betrayed his internal emotion—"It is really gratifying!—I am much pleased." I nodded assent, and wrote in the conversation-book that he must now be convinced that he would meet with sufficient support, if he would resolve to have the two new pieces brought out soon at a concert. To this course he had always declared himself decidedly adverse, professing his conviction that, from the alteration which had taken place in musical taste, and in the intoxicated state of the public mind, no sensibility remained for what was truly great.*

* Beethoven had already expressed himself to the same effect two years before to Hofrath Rochlitz, as may be seen in his work—"For the Friends of Music," vol. 4, page 355. I shall recur to this subject at the conclusion of the musical part of this book.

Beethoven read what I had just written, and then said, "Let us get into the open air." When we were out, he appeared, contrary to his custom, rather disposed to taciturnity, but I remarked the glimmering of a latent wish to comply with the well-meant requests of his admirers.

After a good deal of discussion with one and another, it was at last decided that the works should be brought before the public—but where? This was a question hard to answer, so that several weeks elapsed before it could be settled, and I will venture to say that the good people of Bonn were not so much perplexed to decide on the place best adapted for Beethoven's monument, and that many an entangled political problem was solved in less time at the Congress of Vienna.

Since Beethoven had intrusted to me alone the arrangement of the concert to be given, I might, in speaking of the difficulties I had to overcome, take occasion to mention at length the numerous obstacles and intrigues,

the many basely avaricious demands, and the innumerable tricks and machinations, of which I became aware, but that it would lead me too far from my subject. I will therefore only observe, that, after a long debate, the place chosen was the Hof-Theater at the Kärnthner Thor, but this did not advance the matter much. A new struggle was now to be commenced with the manager, M. Duport, who was no less zealous than the rest for the interests of his theatre, and wished to make a profit of Beethoven's undertaking.

When two flints had come into collision, what results could be expected?—especially as neither one nor the other remained steady to his first terms, but changed every day like a weathercock.

At length, in order to be at least certain of what were the wishes of one of the contracting parties, we were obliged to have recourse to the following stratagem: I begged Count Lichnowsky and M. Schuppanzigh to call on Beethoven at the same hour, as if by accident, and to sound him with regard to

his intentions. On this occasion we were to endeavour to lead him to speak categorically on the several points in discussion, and one of us was immediately to write down whatever he should say, and then, half in jest, half in earnest, call on him to sign it.

The plan succeeded to admiration, but what was the consequence? From the whole procedure, Beethoven at length became aware of our design, and, suspecting as usual falsehood and treachery at the bottom, despatched to us the following sultan-like *hatti-shérif*:—

"*To the Count Moritz von Lichnowsky.*

"I despise artifices. Let me have no more of your visits. The *Academy* (the Concert) will not take place.

"BEETHOVEN."

"*To M. Schuppanzigh.*

"Let me see you no more. I shall give no Academy.

"BEETHOVEN."

"*To M. Schindler.*

"Do not come near me again till I send for you. No Academy.

"BEETHOVEN."

Fortunately Beethoven did not send us the silken cord along with these missives, so we all three remained in the land of the living. We suffered his anger to evaporate, and in the mean time assisted each other to do the best that we could for him.

Towards the end of April, Beethoven one day wrote to me in an angry mood :—"After these six weeks' squabbling about this and that, I feel absolutely boiled, stewed, and roasted. What is to be done at last about this much-talked-of Concert? Unless the prices are raised, what will remain for me after so many expenses, since the copying alone has cost so much?"

It will appear from this, that the principal point in discussion was concerning the raising the prices of admission. If Beethoven wished to get back the money that he had

already expended, he must after all, nolens volens, submit to the demand of the manager, which was, that the Concert should take place in the theatre, on a subscription-night, at the ordinary prices; and that, for the use of it, as well as of the Chorus and Orchestra, the administration should receive the sum of one thousand florins, Vienna currency. There was no help for it. It was now—"Beethoven, submit to your fate."

The Concert took place on the 7th of May, 1824. The house was filled to overflowing. The gross receipts were 2220 florins; of which, subtracting 1000 for the theatre and 800 for the copying, there remained for Beethoven 420 florins. Every box was crammed, with the single exception of the Emperor's, which remained empty, although Beethoven had gone in person, in my company, to make the invitations to all the members of the Imperial family then in Vienna, and some of the illustrious personages had promised to attend. When the time came, however, the Emperor and Empress were on a journey, and

the Archduke Rudolph was in Olmütz; so that our great master was obliged to shift without the countenance of the Imperial court.

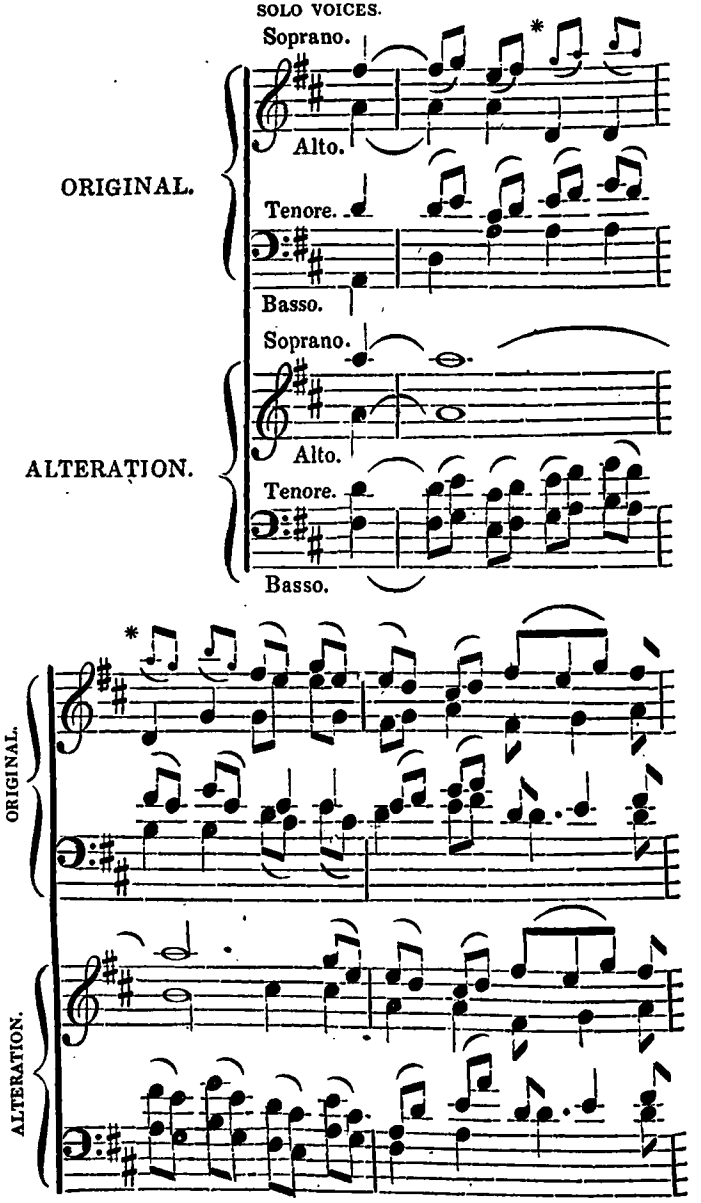
These were the immediate results of the concert. The details of the further consequences to Beethoven I may be permitted to pass over for the present, as I shall have much worse to notice in the sequel; but I cannot forbear mentioning some facts connected with the rehearsal of the vocal parts of the two works above alluded to.

It will perhaps be remembered that, in speaking of the performance of *Fidelio*, in the second period, I observed that Beethoven was in the habit of paying little attention to the possibility of the execution of what he wrote for the vocal parts. Innumerable proofs of this assertion may be found again in the second Mass and in the ninth Symphony, which, during the rehearsals of the chorus and solo parts, led to many unpleasant discussions. With due deference for the master, it was not possible to avoid telling him that this and that passage could not be sung. The

two ladies, Mademoiselle Sontag and Mademoiselle Ungher, who undertook the soprano and alto solos, came several times to practise them at Beethoven's house, and made the remark to him beforehand.*

* There is no doubt that the vocal parts of Beethoven's works frequently lie very high, especially in places where words are to be pronounced. This is the case with his ninth Symphony with *Soli* and Chorus. The 1st recitative for the bass voice is in some parts uncomfortably high; and the composer himself permits the singer, in its opening notes, to sing , or
He would certainly have given similar lisences in severa other parts of this recitative, if it had not been against his plan of unity in this musical poem, as the same notes of the recitative are performed by the double-bass in the foregoing instrumental movement. When I prepared, for the first time, to conduct this Symphony, on the occasion of its revival by the Philharmonic Society (April 17th, 1837), I found similar difficulties in other parts of the vocal movement. An imperfect execution of these was to be apprehended, derogatory to the general effect. I considered it a bold undertaking to attempt any alteration, since every work which comes from such a master-genius should be reverentially handled: I nevertheless ventured to facilitate the execution of the passages in question. The full amount of changes made by me is acknowledged in the following illustration:—in so doing I hope to prove the truth of the saying, "that he who accuses himself has the best chance of finding mercy at the hands of critical judges."—Ed.

SOLO



*** The passages marked with a *, and inserted in small notes, indicate the high notes alluded to.—Ed.

Chorus.
ORIGINAL.
Chorus.
ALTERATION.
ORIGINAL.
ALTERATION.

*** This is the very part I did alter, as shown in the above illustration; for if, as the sequel shows, a Sontag had perseverance and means sufficient to work it out, the same could not be expected from every singer, and least of all from the Chorus, which repeats the same passage after the Solo performers.—Ed.

Mlle. Ungher did not hesitate to call him the tyrant of singers, but he only answered, smiling, that it was because they were both so spoiled by the modern Italian style of singing that they found the two new works difficult.* "But this high passage here," said Sontag, pointing to the vocal Quartett in the Symphony,

Küsse gab sie uns und Reben—

"would it not be possible to alter that?"— "And this passage, M. van Beethoven," continued Mademoiselle Ungher, "is also too high for most voices. Could we not alter that?"—"No! no! no!" was the answer.† —"Well then, for Heaven's sake (*in Gottes Namen*), let us work away at it again," said the patient Sontag.

* He was in a measure right, for, what with *fioriture* and roulades, the true Cantabile style had until then remained to these two ladies.

† The same thing took place with the bass solo part, in which, however, Beethoven at length gave way, and made a little alteration in the recitative, because it was too high for the singer.

As for the poor Soprani, in the chorus parts of the Mass, every day did they complain to Beethoven that it was out of their power to reach and sustain the high notes so long as he prescribed. In some places the tyrant remained inexorable, though it would have been easy for him, by a transposition of some of the intervals, to render those passages easier for the voices, without altering anything essential. Umlauf, the most strictly classical conductor I have ever known, to whom Beethoven had committed the management of the whole, also made some modest remarks on this difficulty, but equally in vain. The consequence of this obstinacy was, that every chorus-singer, male and female, got over the stumbling-block as well as he or she could, and, when the notes were too high, left them out altogether.*

* In this they were not in the wrong. As to the saying, "*jurare in verba magistri*," I am of opinion that it would be better to spoil the effect of a whole piece than to destroy a single voice; and that therefore every skilful Director should make such alteration as may be found necessary for the voices, especially in the Mass, where there are many

The master, however, standing in the midst of this confluence of music, heard nothing of all this, was not even sensible of the tumultuous applause of the auditory at the close of the Symphony, but was standing with his back to the proscenium, until Mademoiselle Ungher, by turning round and making signs, roused his attention, that he might at least *see* what was going on in the front of the house. This acted, however, like an electric shock on the thousands present, who were struck with a sudden consciousness of his misfortune; and, as the flood-gates of pleasure, compassion, and sympathy were opened, there followed a volcanic explosion of applause, which seemed as if it would never end.*

This success, such as had never been witnessed in those venerable halls of art, induced the speculative manager of the theatre to

soprano passages, which may be screamed, but cannot be sung. These alterations are, besides, very easily made, and the effect will be grand and true, when all the voices can proceed at ease.

* For an account of this Concert see Supplement, No. III., Vol. II.

propose a repetition of the new works, (with the exception of four numbers of the Mass,) securing, before-hand, to Beethoven 500 florins Vienna currency (1250 francs). The manager offered to take on himself all expenses, but claimed all the surplus receipts. Discouraged by the small profit of the first concert, (420 florins, paper currency,) Beethoven, for a long time, would not agree to this, but was at length necessitated to comply. In the latter part of the month of May, accordingly, the repetition took place in the imperial assembly-rooms (*Redouten-Saal*); the four movements of the Mass, however, *Kyrie*, *Credo*, *Agnus Dei*, and *Dona nobis pacem*, which were the only parts of the Mass performed at the first concert, were destined to be omitted, though Beethoven protested strongly against it. In place of them the Italian roulade-monger, Signor David, sung the favourite Cavatina "*Di tanti palpiti*," in spite of the outcry of all the purists; and Sontag gave innumerable fioriture of Mercadante's. Of Beethoven's music, besides

the ninth Symphony, the Terzetto *Tremate, empi tremate,* by Italian singers, and the grand Overture in C major, with the double fugue, were also performed.

The pecuniary result of these manifold exertions was, that the manager had the pleasure of paying 800 florins towards the expenses, as *the house was not half full,* and that Beethoven, deeply vexed at this unexpected result, declined at first to accept the 500 florins guaranteed to him, and was with much difficulty at last prevailed upon to take the money. The most complete ill humour took possession of him, so that he was no longer accessible to any one, and it was increased by the gossiping tittle-tattle of certain persons, who put it into his head that he had been cheated at the first concert, and thus excited his suspicions, especially against me. At a dinner, which he gave a few days afterwards to the two directors of his concert, Messrs. Umlauf and Schuppanzigh, and to me, in the Prater, he could no longer restrain his anger, but declared that he had been in-

formed that I, in conjunction with the manager, M. Duport, had defrauded him. It was in vain that our two companions endeavoured to convince him that, as every piece of money had passed through the hands of the two cashiers of the theatre, and their accounts of the receipts exactly corresponded, a fraud on either side was out of the question: he refused to retract his charge, and I consequently withdrew immediately, in company with M. Umlauf, and did not see Beethoven again till the month of November, when he called upon me at the theatre in the Josephstadt, where I was acting as music-director, and begged that what had passed might be forgotten.

This occurrence may serve to show what it was to be Beethoven's *friend*, and to keep on good terms with him only a single year. How much friendship, how many sacrifices, what an entire self-denial, did it not require to submit to be daily exposed to the most malicious calumnies, and even to the most dishonourable accusations! The friend of his

youth, Hofrath von Breuning, was alienated from him by a similar reflection on his honour, and Beethoven was only brought back to him by certain melancholy events of the year 1826, when he stood in need of his assistance.

An accusation of this kind occasioned a coolness of twelve years' standing between him and his old friend Dr. Malfatti; and it was not till Beethoven was on his deathbed that I brought about a reconciliation. Credulous, inexperienced, and distrustful as he was, it was easy for any worthless person to slander and set him against his most tried friend. It was not always that these calumnies originated with his brothers, but other odious creatures were continually poisoning his mind, as there are examples enough to prove in his conversation-books.

In his last illness he circumstantially related to me and M. von Breuning many of the intrigues and machinations of some of those persons, whose motives were always envy and covetousness. He also confessed that he had several times been induced to

write letters, declaring his conviction of the deceit and treachery of this or that friend, without any better ground than those false accusations.

The manner in which he made his peace, however, was so frank and open-hearted, that one could not help passing over every vexation and insult that might have been received from him.

With his servants he was accustomed to make up these affronts by presents of money, and it was said that his faithful old housekeeper, who bore his humours for many years, was able to help him in time of need with what she had saved out of these presents, or rather fines, which Beethoven imposed on himself. That there really were such moments I can myself bear witness, and a note which I received from him in the spring of the year 1824 attests the same thing:—"Frau Schnapps (a nickname he had given to his housekeeper) will advance what is wanted for housekeeping; so come and dine with me at two o'clock. I have

some good news to tell, but let this be between ourselves, that the *brain-eater** may know nothing about it.—BEETHOVEN."

In the spring of the year 1824, Beethoven was again invited to visit England, and he appeared more than usually resolved on undertaking this journey in the following autumn. I was to accompany him, and we were to travel through the Rhenish provinces, that he might see his native country once more, where, alas! not a creature, with the exception of Dr. Wegeler in Coblentz, Ries's father, and the music-publisher Simrock in Bonn, ever bestowed a thought upon him. How rare was his correspondence, even with these old friends, appears from the Notices of Beethoven, published by the first-mentioned of them. Autumn approached, but Beethoven made no preparations for the journey.

In a letter dated the 20th of December of the same year, the invitation was most pressingly repeated on the part of the Philhar-

* This refers to his brother Johann.

monic Society by Mr. Neate,* music professor of London, who had formerly passed some time in Vienna. The terms offered were as follow:—

"The Philharmonic Society proposes to pay you 300 guineas for your visit, and expects, on your part, that you will superintend the performance of your own works, of which at least one will be given at every concert. It also expects that you will, in the course of your stay in England, write a new Symphony and a Concerto, to be performed here, but to remain your own property." For a concert, which it was further proposed that he should himself give in London, the sum of 500*l.* sterling was to be guaranteed to him; so that nothing could be handsomer than these offers, as Beethoven himself acknowledged. But his nephew!.... certain rumours with respect to this young man had now become generally current, and the consequence was, that the journey was given up, and the

* See the Correspondence with Mr. Neate in the Supplement, No. II., Vol. II.

hopes of the Londoners, to see among them their long-established favourite, Beethoven, were all frustrated.

And now for the following fact, which I hope may be considered in all its bearings, and duly estimated by all admirers of the great deceased, since it deserves, far more than any of those already related, the attention of the whole musical world.

In the beginning of the year 1824, Beethoven received from a Russian prince his first extremely flattering letter, with a request that he would write one or two instrumental Quartetts, and dedicate them to the writer. The terms proposed were highly agreeable, the condition being added, that the prince should possess both of the works to be composed for a full year as his sole property, and that, after the lapse of that time only, the master should have a right to publish them. (This condition, which served to increase the loss that he eventually sustained, was not at first agreed to by Beethoven, but afterwards punctually fulfilled.)

This was soon followed by a second letter to the same purport, and just as some serpents are said by their glance to fascinate their destined prey, did Beethoven, by whom adulation was in general totally disregarded, appear intoxicated by the flatteries of the Russian prince. He abandoned the composition of the Oratorio by C. Bernard, which was already begun, and set about a Quartett for Prince Nicholas von Galitzin, but before it was ready the prince applied for a second, and soon after for a third, and found means to gain over Beethoven so entirely, that he seemed to think no more of the Oratorio, of the tenth Symphony, or even of a work which he had already planned, and which was to be the grand effort of his life, the conclusion of his artistical exertions—namely—the setting Göthe's Faust to music.* The musical world has to thank this man only that all these works, as well as a grand Requiem,

* Hofrath Rochlitz had already, in 1822, made him, in the name of M. Härtel, a proposal for the composition of Göthe's Faust.

which the composer had also projected, remained unwritten, and for this he can never make amends. But let us proceed. The sum agreed on for the Quartetts, to be written for this princely Mæcenas, was 125 ducats. Beethoven, however, received from St. Petersburg nothing but letters filled with questions concerning doubtful or difficult passages in these Quartetts, to which the fullest and most circumstantial replies were immediately dispatched, and it would be highly desirable, for the intelligibility of the pieces in question, that these answers should be published ;* but never did he receive a single ruble. It was not till the month of December, in the year 1826, when a long illness had occasioned him considerable pecuniary embarrassment, that he applied to the prince for the stipulated sum, representing his distressed situation ; but received no answer. Beethoven wrote again,

* One of these answers, in Beethoven's hand-writing, I sent, in the year 1828, to Professor Marx, in Berlin, for the Berlin Musical Journal, but have never seen or heard of it since.

and at the same time begged the Austrian ambassador and the banking-house of Stieglitz at St. Petersburg, in private letters, to make application to the prince. At length an answer arrived from the latter, that Prince Nicholas von Galitzin had gone to Persia to join the army, without leaving them any instructions to remit money to Beethoven. In this painful situation Beethoven recollected the offer made to him by the London Philharmonic Society, and wrote on the subject to Moscheles and Sir George Smart. I shall return again to this matter, and in the mean time I must be allowed to close this extraordinary case by observing, that if Prince Nicholas von Galitzin is still living, he can only hope to appease the manes of Beethoven by paying over this just debt of 125 ducats, either to some charitable institution, or to the Bonn committee for the erection of a monument to his memory.

Immediately after the above-mentioned two memorable concerts, Beethoven moved into a pleasant house at Penzing, near Schönbrunn,

to which he had taken a fancy, connected with which is a characteristic anecdote. The house is situated near the river Wien, over which there is a bridge for foot passengers, and, as the master had become an object of great public curiosity, it was not uncommon for this bridge to be occupied by a crowd of persons, who had posted themselves there, to wait for an opportunity of seeing him. This annoyed him so much that he left the house in three weeks and went to Baden. A similar case had occurred a year before at Hetzendorf, where he left a lodging which he had taken for the summer, and for which he had paid in advance 400 florins, because he took offence at the excessive politeness of his landlord.

In the autumn of the year 1824 Beethoven returned from Baden, and for the first time for many years took a house in town, that his nephew, who had now left school, might be near the University. During this winter (1824-5) the master had a severe fit of illness, originating in an intestinal disorder:

indeed, he had been on bad terms with his stomach during his whole life. The eminent physician, Dr. Staudenheim, had hitherto been his medical attendant, and often had to remonstrate seriously with his patient, though it must be confessed without much effect. Now, however, he chose to appoint Dr. Braunhofer, professor at the University, to attend him. The winter was passed in a state of constant suffering, and it was not till the spring that he began to recover a little, and moved again to Baden, his favourite summer residence.

His mental activity during this whole year extended no further than to the composition of the last Quartett; for the Russian Mæcenas was continually writing flattering letters to urge him to its completion.

The first work undertaken after the illness of the year 1825 was the Quartett, No. 12, with the remarkable adagio—"*Canzone di ringraziamento in modo lidico, offérta alla Divinità da un guarito.*"

In the year 1825 Beethoven closed with

an offer made to him by the brothers Schott, in Mainz, for the purchase of his second Mass and of the ninth Symphony, after proposals had been made to him by houses in Berlin, Vienna, and Leipzig, which, however, did not suit him. Pursuant to this agreement, Beethoven received

	florins.
For the Mass in D major, op. 123 . . .	1000
For the ninth Symphony, op. 125 . . .	600

At the same time the house at Mainz agreed for the following works of Beethoven's :—

Quatuor, op. 127, for . .		50 ducats.
Quatuor, op. 131, for . .		80 „
Overture in C major,	op. 124	
Opferlied,	op. 121	
Bundeslied,	op. 122	
Ariette to Chloe,	op. 128	
Bagatelles for the pianoforte . .	op. 126	

For these five works Beethoven received the sum of 130 ducats.

This not inconsiderable sum might have enabled him to replace the amount abstracted

from his little fund, and to avert many future difficulties, had he not determined to consider it as a capital, to be laid out in the purchase of public securities, as a provision for his nephew, and not as his own property. How far he was in the right we shall see in the sequel.

In the autumn of 1825 Beethoven moved to his last lodging, in what is called the Schwarzpanier House, situated on the glacis of the suburb of Währing. It suited him well, had plenty of sunshine, and commanded an extensive and, at the same time, agreeable prospect over the city and several suburbs. In this abode he passed the eventful year 1826, in which his harassed mind was destined to the hardest and bitterest trial which could be imposed upon a man, to whom virtue and honour were the dearest of all things.

His adopted nephew, endowed, as I have already remarked, with uncommon mental abilities, had, to the great joy of his uncle, who brought him up like the child of a nobleman,

already made considerable progress in his education, and Beethoven took no little pride in his success. At the age of seventeen, the youth returned to the house of this his second father, and, attending only the course of philosophy at the University, was released from all the restraints to which he was necessarily subject while at school; for his uncle, trusting entirely to his understanding and steadiness, granted his nephew all the freedom he desired, which, indeed, under the circumstances, he could hardly avoid. It would lead us too far to enter into any detail of the observations made by his first teachers on a certain turn of mind in the boy, which might probably lead him away from the right path; it was hoped that this had been corrected in his subsequent education.

This youth, possessing talents worthy of his renowned name, was no sooner in the full enjoyment of his liberty, than he fell into an evil course of life—neglected his studies—abused the affection and indulgence of his uncle—and was, at last, expelled from the

University, where even the respect universally felt for the name he bore could no longer screen him. It would be needless to dwell on the sufferings of the great master, before and during this event, which was not unexpected. Whoever saw him in this time of trouble could not fail to perceive plainly on his features the traces of the mortification caused by this dishonour to his name.

The measure of his sufferings was, however, far from full; and they were increased by the circumstance that there were people found who threw the blame of all that had happened on the uncle; and we will not therefore shrink from inquiring, in the course of this narrative, whether some part of the fault may not indeed be attributable to Beethoven.

In accordance with the wish of this young man, he was now allowed to continue his studies at the Polytechnic Institution, and to devote himself to mercantile pursuits—a permission which Beethoven was the more willing to grant, since he knew his nephew would, in that institution, be under the

superintendence of the vice-director, M. Reisser, who was his joint-guardian with himself. All attempts to bring him again into an honourable course were vain; on the contrary, Beethoven received innumerable proofs that he had not only lost all affection, but even all respect for him, and rejected with equal obstinacy advice and entreaty. It may now be time to inquire how far the master may be considered blameable for the conduct of this youth, and by what means the latter forfeited his affection and his respect.

When a man undertakes the education of a gifted child, possessed by such an excess of love as Beethoven bore to his nephew, this alone may prove the source of innumerable evils, and become a kind of Pandora's box. Beethoven, in the first instance, committed the mistake of granting unbounded confidence to his nephew when a boy ten or twelve years of age, though he had often been convicted of falsehood and other serious juvenile

faults; and afterwards expecting from a lad of sixteen the steadiness of a man, and emancipating him in the fullest sense of the term. Of these mistakes he now became conscious—but alas! too late! Beethoven was still more to blame because he could not, even in the presence of his nephew, refrain from expressing his detestation of the boy's mother, to which he gave utterance sometimes in the most violent manner; forbidding him all intercourse with her, utterly regardless of the voice of Nature, which, sooner or later, may awaken and become its own avenger.

No sooner was the young man released from the restraints of his childhood than he sought out this in every sense unfortunate mother; and continued to visit her, although he knew that this had been most strictly forbidden by Beethoven: and hence arose many painful contests between uncle and nephew.

In these proceedings, though Beethoven may have been over-severe towards the mo-

ther, he was led to adopt this course by the most cogent reasons founded on antecedent events.

There are now lying before me twenty-nine letters, addressed by Beethoven to his nephew in the summer of the year 1825, dated Baden, and which, with other papers, came again into his possession after his nephew's catastrophe in August, 1826. They were confided to me and Hofrath von Breuning, at that moment, towards the end of his earthly career, to which I have adverted in the introduction to this work, in order that from their contents a judgment might be formed of the line of conduct pursued by the uncle towards his nephew, and that he might stand before the world acquitted of charges brought against him. I now proceed to fulfil the melancholy duty of making some faithful extracts from them.

I.

" I rejoice, my dear son, that you are pleased with your adopted sphere of life, and diligent in acquiring what is necessary for it.

Your handwriting I should not have known again. I myself indeed care only about the sense and signification, but you must now endeavour to attain also external elegance.

"If it is too hard a task for you to come hither, never mind. Should it, however, be any way possible, I shall be glad to have in my exile some feeling heart about me. I embrace you most cordially.

"Your affectionate father,

"BEETHOVEN."

II.

"*May* 18, 1825.

"It cannot but be becoming in a youth, now nearly nineteen, to unite with his cares for his education and future prosperity the duty which he owes to his benefactor, to whom he is indebted for his maintenance. Have I not fulfilled mine towards my poor parents, and rejoiced when I was able to assist them? How different has been your conduct towards me! Thoughtless boy, farewell.

"BEETHOVEN."

III.

"*May* 22, 1825.

"I have been assured, although hitherto it has been only matter of conjecture, that you have again been carrying on a clandestine intercourse with your mother. Am I again to experience this hateful ingratitude? Shall the tie between us be severed?—So be it then. You will be detested by every impartial person who shall hear of your ingratitude. The expressions used by my brother, and your own of yesterday, with respect to Dr. S——r, must of course be painful to me, since the very reverse of what he requires has been decided by the tribunal.* Am I continually to be forced to entangle myself in these abominations? Never again! Is the agreement become burdensome to you? Be it so, in God's name! I have done my part, and leave you to Providence. I do not fear to answer for my conduct before the judgment-seat of the Almighty.

"BEETHOVEN."

* This passage refers to the law-suit with his sister-in-law.

IV.

"*Baden, May* 31, 1825.

"Enough of this! Spoiled as you have been, it would do you no injury to pay some attention at last to simplicity and truth. I have suffered too much from your artifices, and it will be a hard matter for me to forget them. Even if I would always submit, without murmuring, like an ox to the yoke, if you should behave thus towards others, you will never gain the good-will of any human creature. God knows all I wish is to be freed from you, from this base brother, and from these my worthless relations. May God hear my prayer! for I can never trust you more.

"Your father—alas!

"yet, fortunately not your father."

V.

(In answer to an account of money received.)

"*June* 18, 1825.

"..... Let us not look further back. It would be easy to do so, but it would only be painful for me; at last it would only

be—' you are a very good guardian, &c. . . . Were you but a little steadier, you would have always acted differently.'

" BEETHOVEN."

VI.

" *July* 18, 1825.

" Dear Son,

" Only be moderate. Fortune has crowned my endeavours, but let no mistaken views lead you into embarrassment. Be candid and exact in the account of your expenses. Let the theatre rest for the present. Be ruled by your father, and guided by him whose every wish has been invariably directed towards your moral welfare as well as your worldly prosperity! Be indeed my son. What an unheard-of discord would it be, if you were indeed false to me, as some people still maintain!

" BEETHOVEN."

VII.

" I am growing thinner and thinner, and

am indeed very poorly, without having any doctor, or any one to feel for me. If it be possible, come to me. But I do not wish to be any hindrance to you. I wish I were only sure that the Sunday would be properly spent without me. I must learn to give up all. Would that these great sacrifices might only bring forth good fruits!

"Where am I not injured and wounded? Have no secret dealings with my brother. Once for all, have no secrets from me—from your affectionate father. If I am angry, ascribe it to my anxiety on your account, for vou are exposed to much peril. Think of my sufferings and give me no uneasiness. I ought by rights to have no fears of this kind, —— but what have I not experienced!

"BEETHOVEN."

VIII.

"'Come soon, come soon, come soon.' Be it so. The day before yesterday came my Signor Fratello* and his brother-in-law. What a

* Beethoven's brother.

wretched creature! If Cato, speaking of Cæsar, exclaimed 'This man and we'— what shall we say of such a one as this?

"Now, as ever, thine anxious and
"affectionate Father,
"BEETHOVEN."

IX.

September, 1825.

"I do not wish that you should come to me on the 14th inst. It is better that you should finish your studies. God has never yet forsaken me, and some one will be found to close my eyes. There seems to me indeed to be something pre-ordained in all that has taken place, in which my brother (Pseudo) plays a part. I know that you have no wish to come to me even afterwards, and it is natural that it should be so. Such a sphere as mine is too pure for you. . . . . You need not come on Sundays, either, for, after such behaviour, true harmony and concord can never subsist; and what is the use of hypocrisy? Be, in reality, a better man; but use

no deceit, no lies; it will be all the better for your moral character in the end. You see your conduct is reflected in the mirror of my mind. The kindest remonstrances would be of no avail. You will, in either case, be incensed. For the rest, be under no apprehension. I will continue my cares for you as usual. What troubles do you not occasion me! Farewell. He who has not indeed bestowed on you your life, but the support of that life, and what is more than all else, the cultivation of your mind, as a father—nay more than that—most fervently implores you to keep in the only true path to all that is right and good.

"Your faithful affectionate Father,

"BEETHOVEN."

X.

"My dear son,—No more of this—come to my arms, you shall not hear one harsh word. For God's sake, do not ruin yourself: you shall be received as kindly as ever. As to what is to be thought of, and done for the

future, we will talk it over in a friendly manner together. Upon my word of honour, you shall hear no reproaches, which, indeed can now do no good. You have nothing to expect from me but the most anxious and affectionate care for your welfare. Only come, come to the heart of your father.

"BEETHOVEN."

XI.

October 5, 1825.

"I have just received your letter. I was excessively anxious, and had made up my mind to go to-day to Vienna. Thank God, it is not necessary. Only be obedient to me, and affection, peace of mind, and worldly prosperity, will be our united lot. You will enjoy an inward and spiritual, as well as a material, existence. But let the former be preferred to the latter.

"A thousand times I embrace and kiss you, not my lost, but my new-born son. For you, my restored child, will your affectionate father ever care.

"BEETHOVEN."

XII.

"*October* 14, 1825.

"I inform you in haste, that I will certainly come to-morrow morning, even if it should rain, therefore let me be sure of finding you. I shall rejoice to see you once more, and should some dark clouds appear, do not ascribe them to intentional resentment. They will be entirely dispersed by the improved behaviour you have promised, by happiness, based upon sincerity and active industry. Who would not rejoice to see the wanderer return again to the right path? This happiness I hope to experience.

"BEETHOVEN."

These fragments will be sufficient to exhibit Beethoven's situation, his state of mind, and his sufferings, as described by himself; not less plainly do they serve to show his relation to various members of his family. Above all, however, we perceive in these letters the noble high-minded man; and such was Beethoven, not only in moments of excitement, but throughout his whole life.

Could I add, in reference to the last extract, that Beethoven long enjoyed the felicity of seeing his ill-advised nephew, then nineteen years old, walking in the paths of virtue and honour, I should breathe more freely after the painful emotions excited by thus recalling the past, and awakening the remembrance of what I have gone through in witnessing the patience, with which, for years, the great artist bore his cross, the weight of which sometimes bowed him to the ground. Alas! all this was only the prelude to that catastrophe which was destined to give the death-blow to our illustrious master!

Notwithstanding all care, attention, and kindness on the part of Beethoven* and the joint guardian of this unhappy young man, the vice-director of the Polytechnic Institution, he again entered the slippery path which he had been prevailed on to quit, and when, in August 1826, he was urged to work

*That he might not have to charge himself with any neglect, Beethoven, contrary to his custom, remained in town during the summer of 1826.

up many examinations at the Institution, which were in arrear, he made an attempt on his life. This attempt failed, but it placed him as a suicide, according to the laws of his country, in the hands of justice, for it is presumed that nothing but a want of religion can possibly lead to so violent a step; malefactors of this kind are consequently placed under the care of the civil authorities, with a view of promoting the amendment of their religious principles.

Thus it was with the nephew of Beethoven, and when the time came, when he was to be again given over to the care of his guardian, it was done with a positive injunction on the part of the authorities, to keep him only one day in his house, since he was not permitted to remain longer in Vienna. This took place towards the end of the month of October, and now it was hard to know what was to be done. Johann van Beethoven offered his brother his country-house as a temporary residence for his nephew, until Hofrath von Breuning should succeed in procuring for

the young man a commission as cadet in some regiment, since he had now an inclination to a military life. After a great deal of trouble, M. von Breuning succeeded in interesting Lieutenant Field-Marshal Stutterheim for the deeply afflicted Beethoven, and he consented to take the nephew into his regiment. Out of gratitude, Beethoven dedicated to this officer his grand Quartett in c sharp minor.

The severity of the season, and the incredibly thoughtless conduct of which the nephew and the other relations of Beethoven were guilty towards him obliged him to return to Vienna. This journey, which, in so advanced a period of the year, could not be performed in one day, was made in an open carriage, because, as Beethoven himself assured me, his brother had refused to trust him with his close one.

It was necessary to give a brief relation of these occurrences, for only thus could Beethoven find the defence and the justification which he thought necessary, and which he

will meet with from every sympathetic mind. In fact, in the many discussions concerning him, mention was often made of this circumstance, without any knowledge of the real state of the case, and often with conjectures which, by degrees, might at length assume the shape of a regular accusation against him.

On the 2nd of December, 1826, Beethoven, with his nephew, returned sick to Vienna; but it was not till several days afterwards that I heard of his situation, or even of his arrival. I hastened to him, and, among other details, which shocked me much, learned that he had often in vain entreated his two former physicians, Drs. Braunhofer and Staudenheim, to undertake his case; the first declining to do so, because the distance was too great for him to come; and the second, indeed, promising to come, but not keeping his word. A physician was sent to his house, he did not know how, or by whom, and who, consequently, knew nothing of him or his constitution. When, however, this physician (the excellent Dr. Wawruch, clinical professor) visited Beet-

hoven's sick-bed, I heard from his own mouth how it happened, and it affords an additional proof that this man, belonging to the world and to posterity, was abandoned by his nearest relations, who had so much cause to be grateful to him: not merely abandoned, indeed, but betrayed and sold. Professor Wawruch related to me that he had been sent to Beethoven by the marker at a billiard-table at a coffee-house, who being, on account of illness, brought to the hospital, had mentioned that some days before the nephew of Beethoven had come to the coffee-house, where he played at billiards, and commissioned him, the marker, to find a physician for his sick uncle; but, being extremely unwell at the time, he had not been able to do so, and therefore begged the Professor to visit Beethoven, which, entertaining the highest respect for the artist, he had immediately done, and had on his arrival still found him without medical attendance. It was necessary then for the marker at a billiard-table to fall sick and be taken to the hospital, before the great

Beethoven could obtain help in time of need!!

Who would not find his feelings revolted by this disgraceful fact? After this no farther explanation can be necessary to show what were Beethoven's sufferings in his deplorable condition, or what was the ultimate cause of his early death.

Before the end of December, the nephew set off to join his regiment, and from that moment it seemed as if the uncle had been delivered from his evil genius. He became more cheerful and resigned to his fate, hoping and expecting a speedy recovery from his illness to result from the care of his physician. His former love for his nephew seemed now transformed into bitter hatred; but before the hour arrived which was to sunder every earthly tie, his first feelings returned, and he appointed this nephew his sole heir.*

* As far as I have been able to learn, this nephew now holds some civil appointment under the Austrian government. It is therefore probable that time, circumstances, and mature reflection, have induced him to return to the right

The malady which brought him back to Vienna, on the occasion just mentioned, was an inflammation of the lungs, soon followed by symptoms of dropsy. These at first Professor Wawruch refused to recognise, but they increased so rapidly that it was no longer possible to doubt the nature of the disease.

On the 18th of December an operation was found to be necessary; another followed on the 8th of January; a third on the 28th of the same month; and the fourth on the 27th of February.*

Towards the end of January Beethoven's former friend, the celebrated Dr. Malfatti, was induced, after much supplication and entreaty, to prescribe for him; and, from this

path, as we must all wish that he should. When we remember, however, the evil auspices under which his early education was conducted, we shall be inclined to seek in that period for the original causes of these most painful occurrences, and not be tempted to lift a stone against him, but rather leave him to be judged before the tribunal of that Divine Providence who has seen fit to subject our immortal composer to the severe trials beneath which he so early sunk.

* See the Correspondence between Beethoven and the Editor, Supplement No. VI., Vol. II.

time, by the advice of both his medical attendants, he took daily, as the only specific, considerable quantities of iced punch, by which the vital powers, prostrated by the frequent operations, were restored to such a degree, that he considered himself as perfectly convalescent, threw away angrily the volume of Walter Scott, with which he had been trying to pass away the time, and exclaiming,—"The man writes only for money!" set to work again at a Sonata for two performers, which he had been writing for Diabelli, although the physicians had positively prohibited every mental exertion. After the fourth operation, however, even iced punch could no longer act as a restorative, although no limits were prescribed to its use. From this time he declined rapidly.

During this period of suffering, Beethoven would have no one about him but von Breuning and myself; and when we were both unavoidably kept from him by our avocations, as indeed generally happened for several hours every day, the favourite com-

panion and best nurse of the sick artist was von Breuning's son, a lively and clever boy, eleven years old, who, by his freedom from care, and ignorance of the danger in which we knew our friend to be, was frequently better able to raise his spirits than we were. Little Gerhard was often warmly thanked by Beethoven for his assistance in this way.

It is now time to give a detailed account of Beethoven's letters to London, in which he made an application to the Philharmonic Society, as these letters have been much talked of, and often taken amiss.

It may, perhaps, be recollected under what circumstances Beethoven was compelled, in the year 1823, to encroach on his little savings, as well as that the extremely slender profit accruing from the two concerts in 1824 had disappointed his hopes of being able to make up the deficiency thus occasioned. How and why the projected journey to London in the same year, which afforded such cheering pecuniary prospects, was given up, and how he had foolishly appropriated to his

unworthy heir the sum received for his last works, without thinking of himself, I have also related. To these causes of embarrassment we may add the base conduct of the Russian Prince Nicholas von Galitzin, at the time when Beethoven was scarcely able to rise from his bed, and had to contend with heavy expenses, while he was assured by his physicians that his illness was likely to be of long duration, and that he must not think of working for a long time to come.

In addition to all this came the increased expenditure for his nephew, for whose maintenance, as his adopted father, he was, even by the laws of his country, compelled to provide.

Thus, sick and harassed, Beethoven found himself obliged either to make use of the only property he possessed, consisting of a few bank shares, or to apply to his brother for assistance. This brother one day, in the presence of M. von Breuning and myself, declined letting Beethoven have any of his hay, when two physicians had prescribed for him a hay vapour-bath; alleging as an excuse that *his*

hay was not good enough. Yet this "unbrotherly brother," as Beethoven called him, rich as he was, wished to share in the little that the composer possessed.* To be obliged to ask assistance from him was of itself like a death-blow to Beethoven.

Forgotten by the Viennese, whom his decease first aroused from the delirium of the Rossini-fever, and pressed by these difficulties, the master remembered an offer made to him some years before by the Philharmonic Society, and after much hesitation determined to apply, as a first step, by letter to Moscheles, although quite against my advice and that of M. von Breuning, as we foresaw the wrong construction that would be put on this letter, On the 22nd of February, 1827, Beethoven wrote on this subject, at the same time to Moscheles and to Sir George Smart.

"My dear Moscheles,—I am sure you

* In a letter to Ries, dated the 5th of September, 1823, Beethoven says,—"My brother Johann, who keeps his carriage, has been trying to draw upon me."

will not take it amiss, if I trouble you, as well as Sir G. Smart, to whom I enclose a letter, with a request. The affair is briefly as follows:—Some years ago the Philharmonic Society in London made a handsome offer to give me a benefit concert. At that time I was not, thank God, in a situation to make it necessary to avail myself of this generous proposal. But affairs are much altered with me at present, when I have been confined three months by a tedious illness—the dropsy. Schindler will tell you more about it in a letter accompanying this. You have long known my way of life—you know how and by what I live. Writing is at present out of the question, and I might unfortunately become so situated as to be reduced to want. You have not only extensive connexions in London, but also considerable influence with the Philharmonic Society. I beg that you will do what you can to induce them again to consider their intention, and put it soon into execution. My enclosed letter to Sir George Smart is to the same purport, as well as one

to Mr. Stumpff,* which is already despatched. I entreat you to forward this to Sir George, and to unite with him and my other friends in London to effect this object. Even dictating becomes painful to me, so much exhausted do I feel. Make my compliments to your amiable wife, and be assured I shall always remain

"Your friend,

"BEETHOVEN."

"Pray answer me soon, in order that I may know if I have anything to hope."

On the 14th of March, Beethoven again wrote on this subject to Moscheles, earnestly begging his attention to it.

From this second letter I make only the following extract:—

* Mr. Stumpff, the proprietor of a harp manufactory in London, presented to Beethoven, the year before, the complete works of Handel, in upwards of forty folio volumes, of the rare and costly London edition. He was more delighted with this present than if he had received the Order of the Garter. At the sale of his effects, M. Tobias Haslinger bought this work for 100 florins!!! and from this it is easy to imagine what prices were paid at that auction for articles of less value.

"On the 27th of February the operation was performed for the fourth time, and there are evident signs that I must soon submit to it again. What is to be the end of it, and what will become of me if it lasts much longer? Mine is indeed a hard fate, but I resign myself to it, only praying that God in his providence may so ordain that, whilst I endure this death in life, I may be protected from want. I should then have strength enough, let my lot be ever so severe, to submit with resignation to the will of the Most High. Hummel is here, and has called several times upon me."

As early as the 1st of March, Moscheles and Mr. Stumpff had written to inform him of the sensation excited among his numerous admirers in London by his first letter; and the former afterwards wrote to the following effect:—

"The Society resolved to express their good-will and lively sympathy by requesting your acceptance of £100 sterling (1000 florins) to provide the necessary comforts

and conveniences during your illness. This money will be paid to your order by Mr. Rau, of the house of Eskeles, either in separate sums, or all at once, as you may desire."

Moscheles added that the Philharmonic Society was willing to extend their good offices still further, and that Beethoven had only to write, if he needed their assistance.

In reply, Beethoven dictated to me, on the 18th of March, the following, since he was himself too weak to write :—

"I know not how in words to describe the feelings with which I have read yours of the 1st. I am deeply sensible of the generosity with which the Philharmonic Society has almost anticipated my request, and I beg you, dear Moscheles, to become the organ through which I may convey my heart-felt thanks for their kind sympathy and distinguished liberality. I have found myself compelled to apply for the whole sum of 1000 florins, as I was just under the unpleasant necessity of raising money, which would have occasioned me fresh embarrassment. With

regard to the concert which the Society intend to arrange for my benefit, I trust they will not relinquish that noble design, and beg that they will deduct the £100 which they already have sent me from the profits. Should after that any surplus be left, and the Society be kindly willing to bestow it upon me, I hope to have it in my power to evince my gratitude by composing for them either a new Symphony, which already lies sketched on my desk, or a new Overture, or anything else the Society may prefer. May Heaven grant me my health soon again, that I may be able to prove to the generous English how well I can appreciate their sympathy with my melancholy situation! Your noble conduct can never be forgotten by me, and I beg you to return my thanks in particular to Sir George Smart and Mr. Stumpff.

"With the highest esteem, yours,

(Signed) "BEETHOVEN."

"P. S. Kindest regards to your wife. I have to thank the Philharmonic Society and

you for a new and most amiable friend in M. Rau.*

" I beg you to transmit the subjoined metronomic list of my Ninth Symphony to the Philharmonic Society: "

Allegro ma non troppo	. .	88 = 𝅗𝅥
Molto vivace	. . . .	116 = 𝅘𝅥
Presto	. . . . .	116 = 𝅘𝅥
Adagio primo	. . . .	60 = 𝅗𝅥
Andante moderato	. . .	63 = 𝅗𝅥
Finale presto	. . . .	96 = 𝅘𝅥
Allegro ma non troppo	. .	88 = 𝅗𝅥
Allegro assai	. . . .	80 = 𝅘𝅥
Alla marcia	. . . . .	84 = 𝅗𝅥
Andante maestoso	. . .	72 = 𝅘𝅥
Adagio divoto	. . . .	60 = 𝅘𝅥
Allegro energico	. . .	84 = 𝅘𝅥
Allegro ma non tanto	. .	120 = 𝅘𝅥
Prestissimo	. . . . .	132 = 𝅘𝅥
Maestoso	. . . . .	60 = 𝅗𝅥 "

* This gentleman, my particular friend, was for many years attached to the house of Baron von Eskeles, at Vienna, as tutor and companion to his only son. The reader will find some letters from him in the Supplement No. VI., Vol. II.—Ed.

From my own letter to Moscheles, dated the 24th of March, accompanying the above from Beethoven, written with a view to prepare his friends in London for the approaching death of this great man, I shall make the following extract, since it belongs, no less than the former, to the history of his life.

* * * * * "The letter addressed to you, and dated the 18th, was dictated word for word by himself, and is probably his last. To-day he whispered to me — 'Write to Smart and Stumpff.' Should it be possible for him to sign these letters, it shall be done to-morrow.*

"He is conscious of his approaching end, for yesterday he said to me and Breuning, '*Plaudite amici, Comœdia finita est.*'†

"The last few days have been memorable ones. He sees the approach of death with the most perfect tranquillity of soul and real

* It was not possible, and I therefore complied with his desire immediately after his decease, and conveyed his thanks to these two worthy men.

† Beethoven would have designated his career more accurately had he said—*drama finitum est.*

Socratic wisdom. Yesterday we were so fortunate as to finish the business of the will.* Three days after the receipt of your last, he was much excited, and would have his sketch of the Tenth Symphony brought to him, concerning the plan of which he talked to me a great deal. It was destined for the Philharmonic Society, and, according to the form which it assumed in his morbid imagination, it was to be a musical leviathan, compared with which his other Grand Symphonies would be merely trifling performances."

On the 18th of March, Beethoven begged me to attend to the dedication of his last

* It is worthy of mention that Beethoven for several weeks obstinately rejected the advice of Dr. Bach and myself, to place the property to be left for his nephew in the hands of trustees, till he should attain his majority, for which there existed the most urgent reasons. He wished that after his death his heir should come into the immediate possession of it, and dispose of it just as he pleased. It was not till after he had received the plainest proofs of the indifference of this heir to his misfortunes—since he often left Beethoven's letters for weeks together unanswered—that he agreed to our proposal, and accordingly wrote with his own hand his will, consisting of but three lines, by which, after the death of his nephew, the property was to devolve to his natural heirs.

Quartett, and to choose for this mark of respect one of his worthiest friends. As I knew this compliment to be well deserved by M. Johann Wolfmayer, a merchant of Vienna, most highly esteemed by Beethoven in the latter days of his life, and that he was frequently occupied by considering in what way he could manifest his gratitude to him, I sent the name of this gentleman, after the decease of Beethoven, to Messrs. Schott, in Mainz, the publishers of the above-mentioned work, with a request that it might be dedicated to him. This fact is sufficient to prove how anxious Beethoven was, even to his latest breath, to show himself grateful to his friends and benefactors; and had he been able, he would, in his last moments, have expressed himself more decidedly with respect to this dedication.

On the payment of the thousand florins by M. Rau, Beethoven had still 100 florins in ready money, which was sufficient for the expenses of the latter days of his life, and from the above sum, therefore, only a small part

was deducted for the expenses of the funeral. The remainder of this sum should have been, according to the letter of Mr. Moscheles of the 1st of March, returned to the Philharmonic Society, since it was specially destined to provide for the comfort of Beethoven; but they did not wish it to fall into the hands of his unworthy relatives. At the legal inventory taken after Beethoven's death, however, this money fell into the hands of the authorities; but Dr. Bach, whom he had while living appointed his executor, assigned reasons for opposing its delivery, which, in consequence, was not insisted upon.

	florins.
According to the account rendered by Dr. Bach, the entire amount of property, including the produce of the sale of furniture, music, and seven Bank Shares, amounted to	10,232
From this were to be deducted for the illness, funeral, and legal expenses, ...	1,213

So that there was a net remainder florins.
of 9,019*

Dr. Bach accompanied this account with a remark, in which I fully concur, that the amount of the property was out of all proportion to the deserts of the great man by whom it was left, and might throw an unfavourable light upon his contemporaries, were it not susceptible of explanation from the character and opinions of the master, who thought only of his Art, and left to others the consideration of the profit to be derived from it.

Symptoms of a speedy termination to Beethoven's sufferings appeared early on the 24th of March, after the holy Sacrament for the dying had been administered at his own desire, and received by him with true devotion. The first symptoms of approaching dissolution manifested themselves about one o'clock on the same day. A most terrible struggle between life and death now began,

* This will be more fully elucidated by M. Rau's letters. See Supplement, No. VI., Vol. II.—Ed.

and continued, without intermission, till the 26th, when, a quarter before six in the evening, the great composer breathed his last, during a tremendous hail-storm, aged 56 years, 3 months, and 9 days.

I am not so fortunate as to be able to say that it was I who closed the eyes of the artist who belongs to the latest posterity; neither was it M. von Breuning; for we had gone on the afternoon in question to the burial-ground belonging to the village of Währing, to provide a suitable place of interment, and were prevented from returning by the violence of the storm. The person who had to render him this last service was M. Anselm Hüttenbrenner, from Grätz, in Styria, favourably known as a composer, who had hastened to Vienna, that he might see Beethoven once more. He fulfilled, therefore, this sacred duty in our stead, and when we entered the chamber we were told, "It is all over!" and we returned thanks to God that his sufferings were at an end.

The arrangements for the funeral were

made by M. von Breuning and myself, in conjunction with M. Tobias Haslinger, who was so obliging as to superintend the music to be performed at the ceremony, which took place on the afternoon of the 29th. The procession was followed, from the abode of the great deceased to the parish church of the Alster-suburb, where the service was performed, by at least 20,000 persons.*

Since it would not be uninteresting to many admirers of Beethoven to learn the conformation of his skull, and the state in which the organs of hearing were found, I insert the following particulars from the report made after the dissection of the body by Dr. Johann Wagner. "The auditory nerves were shrivelled and marrowless, the arteries running along them stretched, as if over a crow-quill, and knotty. The left auditory nerve, which was much thinner than the

* For an account of the funeral, see Supplement, No. VII., Vol. II.

other, ran with three very narrow greyish streaks; the right, with a thicker white one, out of the fourth cavity of the brain, which was in this part of a much firmer consistence and more filled with blood than in the rest. The circumvolutions of the brain, which was soft and watery, appeared twice as deep as usual, and much more numerous. The skull was throughout very compact, and about half an inch thick."

A few days after the funeral, M. von Breuning received notice from the wife of the sexton of Währing, that a considerable sum had been offered to her husband if he would bring the head of Beethoven to a place specified in Vienna. M. von Breuning, thinking that this information might originate in a mercenary motive of the sexton's, offered him money, which he however refused, assuring M. von Breuning that the intimation which he had sent was nothing but the truth. On this account, M. von Breuning had the grave watched every night for some time.

MUSICAL OBSERVATIONS.*

Intended Edition of Beethoven's Piano-forte Sonatas—Causes for his relinquishing the design—Project of an Edition of his complete Works—Visionary hopes excited by it—Metamorphosis of Beethoven's Instrumental Music—Importance of a right conception of the *Tempo*—Metronomic Signs—Injury done to Beethoven's Music by metronomising—Exemplified in the Moonlight Sonata—Metronomic directions condemned—Performance of Beethoven's Works in Paris—Hints furnished by Beethoven relative to the composition of his Sonatas, and the proper style of their performance—His own Style of Playing—Effects intended to be given by him to his Symphonies—Neglect of his Works.

In the year 1816 Beethoven was prevailed upon, after repeated entreaties, to make arrangements for the publication of a complete edition of all his pianoforte Sonatas. His determination to undertake this task was influenced by the consideration of three im-

* This part properly belongs to the historical section of the biography, of which it forms the completion. But as its incorporation with the historical matter would frequently have occasioned an interruption of the narrative, I have thought it better to make the exclusively musical part of the work the subject of a distinct section.

portant and indeed necessary objects; viz. 1st, To indicate the poetic ideas, which form the groundwork of many of those Sonatas; thereby facilitating the comprehension of the music, and determining the style of its performance; 2ndly, To adapt all his previously published pianoforte compositions to the extended scale of the pianoforte of six and a half octaves; and, 3dly, To define the nature of musical declamation.

On this last topic, Beethoven went beyond the generally received idea. He maintained that poetical and musical declamation were subject to the same rules. "Though the poet," he used to say, "carries on his monologue, or dialogue, in a progressively marked rhythm, yet the declaimer, for the more accurate elucidation of the sense, must make cæsuras and pauses in places where the poet could not venture on any interpunctuation. To this extent, then, is this style of declaiming applicable to music, and it is only to be modified according to the number of persons co-operating in the performance of a musical composition.

Of this principle Beethoven intended to make a practical application in the new edition of his works, according as the subjects might require, and space permit, such illustration; and it may be confidently assumed that Beethoven's musical compositions would thereby have formed a new era.

Touching the poetic idea, it is well known that Beethoven did not, in his musical writings, confine himself to the rules established by preceding composers, and that he, indeed, frequently disregarded those rules when the existing idea on which he worked demanded another sort of treatment, or rather an entirely new mode of development. This style of composition adopted by Beethoven has frequently called forth the remark, that his Sonatas are mere operas in disguise.

Ries, in his "Notices," p. 77, observes that "Beethoven, in composing, frequently imagined for himself a definite subject," which is merely saying, that Beethoven imbued his mind with poetic ideas, and under the influence of their inspiration his musical compositions were created.

That the great master did not execute the important task he undertook in 1816 was, it must be acknowledged, an irreparable loss to the musical art, and in particular to his own music. How much would the Pastoral Symphony suffer, or even the Eroica, if heard without any comprehension of the ideas which the composer adopted as his themes! How gratifying both to performer and hearer is the light cast on the design of the composition, by the mere hint of the sentiments Beethoven has, in his Sonata Op. 81, thus expressed:—"*Les adieux*," "*L'absence*," and "*Le retour*."*

* In like manner, Clementi has characterized his grand Sonata, No. 3, Op. 50. Having taken his ideas from the History of Dido, he illustrated his composition by the superscription:—"Didone abbandonnata—Scena tragica;" and besides, in the course of the work, not only the different movements, but also single passages, are rendered intelligible by particular superscriptions. It is truly unpardonable that this noble work, deserving to be ranked on a level with Beethoven's Sonatas, should be unknown to most of the pianoforte players of the present day. In the judgment of modern musicians and dilettanti, Clementi belongs to the old school; but I may here take the opportunity of recording Beethoven's opinion of him. Among all the masters who have written for the pianoforte, Beethoven assigned to Clementi the very foremost rank. He

The circumstances which caused Beethoven to relinquish his design of publishing the new edition of his Sonatas were—1st, the uneasy state of mind into which he was thrown by the lawsuit commenced between him and his sister-in-law; and, 2ndly, the impossibility of coming to a satisfactory arrangement with Hofmeister, the music-dealer in Leipzig, who was to publish the work. From Beethoven's correspondence with A. Diabelli, who was his confidential adviser on this subject, I perceive that the composer wished the publication to be brought out in parts, each part to contain two of the old Sonatas, and one recently composed. For each of these new productions, taken one with another, Beethoven required the remuneration of forty ducats. Hofmeister, on the other hand, proposed to pay the composer at the rate of one ducat per sheet.

considered his works excellent as studies for practice, for the formation of a pure taste, and as truly beautiful subjects for performance. Beethoven used to say,—"They who thoroughly study Clementi, at the same time make themselves acquainted with Mozart and other composers; but the converse is not the fact."

I once asked Beethoven why he had not affixed to the different movements of his Sonatas an explanation of the poetic ideas they expressed, so that these ideas might at once present themselves to the mind of the intelligent hearer? His answer was, that the age in which he composed his Sonatas was more poetic than the present* (1823), and that at the former period such explanations would have been superfluous. "At that time" (continued he) "every one perceived that the *Largo*, in the third Sonata in D, Op. 10,

painted the feelings of a grief-stricken mind, with the varying tints in the light and shade, in the picture of melancholy in all its phases; there was then no need of a key to explain the meaning of the music. So in the two Sonatas, Op. 14, every one, at the time when they were

* With few exceptions, the Sonatas were all composed at the two periods alluded to.

composed, immediately recognised the conflict of two principles, or a dialogue between two persons, exactly as is intended in the treatment of the subject, &c." On another occasion, I requested him to furnish me with the keys to two Sonatas, that in F minor, Op. 57, and that in D minor, Op. 29. His answer was, " Read Shakspeare's Tempest."

In 1823, Beethoven was more earnestly disposed than he had previously been to superintend an edition of his entire works, including the Symphonies. He received proposals from publishers in all parts of the continent, accompanied by advantageous conditions. That he did not then come to an arrangement, which would have enabled him to enter upon this undertaking, was the fault of his brother Johann, to whom none of the proposed terms appeared sufficiently liberal. He suggested to Beethoven the idea of bringing out the publication on his own account, showing, by calculations on paper, the vast profits which would accrue from the speculation. M. Andreas Streicher cordially seconded the recommendation of this mode of

publishing; but he differed somewhat from Beethoven's brother in his estimate of the profits. The documents of a lawsuit some centuries ago would not have composed a more bulky volume than did the manuscripts, occupied with the calculations made, the consultations held, and the determinations formed, during the agitation of this publishing scheme. But the parties engaged in these discussions and decisions forgot that they had to deal with the irresolute Beethoven—who, whenever business was the question, would be for one thing to-day and another to-morrow; and against whose expressed wish it was often necessary to do many things for his advantage. The mere prospect of great sums of money (though seen only on paper) captivated Beethoven, and he began to indulge in dreams of bettered circumstances, of living in elegant style, and keeping his carriage and horses. He was so elated by these pleasing illusions that he began to fancy himself already rich; an idea not calculated to dispose his mind to the gigantic labour then in contem-

plation.* Never were the visits of him whom he called his "pseudo-brother" so welcome as at this time. Beethoven often accompanied his brother in a carriage airing; and, on one occasion, an effort of patience enabled him to go with his brother's family on a drive to the Prater. Assuredly no event could seem too improbable for belief, after two such heterogeneous elements as the "Gutsbesitzer" (landowner) and the "Hirnbesitzer" (brain owner) had been seen riding together in the same carriage.†

In these visionary hopes of fortune so readily indulged by the great Beethoven, it is easy to recognise the youth whose character is summarily sketched in the Second Period. To be rich, or at least in easy circumstances—to ride in his carriage—to be no longer obliged

* The happy state of feeling by which Beethoven was at this time animated inspired him with the idea of setting to music, with full orchestral parts, Schiller's "Lied an die Freude."

† The reader will recollect an anecdote of Beethoven and his brother, relative to a circumstance which occurred on New Year's Day, 1823, together with the New Year's Day card.

to stroll through fields and meadows to collect ideas and compose for the sake of earning a livelihood,—such was the flattering picture he loved to draw, and the contemplation of which often made him descend from his lofty heaven of art to cling eagerly to more earthly objects; and then sublime poetry was suddenly metamorphosed into common prose. But, thanks to the blundering management of his advisers, Beethoven remained poor! Made rich, by any means whatsoever, he would probably have been little disposed to make great sacrifices for art in the vigour of life; at all events, he would not have applied himself very laboriously to study, had he been in the enjoyment of any considerable share of the good things of this world.

As, however, it is not always our own wisdom that prompts to great objects, and brings, as it were, light out of darkness, so the stupid perversity which dictated the arrangements for the projected new edition of Beethoven's works probably conferred a benefit on musical art. To speak more plainly, in the discussions on this publishing plan, the great

master did not limit his attention to the mere business part of the question, the details of which, though on every occasion fresh painted in glowing colours, often disgusted him. Then would he look upon the getting-up of the work—the dull material—as mere dust in the balance; whilst to exercise his musical art—to him the spiritual part of the enterprise—wholly occupied his imagination. When this feeling happened to prevail, he would describe to all who chanced to be near him the improvements he proposed to make in reference to the subject, conception, and execution in many of his early works. Some of these improvements owe their birth to a jocose observation made by Dr. Bach at one of the conferences held on the subject of the publication. Beethoven declared that many of his works did not admit of the slightest alteration, and that, consequently, in reference to them he could not establish any right of property in a second edition. Dr. Bach replied, "That the right would be sufficiently established by making the composition commence with the accented instead of the unaccented part of a

bar, and *vice versâ;* and further, by changing white notes into black and black into white." This remark, intended purely in jest, inspired Beethoven with a thousand new ideas, and gave an impulse to his fancy, the results of which soon after supplied the master-keys of many of his greatest works.*

Beethoven, who knew my antipathy to accounts, did not trouble me with any of those pecuniary calculations, which indeed were to himself not much more intelligible than hieroglyphics. He consulted me only on the artistical part of the all-important question—was he to grow rich, or remain poor? I often thought that he might have read in my soul the answer which told him what was best for his own interest, and that of the world of art. For my part, I never had a doubt as to the course which was most advisable for him to adopt; but I did not wish to awaken him too early

* This calls to mind the fact related by Ries, in his *Notizen*, p. 107, in reference to the direction he received, when in London, from Beethoven:—"At the commencement of the *Adagio* in the Sonata, Op. 106, place these two notes for the first bar." Ries expresses great astonishment at the effect produced by the two notes.

from a dream which I well knew would speedily be succeeded by others. I however turned to useful account the conversations I had with Beethoven on this topic, for I carefully noted down all the remarks he made on his works, in reference to subject, conception, and performance. These remarks came to me the more opportunely as I was then employed in the orchestra of the Josephstadt Theatre to lead several of his Symphonies, each of which he previously went over with me at home, strongly impressing on my attention whatever had reference to those three essential points; thus initiating me into the soul and spirit of his orchestral compositions, as he had already introduced me to a just comprehension of nearly the whole of his pianoforte Sonatas. These are instances of good fortune which few have had the happiness to enjoy.

The new perceptions thus acquired were to me an intellectual property, which I have ever since regarded as the dearest and most inestimable legacy of my immortal friend and instructor. They have imparted, not only to myself, but to others, whom, for their kindred

feeling for Beethoven's music, I thought worthy of a participation in my good fortune —a thousand pleasurable sensations and exalted enjoyments which nothing else in the whole domain of music could have power to create; for it has already been remarked that Beethoven's collected chamber-music, and especially the greater part of his pianoforte Sonatas, comprise a fund of musical poetry more deep and inexhaustible than can be found even in his other works. That Nature is chary in her gifts of that organization which possesses the susceptibility necessary for appreciating such elevated compositions, is not the fault of Beethoven. That fact serves only to confirm the truth of the maxim, that in art the great is not for all, and all are not for the great.*

* That this maxim admits, in our unpoetic and superficial age, of a much more extended application than it did in former times, must be with regret acknowledged by every unprejudiced observer of the modern phenomena in the region of art. Twenty or thirty years ago, great musical talent, enjoying the good fortune of being directed by able instruction, might easily have attained the highest degree of cultivation, there being then no reason to fear those

In the year 1831, when I wrote the musical notices then inserted in the supplement to the *Wiener Theater Zeitung*, I alluded in No. 2 of those notices to Beethoven's Symphony in A major. In that article I casually mentioned that Beethoven intended to give

seductive and slippery paths of the musical career, whereby distinguished talent is now so often led astray. A period not yet more remote than twenty or thirty years ago, was favourable to the development of faculties like those of the Countess Sidonie of Brunswick, in Pesth, of whom mention has been made in the Second Period. The present age repeats with enthusiasm the name of "Clara Wieck,"* who for versatility of talent will not easily find a rival among her own sex. But talent which is to be judged by the tribunal of public opinion, if it do not render homage to the taste of the age, must at least show deference to it, and thereby lose its genuine artistical purity. This purity of taste is to be looked for only in dilettanti, who always keep in view the ideal beauty of pure unperverted truth of feeling, because their talents are exercised only in a small circle of musical friends of their own choice. Such persons, however, always remain mere dilettanti, as they do not cease to fulfil those duties which their domestic or other social relations demand, and which, by a prudent distribution of time, are easily rendered compatible with study in any situation in life. It is only on these conditions that their efforts in art, when they rise far above the common level, will win the admiration and approval of all truly cultivated artists.

* Now Mad. Schuman.—Ed.

the keys to many of his instrumental compositions, in the manner of the Pastoral Symphony. The impression produced by this article was precisely such as was to be expected: it excited a mere transitory sensation, and was soon forgotten, like everything which departs from the boundaries of common routine, and approaches the region of ideality. Several years have elapsed since that time: I am so much the older, and so much the less vain, and I am now the better enabled to see how frequently well-meant observations, nay positive truths, are disregarded, even when they come from high authority. Of course the actual authority in this instance was Beethoven alone. It has already been shown in the narrative of his life, how he was prevented from executing this as well as many other important undertakings which he had planned. If I now venture to publish some of the remarks which I noted down from his own mouth, in reference to the subject, conception, and performance of his works; or try to describe some of the vivid impressions

which his instructions have left on my mind; I do so in the just expectation that the value of these communications will be first tried and afterwards judged. I do not apprehend that I can in any degree be accused of arrogant pretension in taking upon myself the performance of this task, because it is known to many persons, that, in my intimate relations with Beethoven, during the most important interval of his life, I must necessarily have become possessed of many important facts: it will also be recollected that, though thirteen years have elapsed since his death, I have not been prompted by any feeling of ostentation to communicate those facts to the public. To speak candidly, I should not even now think of parting with any portion of my friend's intellectual legacy, were it not from the firm conviction that the present is the right moment for so doing; for the sensual music of the day, and the overstretched mechanical dexterity of modern pianoforte playing, bid fair to thrust the intellectual compositions of Beethoven into the shade, if not to consign them entirely

to oblivion.* Moreover, it must be borne in mind that Beethoven's instrumental music has undergone a metamorphosis, occasioned in some measure by the composer himself; but chiefly by the spirit of the age, which is daringly opposed to every thing great and elevated, and even hesitates not to profane that which is most sacred.

With respect to Beethoven's share in the metamorphosis of his instrumental music, and particularly of his Symphonies, it is necessary first to acquaint the reader that this metamorphosis relates wholly and solely to *metronomising*, or the regulation of time by means of the metronome.

* So far as my observation goes, it inclines me to dissent from this opinion. Not only are the new editions of Beethoven's works substantial evidences that his magnificent and various talent finds an increasing number of worshippers among the amateurs of Europe, but there are few of the distinguished Solo players of the day, who do not seek to recommend themselves by acquaintance with his music, and public and private performances of it. In new countries and circles, moreover, is the taste for it rapidly spreading: I may instance London and Paris, where it is now deeply studied by the profession, and eagerly sought after by the public.—Ed.

Those who have read Matheson's "Vollkommener Kapell-meister" are aware that that great writer on music laid down, a century ago, the following principle *—"That the *tempo* of a great musical composition depends on the manner in which it is set for orchestra and chorus; for the greater the number of singers and players, the slower should be the *tempo*, on the simple principle that masses always move slowly." If intelligibility be the most essential condition in the performance of a musical composition, it is self-evident that the direction for the *tempo* can only be conditional; and that, consequently, an *Allegro vivace*, with an orchestra of one hundred and twenty performers, must become very considerably modified from the same *Allegro vivace* originally metronomised by the composer for an orchestra of sixty. That which, in the latter case, is, as it were, a condition of the intended effect, ceases to be such in the former case, because the

* Matheson's "Vollkommener Kapell-meister" was published at Hamburgh, in 1739.

object may already be obtained, *à priori*, through the two-fold power being communicated. The fuller orchestra should therefore take a less rapid time than that specified for the more limited number of performers.

Unluckily this important principle in the conducting of an orchestra is but too seldom recognised, even by those who are regarded as authorities in orchestral direction. I have had frequent occasion to remark this neglect, occasioned by ignorance in the performance of Beethoven's works; and in those cases the effect was, of course, a true offspring of the cause, and exhibited a total misconception of the real spirit of the compositions. To perform Beethoven's music, without regard to meaning and clearness, is hunting to death the ideas of the immortal composer. This mode of performance naturally arises out of the manifest ignorance of the sublime spirit of those works. It is at the same time the cause of their profanation, and consequently of their having too soon fallen into disuse;

for the dignity and deep expression of many of the movements are sacrificed when a moderate rhythm is converted into the rhythm of dancing-time, especially if to this accelerated time be added the clang of a superabundant number of instruments. Hence may be traced the principal cause of that metamorphosis which suffices to convert a composition of lofty poetic feeling into a common prosaic piece*—a transformation which the performers may literally be said to work out by the sweat of the brow. Such a perverted mode of execution must render it impossible for the most attentive listener to feel the sublimity of the composer's idea.†

* There is so much intrinsic spirit and value in Beethoven's orchestral works, that it is beyond the power of occasional mistakes or exaggerations in *tempo*, on the part of the players, to convert them into common prose. In England, certain movements are frequently taken too slow; in France, others too quick—according to my recollection of the *tempo* as given to the orchestra by the composer when he conducted—still without the metamorphosis taking place. —ED.

† The reader may deem it not uninteresting to be made acquainted with Mozart's opinion with reference to the un-

Beethoven lived to see this transformation of his works. On one occasion, when he was present at a performance of his Symphony in A major, by the orchestra of the great music meeting in Vienna, he was very much displeased at the too rapid time taken in the second movement, the *Allegretto.* However, upon reflection, he acknowledged that the conductor had duly observed the metronomic sign affixed to the movement, but that he had not attended to Matheson's doctrine. In one of the musical articles which I wrote for the Wiener Theater Zeitung, in alluding to the Symphony in A major, I related the above fact in the following words:—"At a performance of this Symphony, in the latter years of Beethoven, the composer remarked,

satisfactory manner in which his compositions were sometimes performed. In the Biography published by H. von Nissen and Mozart's widow, we find, at p. 27, the following passage:—"Mozart complained bitterly of the injury which his compositions frequently sustained by faulty performance, especially by a too great acceleration of the *tempo.* They think that this rapidity imparts fire to the composition; but truly if there is not fire in the music itself, it can never be galloped into it." (These were Mozart's own words.)

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with displeasure, that the allegretto movement was given much too fast, by which its character was entirely destroyed. He thought to obviate for the future all misconception of the *tempo*, by marking the movement by the words *Andante, quasi Allegretto*, with the metronomic sign ♩ = 80.; and I find a memorandum to this effect in his note-book, which is in my possession. Beethoven complained generally of the misunderstanding of the *tempi* at the concerts of the great Vienna Musical Society, and especially that the task of principal conductorship on those occasions was always consigned to the hands of dilettanti, who were unused to direct and govern large masses of performers. These causes of dissatisfaction led Beethoven one day to make the important declaration, that he had not composed his Symphonies for such vast orchestras as that usually assembled for the Vienna Musical Society;* and that it never was his intention

* The structure and extent of the hall of the great Imperial Ridotto at Vienna, in which the concerts of the Musical Society are held, renders a powerful orchestra necessary.

to write noisy music. He added, that his instrumental works required an orchestra of about sixty performers only; for he was convinced that it was by such an orchestra alone that the rapidly-changing shades of expression could be adequately given, and the character and poetic subject of each movement duly preserved.* That this declaration was dictated by sincere conviction will be readily admitted when I acquaint the reader that Beethoven was anxious to have his works performed in their true spirit, at the Concerts Spirituels, the orchestra of which contained something like the number of performers he had specified; and that he did not interest himself about their performance at the great music meeting. If double the amount of sixty performers displeased Beetlioven, what would he have said of three or four times that number, no unusual orchestral occurrence at our music-festivals? What would he have said had he heard his Symphonies and Overtures

* This was the exact number of performers on the occasion when his Symphonies were first brought forward.—Ed.

performed by an orchestra increased by *repieni*, the only one admissible at Oratorios, and in which noise is paramount? Even M. Ries has had the Symphonies performed by such an orchestra, at the Lower Rhine music-festival; to this I was myself on one occasion a witness. Had Beethoven been present, he would doubtless have exclaimed, "My dear pupil, how little do you understand me!" A few movements only of Beethoven's Symphonies (for example, the last of that in A major, and the last of the ninth Symphony) are suited to an orchestra in which the number of performers amounts to three or four times sixty.

His own observations, coupled with accounts received from various places, describing the ineffective performance of the Symphonies in consequence of mistaken ideas of their *tempi*, induced Beethoven, in the winter of 1825-26, to investigate the cause of the errors. This he did in my presence, and he ascertained that the metronomic signs in the printed scores were faulty, in fixing the

tempi too quick; and, indeed, he declared that many of those metronomic signs were not authorised by him. I may here mention that the Symphonies, from No. 1 to No. 6 inclusive, were published before the invention of Maelzel's metronome; and it is only to the 7th and 9th Symphonies that the metronomic signs can, with positive certainty, be said to have been given by Beethoven. Whether or not he metronomed the 8th Symphony (the score of which was only lately published) I cannot positively determine. I do not recollect having heard him speak of metronoming that Symphony, though a great deal of conversation passed between us on the subject of the composition itself.

The same may be said in reference to his Sonatas. Only to those published since Maelzel's invention have the metronomic signs been affixed by Beethoven's own hand. These do not exceed four in number; viz., Op. 106, 109, 110, and 111. Those who have added metronomic indices to the other Sonatas, in the various editions that have

been published, prove, by the result of their labour, that they were as little acquainted with the spirit of Beethoven's music as are the inhabitants of this world with the transactions going on in the moon or in Saturn. That piano-forte virtuosi, even of the highest rank, should have presumed to act the part of interpreters and law-givers in Beethoven's music* is a matter of regret:† and all true

* The metronomic sign may be compared to a paragraph of a code of laws which is cited as an authority for the decision in some particular case. The dictating movement of the metronome facilitates a just comprehension of a musical composition. A correct metronomic direction leads the intelligent musician by the right path into the spirit of the music; whilst an erroneous indication of the time leads him very far astray in his endeavours to seize that spirit.

† By way of excepting myself from the sweeping censure here bestowed upon all who have attempted to fix the metronomic signs to Beethoven's compositions, I hope I may be permitted to state, that in superintending for Messrs. Cramer and Co. the new edition of his works, and in metronomising the several compositions, I have not merely listened to my own musical feelings, but been guided by my recollections of what I gathered from Beethoven's own playing, and that of the Baroness Ertman, whom I have heard perform many of his works in his presence, and to his

admirers of the great master, who may wish to form a just notion of his Sonatas, either as to conception or execution, should be earnestly warned not to listen to their performance by any virtuoso who has laboured all his life on difficult passages, having only in view to improve the mechanical power of the fingers; unless, indeed, it be merely bravura movements; of which, thank Heaven, there are but few among these compositions. Beethoven truly remarked, "that a certain class of piano-forte performers seemed to lose intelligence and feeling in proportion as they gained dexterity of fingering." What can such bravura players make of the melodies of Beethoven, so simple yet so profoundly imbued with sentiment? Pre-

entire satisfaction, at the musical meetings alluded to by M. Schindler in this work, vol. i, p. 183, and at Mr. Zmeskall's. In some of the quick movements I have purposely refrained from giving way to that rapidity of piano-forte execution, so largely developed at the present time. It is with satisfaction that I add, that the *tempi* I have ventured to give differ very slightly from those affixed to Haslinger's Vienna edition, by Carl Czerny, whom I consider to be a competent authority in the matter.—Ed.

cisely what Liszt* makes of Schubert's songs —what Paganini made of the Cantilena in Rode's concerto—and what Rubini makes of Beethoven's "Adelaide." All these, it must be acknowledged, are tasteless perversions of beautiful originals—violations of truth and right feeling in all those points in which such offences can be most sensibly felt.

To point out only one example of the injury inflicted on Beethoven's music by professional metronoming, I may mention the metronomic signs of the two Sonatas (Op. 27) in the recently published Vienna and London editions; the very sight of them occasions surprise: but to hear these Sonatas played according to the metronomic signs affixed to them, leads one to wish that all piano-forte metronomers were put under the ban.† But

* Did not M. Schindler, in page 119 of this volume, more duly appreciate the merits of Liszt than the reader might infer from the above, I should gladly avail myself of this opportunity to do homage to the amazing talent of that artist.—Ed.

† I cannot calmly submit to be put under this ban, but rather stand up and defend my metronomic Signs of the Op. 27, as well as of all the others in the edition.—Ed.

even this is not the only cause of complaint against these perverters of all truth in expression. Are they not the very men who by their frivolities, romantic and unromantic, have latterly given to the taste for truly good and classic composition that unhealthful direction which threatens soon to bring all genuine music under the dominion of the superficial — if, indeed, it has not already submitted to that authority? Is not their handiwork (art, it cannot be called) directed solely to the object of pleasing the multitude, and on that account must they not descend to the level of vulgar taste? Since Hummel's death there perhaps exists not, in Germany especially, any professor of the pianoforte, F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy excepted, who, fired by enthusiasm, keeps in view the honourable object of elevating his hearers to the standard of his own high feeling—a duty which Art demands from all her devotees, whether professors or dilettanti.

The Sonata in c sharp minor, Op. 27, (called the Moonlight Sonata), is metro-

nomed as follows in the edition lately published by T. Haslinger, of Vienna:—

I. Adagio, ♩ = 60.
II. Allegretto, 𝅗𝅥 = 84.
III. Presto agitato, 𝅗𝅥 = 92.

In the London edition of Beethoven's pianoforte works, edited by J. Moscheles, the same Sonata has affixed to it the following metronomic directions:—

I. Adagio, ♩ = 60.
II. Allegretto, 𝅗𝅥 = 76.
III. Presto agitato, 𝅗𝅥 = 92.

In the Vienna edition of the Sonata in E flat major, the metronomic directions are as follow:—

I. Andante, ♩ = 72.
II. Allegro, $\frac{6}{8}$ ♩. = 116.
III. Allegro molto vivace, $\frac{3}{4}$ 𝅗𝅥. = 138.
IV. Adagio, 𝅗𝅥 = 69.
V. Finale, allegro vivace, ♩ = 160.

In the London edition the different movements of the same Sonata are thus marked:—

I. Andante, ♩ = 69.

II. Allegro, $\frac{6}{8}$ 𝅗𝅥. 104.

III. Allegro molto vivace, $\frac{3}{4}$ 𝅗𝅥. = 126.

IV. Adagio, 𝅘𝅥𝅮 = 76.

V. Finale, allegro vivace, 𝅗𝅥 = 132.

What a Babel of confusion as to the right feeling, and what confusion also in regard to the conception of Beethoven's sacred legacy to posterity is thus exhibited!* and similar inconsistencies are apparent throughout all his

* In this angry denunciation against metronomising M. Schindler goes too far. The musical world knows, that marking the time by a metronome is but a slight guide for performers and conductors. Its object is to show the general time of a movement, particularly at its commencement; but it is not to be followed strictly throughout; for no piece, except a march or a dance, would have any real life and expression, or light and shade, if the Solo performer, or the orchestra under its conductor, were strictly to adhere to one and the same *tempo*, without regard to the many marks which command its variations. (See M. Schindler's own subsequent words on this subject, pp. 116 and 117.) The player or conductor, who enters into the time and spirit of the piece must feel *when* and *where* he has to introduce the necessary changes: and these are often of so delicate a nature, that the marks of the metronome would become superabundant, not to say impossible. This duly considered, the differences in the metronomic signs here denounced will be found too trifling to draw forth such animadversions.—Ed.

works in these new editions.* Who does not with deep regret feel that such gross neglect amounts almost to profanation of the works of the great master? Are, then, these divine compositions to be converted into show pieces for the performance of professional piano-forte players? Nevertheless, I am bound to admit that some of the *tempi*, as marked in the new London edition, approximate more nearly to the composer's original intention.

The fashion of the day tends to preclude any one from attempting to play one of Beethoven's Sonatas who has not for a year together practised the hand and finger-spraining exercises of modern performers. What is now-a-days thought of a simple *Allegro,* as written by Mozart or Beethoven? It is converted into a *Presto;* and so other movements are accelerated in gradation. And, truly, this is the method whereby the works of these

* In Op. 27 both title and dedication vary from the mode in which they are given by the composer. The following are the words written by Beethoven, which refer specially to No. 1:—"Sonata quasi Fantasia, dedicata alla Madamigella Contessa Giulietta di Guicciardi."

great masters, already become antiquated, are accommodated to modern taste!

It is not yet very long since an assiduous practice of the Studies of Aloys Schmidt and of John Cramer used to smooth the way of the intelligent pianist to the most difficult works of Beethoven; and if greater mechanical dexterity of fingering was required to make the path more secure, the Studies of Hummel, Moscheles, or Kalkbrenner were found sufficient. But what would the practice of these exercises now avail?* They would not enable the student to play the first three Sonatas of Beethoven according to the newest fashion. What, then, it may be asked, becomes of feeling and expression which ought to have room to develop themselves, so that in certain passages the tone may seem, as it were, to sing and reverberate? Where now is feeling—

* This reasoning seems to me somewhat void of logic, since the same spirit which would urge M. Schindler's "most fashionable" piano-forte player to exceed the *tempi* of Beethoven's Sonatas, would prompt him also to play the above-mentioned Studies with such a degree of celerity as must enable him to be prepared for the difficulties, at *prestissimo* speed, of the great master's Sonatas.—Ed.

where expression, and, indeed, where opportunity for the manifestation of any sensibility? Let Beethoven's piano-forte works be played according to the new metronomic directions, and it will soon be perceived that no more opportunity is left for feeling and expression than the most rapid fingering affords; and that this rule extends even to the execution of the *Adagio*.

In this state of things the best advice that can be given to the piano-forte practitioner is —Shun all metronomic directions, be they given by whom they may*—turn from them as you would from the misleading lights of ignes-fatui—set to work with the right spirit and the preliminary knowledge for the task, and apply to all the works of Beethoven the composer's words—"No metronome, &c."† Thus you will with certainty attain the wished-for object, and be spared the mortification of renouncing your own feel-

* Beethoven himself?—Ed.

† I shall presently have occasion to quote a remark of Beethoven's, in which the above words occur.

ings to substitute those of another in their stead.

Moreover, while examining the metronomic signs affixed to his works by their different editors, Beethoven discovered that the metronomes themselves vary one from another; an inconvenience which has been greatly increased since Beethoven's time, by numerous counterfeits. He perceived, for example, that the fourth movement of the Symphony in C minor was deprived of all dignity when performed in the accelerated time indicated thus $\frac{2}{4} = 84.$; and that, in the fourth movement of the Symphony in B flat major, the metronomic sign was a decided contradiction to the Italian words "Allegro ma non tanto;" whilst the movement, if performed in accordance with the metronomic direction, would be a mere mass of confusion, such rapid time being incompatible with a sufficiently clear and distinct execution of the semiquaver passages by the bow instruments. He now saw the necessity of directing his attention to a more careful adaptation of the

metronomic signs, so as to give a slower time to most of the *allegro* movements. But excessive occupation, added to the different strokes of adverse fortune which have been detailed in the biographical portion of the present work, prevented him from entering upon this important task. Besides, he called the metronoming a mere "business" matter, and this view of the labour tended to increase his distaste for it. The publishers of his latter works must be aware how dilatory he was in determining the metronomic signs which were frequently obtained from him only after repeated correspondence. An example of this is proved by his letters of the 16th and 30th of April, 1819, addressed to M. Ries in London.* Moreover, when it happened that Beethoven metronomed the same work twice over, he marked the *tempi* differently each

* "The *tempo* of the Sonata, fixed by Maelzel's metronome, you shall have by next post," says Beethoven, in his letter of the 30th of April. Why not have sent it with the manuscript of the music? It was a mechanical occupation, and Beethoven was not inclined to turn to it on that day. Unfortunately, he was not better disposed to set about it before the departure of the following post.

time. A striking example of this occurred with respect to the ninth Symphony, which he first metronomised for the publisher, and then several months afterwards for the Philharmonic Society of London.* In the latter instance he made the signs for every movement differ from those which he had adopted in the former case; making the *tempi* sometimes quicker and sometimes slower; and when I accidentally found the copy of the first metronomising which he had marked for the Messrs. Schott, he answered impatiently, "Better no metronome!† He who has correct

* The reader will recollect Beethoven's letter to Moscheles, dated March 18th, 1827, alluded to in the third period. In that letter he enclosed the metronomic signs for the Ninth Symphony, after the Symphony to which those signs belonged had been some time in London.

† If Beethoven, though acknowledging the useful adaptability of the metronome, was, nevertheless, frequently undetermined, and, by twice fixing metronomic signs to the same works, contradicted himself, it merely shows that he was influenced by the musical feeling of the moment. Another proof that two different musicians, like Czerny and myself, could naturally hardly fail to deviate slightly in pointing out the *tempo* of Beethoven's works. His saying here quoted, "Better no metronome!" is no proof that he wished to abolish its use, but that he only feared that it might be insufficient to determine the rate of movement in its different variations.—Ed.

feeling has no need of it; and to him who does not possess that feeling it is equally useless, for he runs astray, and the whole orchestra with him." This truth is confirmed by frequent experience. If it were recognised by every orchestral director, together with old Matheson's maxim, the works of Beethoven and other great masters would never be brought down from their lofty elevation, and we should secure their purity and imperishability, which is the common duty of us all.*

I was much gratified to observe M. Habeneck's judicious regulations of time in the performance, under his direction, of Beethoven's works at the Conservatory in Paris. An impression of the very contrary was conceived by Beethoven himself; for, during his lifetime it used to be said, that in Parisian orchestras the over-rapid performance of his quick movements made them resemble quadrilles and gallopades. It is however possible, that in France, as in Germany, this error may be traced to the incorrect metronomising which was held to be unquestionable autho-

* See my note, p. 100.—Ed.

rity, until M. Habeneck discovered the root of the evil, and proved that the Rossinian "effetto! effetto!" was no longer to be held identical with the dignity and grandeur of Beethoven's poetic music.

Let us hope that among the musicians of France there will speedily arise some few who, unfettered by the bonds of fashion, and devoid of egotism, will turn with a pure and deeply poetic spirit to the piano-forte works of Beethoven, and draw freely from the ever-living waters of that sacred well which the Muses have consecrated. Much has already been done in France by Franz Liszt, who so thoroughly comprehends the spirit of Beethoven. But the efforts of one individual are insufficient for the wide diffusion of important principles. The advantage which may be derived from Beethoven's piano-forte compositions is yet almost wholly unknown to French pianists, as I have had frequent opportunities to observe, and nothing has so greatly contributed to create this unfortunate ignorance as the absurdly refined mechanism

of piano-forte playing, which, years ago, Beethoven justly feared would banish all truth of feeling from music. In a letter which he addressed to Ries, dated July 26th, 1823, he alludes to certain "Allegri di Bravura, which demand too much mechanism of fingering, and therefore he does not admire them." Indeed, the only piano-forte compositions of Beethoven which have hitherto obtained attention from the French, and I may add, from most of the German pianists, are such as afford scope for the display of mechanical dexterity. Compositions of this class being precisely those which are characterised by an exuberant freedom of fancy, are inferior in poetic spirit to his other piano-forte works. These latter are, however, far more difficult to comprehend and to perform than those which merely demand a greater degree of digital dexterity. That cheval de bataille for fleet-fingered pianists, the Sonata, Op. 57, is, of all Beethoven's Sonatas, (without accompaniments) after Op. 30, the only one on which they take their full re-

venge; and I affirm, with a thorough conviction of being correct, that, out of a hundred pianists whose talent is swayed by the dominion of fashion, it would be difficult to find two who know anything of these Sonatas, with the exception of Op. 57. Of the Sonatas, from Op. 2 to Op. 30 inclusive, there are but few that have the honour of being known to the legion of fashionable pianoforte players. The gods whom this legion worship have no place among the Immortals; and if we estimate their productions by the standard of art, they must be ranked on a level with those musical idols of the day whose chief merit is that they set the feet of the multitude in motion.

The limited knowledge of Beethoven's Sonatas in Germany may be attributed to the circumstance of our teachers placing those works at too early a period before their pupils. They forget that, for a due comprehension of the highest style of art, a sum of knowledge and experience, a certain degree of mental maturity, are required, with-

out which all endeavours to force a taste for the most elevated objects will be vain, or possibly productive of disgust. The study of Beethoven's music should be earnestly entered upon, after the mind has been cultivated by a course of education at once philosophic and elegant: without such a preparation, the study will infallibly be harassing and disagreeable, even to those who possess more than common susceptibility for musical poetry. Music is the offspring of deep feeling, and by deep feeling alone can its genuine beauties be comprehended and enjoyed.

Now, with regard to the Sonatas, I have further to observe that the hints which I received from Beethoven on the subject of their composition, and the proper style of their performance, had direct reference to only a few of those compositions. Still, no doubt, many persons will be gratified by what I have to communicate. To the intelligent lover of music these hints will afford matter for reflection, whereby he may not only more thoroughly comprehend the works in ques-

tion, but also, by the help of the key thus obtained, open for himself a path to the knowledge of other compositions of the like kind, imbued with the like soul and spirit.

Among the most rich in materials, and, unfortunately, among the least known, are the two Sonatas comprised in Op. 14. The first is in E major, and the second in G major. Both these Sonatas have for their subject a dialogue between a husband and wife, or a lover and his mistress. In the second Sonata, this dialogue, with its signification, is very forcibly expressed, the opposition of the two principal parts being more sensibly marked than in the first Sonata. By these two parts Beethoven intended to represent two *principles*, which he designated the *entreating* and the *resisting*. Even in the first bars the contrary motion marks the opposition of these principles.

By a softly gliding transition from earnest gravity to tenderness and feeling, the eighth bar introduces the entreating principle alone.

This suing and flattering strain continues until the middle part is taken up in D major, when both principles are again brought into conflict, but not with the same degree of earnestness as at the commencement. The resisting principle is now relaxing, and allows the other to finish without interruption the phrase that has been begun.

In the following phrase—

both approximate, and the mutual understanding is rendered distinctly perceptible by the succeeding cadence on the dominant.

In the second section of the same movement the opposition is again resumed in the minor of the tonic, and the resisting principle is energetically expressed in the phrase in A flat major. To this succeeds a pause on the chord of the dominant, and then in E flat the conflict is again resumed till the tranquil phrase

comes in as it were like a preparation for mutual concord, for both repeat several times

the same idea, resembling an interrogation, beginning slowly, and with lingering pauses, then over and over again in rapid succession. The introduction in the tonic of the principal motivo renews the conflict, and the feelings alternate as in the first part; but, at the conclusion of the movement, the expected conciliation is still *in suspenso.* It is not completely brought about until the end of the Sonata, when it is clearly indicated, and as it were expressed, on the final close of the piece, by a distinctly articulated "Yes!" from the resisting principle.

Then was not Beethoven justified in saying, that the poetic idea which had stimulated his imagination in the composition of this work was quite obvious? In fact, is not the explanation of every individual phrase perfectly natural? Of this let any one convince himself, by comparing the above indication of the design with the Sonata itself.

But the reality and certainty of the composer's intention is fully obtained only on the performance of the piece, the difficulty of which, be it observed, is much greater than it is generally believed to be. For example, words directing the quickening or retarding of the time, such as *accelerando, ritardando,* &c., do not, in their ordinary acceptation, convey an adequate idea of the wonderfully delicate shading which characterized Beethoven's performance; and on this account he would have experienced great impediments had he proceeded with his intended revisal of many other works in the like style. This obstacle he clearly foresaw.

M. Ries, alluding to the *Sonate Pa-*

thétique, p. 106 of his *Notizen,* makes the following remarks on the performance of Beethoven:—"In general, he played his own compositions in a very capricious manner; he nevertheless kept strictly accurate time, occasionally, but very seldom, accelerating the *tempi.* On the other hand, in the performance of a *crescèndo* passage, he would make the time *ritardando,* which produced a beautiful and highly striking effect. Sometimes in the performance of particular passages, whether with the right hand or the left, he would infuse into them an exquisite, but altogether inimitable expression. He seldom introduced notes or ornaments not set down in the composition." Yes, it may truly be said that the expression was inimitable! What the *Sonate Pathétique* became under the hands of Beethoven—though he left much to be desired on the score of pure execution—can only be conceived by those who have had the good fortune to hear it played by him. Yet it required to be heard over and over again before one could be convinced that it was a work, by name at least, already

well known. In short, all music performed by his hands appeared to undergo a new creation. These wonderful effects were in a great degree produced by his uniform *legato* style, which was one of the most remarkable peculiarities of his playing.*

All the pieces which I have heard Beethoven himself play were, with few exceptions, given without any constraint as to the rate of the time. He adopted a *tempo-rubato* in the proper sense of the term, according as subject and situation might demand, without the slightest approach to caricature. Beethoven's playing was the most distinct and intelligible declamation,

* With regard to pianoforte playing, Beethoven always inculcated the following rule:—"Place the hands over the key-board in such a position that the fingers need not be raised more than is necessary. This is the only method by which the player can learn to *generate tone*, and, as it were, to make the instrument sing." He abjured the *staccato* style, especially in the performance of phrases, and he derisively termed it "finger-dancing," or "manual air-sawing." There are many passages in Beethoven's works which, though not marked with slurs, require to be played *legato*. But this a cultivated taste will instinctively perceive.

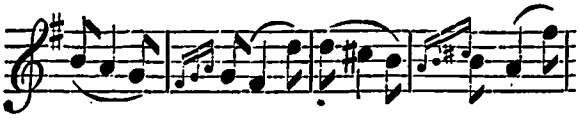
such, perhaps, as in the same high degree can only be studied in his works. His old friends, who attentively watched the development of his genius in every direction, declare that he adopted this mode of playing in the first years of the third period of his life, and that it was quite a departure from his earlier method, which was less marked by shading and colouring; thence it appears that his perceptive sagacity had then discovered a sure method of throwing open, to the unlearned as well as the initiated, a door to the mysterious workings of his imagination. In the performance of his quartett music he wished the same rules to be observed as in playing his Sonatas; for the Quartetts paint passions and feelings no less than the Sonatas. Among the latter, however, there are several in which a strict observance of time is indispensable; scarcely permitting, much less demanding, any deviation from regularity. Those compositions require to be played in what is termed the *bravura* style; they are Op. 106, 111, 57, and some others.

I will now, as far as verbal description may permit, endeavour to convey an idea of the manner in which Beethoven himself used to play the two Sonatas contained in Op. 14. His wonderful performance of these compositions was a sort of musical declamation, in which the two principles were as distinctly separated as the two parts of a dialogue when recited by the flexible voice of a good speaker.

He commenced the opening *Allegro* with vigour and spirit, relaxing these qualities at the sixth bar, and in the following passage :—

Here a slight *ritardando* made preparation for gently introducing the entreating principle. The performance of the phrase—

was exquisitely shaded, and to the following bars :—



Beethoven's manner of holding down particular notes, combined with a kind of soft gliding touch, imparted such a vivid colouring, that the hearer could fancy he actually beheld the lover in his living form, and heard him apostrophising his obdurate mistress. In the following groups of semiquavers—

he strongly accented the fourth note of each group, and gave a joyous expression to the whole passage, and at the succeeding chromatic run he resumed the original time, and continued it till he arrived at this phrase,—

which he gave in *tempo andantino*, beautifully accenting the bass, and the third notes of the upper part of the harmony, as I have

marked them in the two last bars of the subjoined example, thereby rendering distinct to the ear the separation of the two principles. On arriving at the ninth bar,—

he made the bass stand out prominently, and closed the succeeding cadence on the dominant in the original time, which he maintained without deviation to the end of the first part.

In the second part Beethoven introduced the phrase in A flat major, by a *ritardando* of the two preceding bars. He attacked this phrase vigorously, thus diffusing a glow of colour over the picture. He gave a charming expression to the following phrase in the treble by strongly accenting and holding down longer than the prescribed time the first note in each bar,—

whilst the bass was played with gradually increasing softness, and with a sort of creeping motion of the hand.

The passage next in succession was touched off brilliantly; and in its closing bars the *decrescendo* was accompanied by a *ritardando*. The following phrase was begun in *tempo andante* :—

At the fifth bar there was a slight *accellerando*, and an increase of tone. At the sixth bar the original time was resumed. Throughout the remainder of the first movement Beethoven observed the same time as that which he had taken in the opening bars.

Various as were the *tempi* which Beethoven introduced in this movement, yet they were all beautifully prepared, and if I may

so express myself, the colours were delicately blended one with another. There were none of those abrupt changes which the composer frequently admitted in some of his other works, with the view of giving a loftier flight to the declamation. Those who truly enter into the spirit of this fine movement will find it advisable not to repeat the first part: by this allowable abridgment the gratification of the hearer will be unquestionably increased, whilst it may possibly be diminished by the frequent repetition of the same phrases.

It would lead me too far to describe circumstantially the principal points in all the three movements of this Sonata; and so with others. The shades of expression are so various and important that I can only lament the impossibility of conveying any adequate idea of them by words. Perhaps it is only by the publication of a new edition of these and other compositions, that the manner in which Beethoven did or would have executed them can be rendered perfectly obvious to the performer, as well as their right compre-

hension facilitated to those lovers of the art whose cultivated perception may enable them to recognise poetic ideas clothed in a musical garb.

With regard to the second Sonata in E major (Op. 14), the subject of which is similar to that of the second, I shall confine myself to the description of Beethoven's manner of performing a very few passages. In the eighth bar of the first *allegro* movement—

as well as in the ninth bar, he retarded the time, touching the keys more *forte* and holding down the fifth note, as marked above. By these means he imparted to the passage an indescribable earnestness and dignity of character.

In the tenth bar—

the original time was resumed, the powerful expression being still maintained. The eleventh bar was *diminuendo* and somewhat lingering. The twelfth and thirteenth bars were played in the same manner as the two foregoing.

On the introduction of the middle movement—

the dialogue became sentimental. The prevailing time was *andante,* but not regularly maintained, for every time that either principle was introduced a little pause was made on the first note, thus :—

At the following phrase—

a joyous character was expressed. The original *tempo* was taken, and not again changed till the close of the first part.

The second part, from this passage

forward, was characterised by an increased breadth of rhythm, and augmented power of tone, which, however, was further on shaded into an exquisitely delicate *pianissimo;* so that the apparent meaning of the dialogue became more perceptible without any over-strained effort of imagination.

The second movement *Allegretto* was, as performed by Beethoven, more like an

Allegro furioso ; and, until he arrived at the single chord—

on which he made a very long pause, he kept up the same *tempo.*

In the *Maggiore,* the *tempo* was taken more moderately, and played by Beethoven in a beautifully expressive style. He added not a single note ; but he gave to many an accentuation which would not have suggested itself to any other player. On the subject of accentuation I may state, as a general remark, that Beethoven gave prominent force to all appoggiaturas, particularly the minor second, even in running passages ; and in slow movements his transition to the principal note was as delicately managed as it could have been by the voice of a singer.

In the Rondo of the Sonata to which I am

here referring, Beethoven maintained the time as marked until he arrived at the bars introducing the first and third pauses. These bars he made *ritardando*.

The two Sonatas in Op. 14, the first Sonata (F minor) in Op. 2; the first Sonata (C minor), Op. 10; the Sonate pathétique (C minor), Op. 13; the Sonata quasi Fantasia in C sharp minor, Op. 27, and some others, are all pictures of feeling; and in every movement Beethoven varied the time according as the feelings changed.

I will now endeavour to make the reader acquainted with the effect which Beethoven intended should be given to particular phrases or whole movements of his Symphonies. That orchestral music does not admit of such frequent changes of time as chamber music, is, of course, an understood fact. But it is equally well known that in orchestral performances the greatest and most unexpected efforts may be produced by even slight variations of time.

Passing over the first Symphony, I shall proceed to notice the second. In the first movement the prescribed time must not be

altered, and it must by no means be taken faster than is understood by the direction *allegro*. By too fast a *tempo* the intrinsic dignity of the movement would be utterly lost.

The second movement, *Larghetto*, requires a frequent change of measure. The first *tempo* is kept up to the phrase—

where the time is gradually quickened, by which the character of the movement acquires a greater degree of warmth and spirit.

The passage immediately following—

is like the echo of a very melancholy wail, and is given more slowly than the original time, which is resumed only with the succeeding cadence. The same variation of time should be observed on the repetition of the same phrases in the second part of the movement.

To afford at a glance an idea of the right mode of playing these phrases, and to show that their accurate performance is perfectly practicable by a well-trained orchestra, I subjoin the whole in a connected form, together with the requisite marks for the changes of the *tempi*:—

Poco Lento.
Tempo 1mo.
f
p
f
f
sf
p
Poco accelerando.
cres.
f

Tempo 1mo.
p Lento.
p
p
Cres. ed
accelerando.
f
ff
p
Poco Allegretto.

This *Allegretto* is continued until the theme is taken up in C minor. The first *Larghetto* time is then resumed.

I recommend orchestral directors to try on the piano this fragment as far as the A minor passage, and they will be convinced of the deep expression produced by the variations of the *tempi* as I have marked them. The phrase in C major *ff* likewise demands a deviation from the original time, and if slightly accelerated will be found to acquire additional power and effect.*

The style of performance above described will be found to infuse into this long movement a degree of grace, dignity, and feeling, which is not attainable if the *tempo* be kept uniform. By the variation the orchestra is kept constantly on the stretch, but the per-

* I agree with M. Schindler in these remarks. The slight deviations of time recommended must give life and expression, not only to this movement, but also to the imaginative compositions of all the great masters.

Their success, however, can only be assured by intimate acquaintance on the part of the band with the manner of the conductor, and his mode of conveying his intentions, either from long intercourse or careful rehearsals.—Ed.

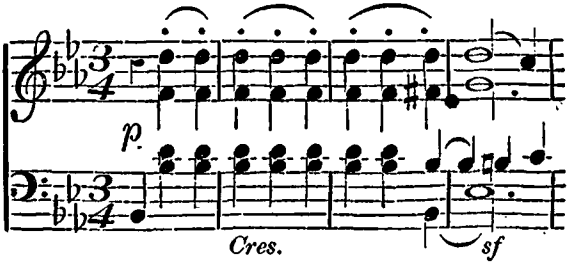
formance will be found easy if it be conducted with steadiness and decision.

I do not recollect anything remarkable with regard to the manner of performing the other movements of this Symphony. The *tempi* as marked may be adhered to.

I have already observed that Beethoven marked the second movement of the A major Symphony with the direction *Andante, quasi Allegretto.* But at the part in C major the time may be somewhat quickened, which will be found to produce an extremely pleasing effect, forming likewise a fine contrast to the mysterious character of the introduction. The passage in A minor, which prepares the conclusion, demands, particularly in those parts where the violins answer the wind-instruments, little breaks of the time, which the subject and the declamation render indispensable. The right colouring is thus given to the back-ground of the picture, and the deepest impression produced on the hearer.

Concerning the Symphonia Eroica, Beet-

hoven wished that the first movement should be taken in more moderate time than is indicated by the direction, *allegro con brio*, which in the course of performance is usually converted into a *presto*. This detracts from the elevated character of the composition, and transforms it into a concertante display. On the contrary, a perfectly tranquil movement should prevail from beginning to end, even in the loudest parts. The tempo should be somewhat retarded in this phrase:—



and this measure should be maintained to the following *pianissimo* passage,—

where a gentle *accelerando* brings back the

original time of the movement. This latter time must be rigidly observed as far as the *forte* phrase in B major. The same changes of time should be observed in the corresponding phrases of the second part of the movement.

Before I proceed to comment on the second movement, the Marcia funebre, I must bring to the reader's recollection Beethoven's declaration in reference to this movement, given in the Second Period. Whether this declaration be taken as jest or earnest, it contains a great deal of truth. Though Beethoven said he composed the music appropriate to the tragical end of the great Emperor seventeen years prior to the event, yet the extent of his fancy is more powerfully manifested in the manner in which he has portrayed the catastrophe. Does not, for example, the middle movement in C major plainly point to the rising of a star of hope? Further on, does not this same middle movement indicate the firm resolution of the hero to overcome his fate?

The succeeding fugue-movement, also, still pictures out a conflict with fate. After this there is perceptibly a decline of energy, which, however, again revives, until in this phrase:

resignation is expressed, the hero gradually sinks, and at length, like other mortals, is consigned to the grave.

The *Maggiore* itself demands a somewhat animated *tempo*.

In the c minor Symphony, Beethoven intended that only a very few variations should be made in the time; yet these few are in the highest degree important and interesting, and they refer principally to the first movement.

The opening of this movement (that is to say, the first five bars with the two pauses) requires to be played in something like this tempo, 𝅗𝅥 = 126, an *andante con moto.**

*?!—Ed.

Thus the mystical character of the movement is in an infinite degree more clearly manifested than by a rapid expression of this phrase, so full of deep meaning. Beethoven expressed himself in something like vehement animation, when describing to me his idea:—"It is thus that Fate knocks at the door." At the sixth bar, where the first violin is introduced, the *allegro con brio*, ♩ = 108, commences; and this time is continued until this passage*—

where, according to Beethoven's idea, Fate again knocks at the door—only more slowly. At the passage for the first violin, in the succeeding bar, the *allegro* is again taken up.

In the second part of this movement the retardation of the quick time occurs twice: first at the phrase succeeding the pause on the major triad of E flat.†

* See Score, p. 3. † See Score, p. 23.

And secondly at the repetition of the same phrase (page 43 of the Score).

Respecting any essential changes of time in the other three movements of this Symphony, I received no information from Beethoven.

The above hints on matter and manner in relation to Beethoven's music will, I trust, be found satisfactory. For several reasons it appears to me that further details would here be out of place. I must, however, most earnestly and indignantly protest against every reproach founded on the suspicion that these hints and other observations did not emanate from Beethoven, but have been the offspring of my invention. Beethoven's Quartett, performed by Schuppanzigh and the three other initiated players, plainly shows the effect which the music was capable of producing when executed in obedience to

the composer's personal directions. Those who have not had the good fortune to hear that performance, and to have thereby obtained the advantage of observing that by varying the time at suitable points powerful effects are produced, and the most abstruse music rendered an intelligible language to unlearned ears, may possibly doubt the accuracy of what I have stated; but, nevertheless, unjustly.

If Beethoven did not direct the performance of his instrumental music in the manner above described, it was for the important reason that he had not, *ex officio*, any orchestra under his control, and none would have had patience to be schooled by him. This sort of study could only be practicable with the well-organised orchestra of a chapel or musical *Conservatoire*. With respect to the orchestra of the Vienna Theatre, the performers engaged in it have always insisted that, with the exception of their duties on the nights of performance, nothing more shall be required of them; and the

orchestra of the Concert-Spirituel includes among its coadjutors many dilletanti, who cannot devote the necessary time to rehearsals.

These circumstances serve to explain the complaints made by Beethoven to Hofrath Rochlitz in the year 1822. Those complaints, which unfortunately contained mortifying truths, are thus related by Rochlitz in his work entitled "Für Freunde der Tonkunst," vol. iv. p. 355:—"He (Beethoven), turning the conversation upon himself and his works, said:—'None of my compositions are heard here.'—'None in the summer season?' inquired I, writing the words on the slate.—'Neither in summer nor winter,' exclaimed he.—'What should they hear?—Fidelio?'—'They cannot perform it, and would not listen to it if they could.'—'The Symphonies?'—'They have not time for them.'*—

* Will it be believed in Vienna that Beethoven's Symphonies were assiduously practised from twelve to sixteen months, and the Ninth Symphony, with Schiller's Ode to Joy, full two years, in the Conservatoire of Paris, before they were performed in public? This is a fact. It is also a fact that on occasion of the first performance of this Ninth Symphony,

'The Concertos?'—'Our instrumental players prefer strumming and scraping their own productions.'—'The Solos?'—'They have been long out of fashion here; and now-a-days Fashion rules everything,'" &c.

I once more repeat that Beethoven's music would have founded a new era, had the composer been enabled, in the new edition of his works, to accomplish the much-desired object of classical explanation—or had he possessed the control of an orchestra, which, under his own instruction and superintendence, he might have made a model for the whole musical world. That his ideas of possible improvement would not have been narrowly circumscribed, may be inferred from the proposition laid down by himself—"The boundary does not yet exist of which it can be said

in 1824, at the Kärnthner-Thore theater, Beethoven could obtain no more than two rehearsals, because the orchestra was engaged in rehearsing a new Ballet. Remonstrances and entreaties, on the part of Beethoven, for a third rehearsal, which he considered necessary, proved unavailing. He received for definitive answer—"Two rehearsals will be quite sufficient." What will the professors of the Paris Conservatoire, and M. Habeneck, the leader, say to this?

to talent co-operating with industry—*Thus far shalt thou go and no farther!*"

I had just finished this portion of my work when the "Journal des Debats," of the 18th of January last, containing a letter from Vienna, dated the 5th of the same month, reached my hands. This letter relates to a calligraphic collection of Beethoven's works, which the Archduke Rudolph has bequeathed by will to the "Society of the Lovers of Music of the Austrian Empire," whose patron his Imperial Highness had been for many years. It contains some inaccuracies, which might furnish occasion for misconceptions and controversies; it may, therefore, not be amiss to subjoin a simple statement of the fact—in which Beethoven is directly implicated—in order to correct the errors in that letter.

Mr. Tobias Haslinger, while a partner in the house of Steiner and Co., music-pub-

lishers (of which he is now sole proprietor), undertook to produce a calligraphic copy of all Beethoven's works. After a number of the works already printed had been so copied, Beethoven received intelligence of the circumstance; and though the expensive undertaking of Mr. Haslinger was represented to him as a mercantile speculation, which, however, according to his statement, it was not intended to be, the composer was perfectly indifferent, since he could not have raised any reasonable objection, let the purpose of the enterprise be what it might. Now, the letter from Vienna in the "Journal des Débats" asserts that Beethoven had previously revised and corrected, and, "in fact, put the finishing hand" to all his works for the benefit of this calligraphic copy: this assertion must be contradicted. At the time that Beethoven heard what Mr. Haslinger was about, he was not on good terms with the above-mentioned house, neither of course with Mr. Haslinger himself; and soon afterwards followed the rupture mentioned in the Third

Period, because Beethoven would not subscribe to the scale of prices in Mr. Haslinger's hand-writing. By such inaccurate statements sent forth to the world, not without some object, as I suppose, I am induced to subjoin that list of prices.* From the

* INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

	Ducats.
Symphonies for the whole Orchestra	60—80
Overtures	20—30

FOR THE VIOLIN.

Concertos for Violin, with Orchestral Accompaniments	50
Ottetts for various Instruments	60
Septetts ditto	60
Sextetts ditto	60
Quintetts for 2 Violins, 2 Violas, and Violoncello . .	50
Quartetts for 2 Violins, Viola, and Violoncello . .	40
Terzetts for Violin, Viola, and Violoncello	40

FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.

Concertos for the Piano-forte, with Orchestral Accompaniments	60
Fantasia, ditto	30
Rondo, ditto	30
Variations, ditto	30
Ottetts for Piano-forte, with Accompaniments of various Instruments	50
Septett ditto	50
Quintett ditto	60
Quartett ditto	70

remarks annexed, in Beethoven's own handwriting, it will be seen that, just at this time

Terzetts for Piano-forte, Viola, and Violoncello	50
Duetts for Piano-forte and Violin	40
Duetts for Piano-forte and Violoncello	40
Duo for Piano-forte, for four hands	60
Sonata (Grand) for Piano-forte, alone	40
Sonata for Piano-forte, solo	30
Fantasia for Piano-forte	30
Rondo for Piano-forte	15
Variations for Piano-forte, with Accompaniments	10—20
Variations for Piano-forte, solo	10—20
Six Fugues for Piano-forte	30—40
Divertimentos, Airs, Preludes, Pot-pourris, Bagatelles, Adagio, Andante, Toccatas, Capriccios, for Piano-forte, solo	10—15

VOCAL MUSIC.

Grand Mass	130
Smaller Mass	100
Greater Oratorio	300
Smaller Oratorio	200
Graduale	20
Offertorium	20
Te Deum Laudamus	50
Requiem	120
Vocal Pieces with Orchestral Accompaniments	20
An Opera Seria	300
Six Songs, with Piano-forte Accompaniments	20
Six shorter ditto ditto	12
A Ballad	15

Immediately underneath were the following remarks in Beethoven's handwriting:—"One might reserve a right

(1821 and 1822), the above-mentioned publishers were in treaty with Beethoven respecting an edition of his complete works. Another Vienna house was likewise treating with him at the same time for the same purpose. How, then, could Beethoven have put a finishing hand to his works for the benefit of that calligraphic copy, since he himself projected an edition of them, and had so many important points not yet settled in his own mind to decide upon? And though he may have subsequently corrected a few wrong notes (of which there are unluckily too many in his works) for Mr. Haslinger's undertaking, this cannot by any means be called "putting

occasionally to alter or to fix new prices. If the above are meant merely for Austria, or (at most) France, and England is left to me, they might be accepted. In regard to several items, one might retain the right of fixing the price oneself. As to the publication of the complete works, England and France should perhaps be reserved for the author. The sum to be paid by the publishers would be 10,000 florins, Vienna currency. As they wish also to treat for the publication of the complete works, *such* a contract would, in my opinion, be the best." . . . "Perhaps stand out for London and Paris, and write to Schlesinger on the subject."

the finishing hand to a work." It were indeed to be wished that Beethoven had done so in this instance, and that his intentions were to be found there. How many and what great works has Beethoven written after the rupture with that house, which have been introduced into the calligraphic copy! Is it to be supposed that he put the finishing hand to these also for the benefit of that undertaking? If so, look, above all, at the Quartett No. 13, and others of the latest Quartetts, and discover if you can the remarks and explanations to them which Beethoven sent to Prince Nicholas von Galitzen, to St. Petersburg (as I have mentioned at pp. 34–36 of the present volume), and which he designed to append in a more explicit form to a second edition, in order to render those works more intelligible; and then those "hieroglyphics," as they are called, will be all at once deciphered for the whole world, and bright sunshine pervade them, as it does his Quartett No. 1.

When Beethoven was informed that Mr.

Haslinger was in treaty with the Archduke Rudolph for the sale of the calligraphic works, and that the price demanded for them was said (if I recollect rightly) to be 40,000 florins—the "Journal des Débats" says that they cost the Archduke upwards of 90,000 florins (223,000 francs)—the great master was again indifferent, and merely muttered to himself something about "a poor devil," and that "such he was and such he should ever remain while others contrived to suck out his marrow and fatten upon it." But I was accustomed to such exclamations, or freaks of fancy: they had nothing alarming, but much that grieved; for when the beloved friend had vented his spleen in this manner, he would take up the pen and again fall to writing what he used punningly to call *Noten in Nöthen*—notes in emergency.

II.

CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS AND PECULIARITIES OF BEETHOVEN.

Beethoven's Religious Principles—His Dislike of giving Lessons—His Frankness, and, at the same time, Dexterity in evading Questions—Vindication of him from the charge of Discourtesy to Brother Artists—Proofs that though a rigid, he was a just Critic—Kind Encouragement afforded by him to Professional Merit—His modest Appreciation of Himself—His Extempore Playing—His Every-day Occupations—Propensity for Dabbling in Water—Pension—Certificates—Beethoven erroneously compared with Jean Paul Richter—Mortifying Trick played by him at the instigation of a Friend—Motivo of a Movement in one of his Quartetts—His Peculiar Habits in Eating and Drinking—Extent of his Knowledge of Languages—Comments on Statements of M. von Seyfried relative to Beethoven's domestic Habits—Spurious MSS. attributed to him—His Person—Portraits of him.

BEETHOVEN was educated in the Catholic religion; and that he was truly religious, the whole tenor of his life sufficiently proves. It was, however, a remarkable peculiarity in his character that he never conversed on religion, or expressed any opinion on the creeds of different Christian sects. If my

observation entitles me to form an opinion on the subject, I should say he inclined to Deism; in so far as that term may be understood to imply natural religion. He had written with his own hand two inscriptions, said to be taken from a temple of Isis. These inscriptions, which were framed, and for many years constantly lay before him on his writing-table, were as follows:—

I. "I AM THAT WHICH IS.—I AM ALL THAT IS, ALL THAT WAS, AND ALL THAT SHALL BE.—NO MORTAL MAN HATH MY VEIL UPLIFTED!"

II. "HE IS ONE, SELF-EXISTENT, AND TO THAT ONE ALL THINGS OWE THEIR EXISTENCE."*

I shall carefully watch over the preservation of these pious relics of my friend, who regarded them as an epitome of the loftiest and purest religion. They were to him dearly-prized treasures.

I have already, in the biographical part of

* See Beethoven's fac-simile in the original German, of which the above is a translation. No. I.

this work, alluded to Beethoven's repugnance to giving lessons. I may now add that his distaste for tuition was experienced by the "dames de predilection" who could boast of being his pupils. Even these ladies found themselves sometimes forgotten by him for weeks at a time; and, when at length he presented himself, he was generally received with looks of displeasure, which, however, made but little impression on him. With respect to his mode of conveying instruction, the following particulars may interest the reader.

Those who wished to obtain from Beethoven that valuable information which he was so capable of communicating, could not succeed in that object unless they had the opportunity of being near him at every hour of the day; for nothing could induce him to give himself up to any business at a fixed time. Now and then he would speak readily and entertainingly on the various branches of knowledge with which he was familiar; he would even give direct instruction; but how few had opportunity to profit by these communi-

cative intervals! They frequently occurred at meal-times, and during his walks, or, to speak more properly, runs; and on these occasions he would often suddenly break off the conversation if he found his companion unable to keep pace with him. In his philosophic discussions there were only two topics which Beethoven never touched upon, and which, indeed, he carefully avoided—namely, thorough-bass and religion. Both, he declared, were exhausted subjects, which admitted of no farther discussion.

If candour be the type of nobleness of mind, that virtue was fully possessed by Beethoven. He gave expression to his feelings without any reserve; and the propriety of repressing offensive remarks was a thing that never entered his thoughts. On the other hand, it was no easy matter to get him to pronounce an opinion or judgment on music and musicians; and it was only after an attentive observation of his expressions, sometimes for the space of several days, that anything

decided or consistent could be gained from him. With the witty, satirical, and sarcastic remarks which were always ready at his tongue's end, he endeavoured to evade questions to which he did not wish to give direct answers; and he usually succeeded in discouraging inquirers, who got something like a reply, but nothing to the purpose.* It was seldom, either at meal-time or during his walks, that he was, to use his own expression, "quite unbuttoned." When he was, he wielded the rod of satire without mercy;

* I remember, after having been for some time resident in England, in the course of a conversation with Beethoven, at his house in Vienna (in November, 1823), asking him in writing (then the only mode of communication with him), "How is the Archduke Rudolph?" He answered abruptly, "He is quietly tending his sheep at Olmütz" (Er hütet seine Schafe in Olmütz)—an allusion to the Archduke's Cardinalship.

The same conversation was remarkably interesting to me, as affording me many proofs of the extreme interest Beethoven took in the diffusion of his works in England, and the fondness with which he cherished the idea of himself directing their performance and witnessing their popularity in that country. He asked me many minute questions about the state of the orchestras, and the organization of the different musical societies of London.—Ed.

and Emperor, King, and Artist, were all alike subject to his critical lash. Beethoven had to pay an annual impost, called a class-tax, amounting to twenty-one florins. These twenty-one florins furnished him yearly with a subject for twenty-one thousand sarcasms, of which, in return, his diversified talent never failed to make a repartition and re-assessment, which produced, as usual, a result in the highest degree humorous.

Beethoven has too frequently been accused of a discourteous bluntness of manner towards his brother artists, which had a discouraging effect on the efforts of young beginners. Even M. Ries, in his *Notizen*, plainly shows that he thought this charge against Beethoven not without foundation. In allusion to this subject, a friend of Beethoven's has thus expressed himself:—"These people cannot separate the man oppressed by fate from the caprice and irritability which are caused by that fate; they cannot see the noble side of his disposition. Nevertheless, it is a melancholy fact that, to his unhappy state of existence, we are

in a great measure indebted for his wonderful musical fancy and susceptibility."

M. Moscheles will remember the amiable reception he experienced when he presented to Beethoven the Sonata in E, which he had dedicated to him. He will likewise recollect the patient attention with which Beethoven corrected his pianoforte arrangement of Fidelio, published by D. Artaria; and how kindly he encouraged his labours, until they were brought to a satisfactory conclusion. He even persuaded Moscheles to introduce an arrangement of one piece from the opera, which Hummel had prepared for Artaria, and which Beethoven had condemned, or, to speak the truth, contemptuously torn up, not knowing at the time that it was the work of Hummel. At the end of every piece he arranged from the opera, Moscheles, probably under the apprehension of being treated with as little ceremony as Hummel, wrote the words, "*Fine, with God's help,*" and Beethoven wrote underneath, "O man, help thyself!"

Beethoven's kindness will, no doubt, be borne in mind by that esteemed composer, M. Anton Halm, when he arranged the grand Fugue for the pianoforte. This Fugue had previously formed the fourth movement of the Quartett in B (No. 13), which Beethoven, at the request of the publisher (Math. Artaria), converted into a distinct work (Op. 133). He then composed a new fourth movement for the Quartett; and it is worthy of remark, that this movement was positively Beethoven's last work. He completed it in November, 1826. Czerny had arranged the Fugue above alluded to, before Halm; but his production met with no more approval than Hummel's movement from Fidelio.*

* With respect to most of the arrangements of Beethoven's works for two or four hands, especially his Symphonies, it is curious to imagine the destruction which the great master would have dealt among them, had he lived to see them. He would have waged war against them with fire and sword, and none would have been spared except those of Watts and Hummel. These Beethoven pronounced to be the best pianoforte arrangements of his works. As to the other arrangers, one of them has copied half of the score, and by this means burdened the performer with difficulties, which, on the pianoforte, owing to the

The above facts show that if Beethoven was a rigid, he was likewise a just critic: that he was rigid in exactions upon himself more than upon others, is obvious from the scores of all his works. His critical judgment on musical compositions was frequently accompanied by violent ebullitions of temper. A remarkable instance of this occurred after he had examined Ries's Concerto, entitled "Farewell to London." Beethoven was so singularly displeased with this work, that he addressed a fulminating letter to the Editor of the Leipzig *Musikalische Zeitung*, wherein he enjoins Ries no longer to call himself his

homogeneous tone of the instrument, are useless, and frequently undistinguishable, whilst they obstruct the free flow of the melody, and, by fatiguing both the eyes and fingers of the player, render him incapable of following the spirit and soul of the music. Another of such arrangers, or, to speak more correctly, derangers, deserves to have his knuckles rapped for the liberty he has taken in making essential omissions and additions, with the view of improving Beethoven's music. M. Simrock would render a gratifying tribute to the memory of Beethoven, by engaging M. Watts to arrange all the Symphonies. By his arrangement of the fourth and sixth Symphonies, Watts has shown that he is more capable than any other of executing that difficult task in a spirit congenial with the composer's intention.

pupil. Kanne and Schuppanzigh, whom I acquainted with this affair, joined me in persuading the enraged master to refrain from any further demonstration of displeasure. But, in the mean, time Ries had received his reprimand, and that for several years afterwards he smarted under the heavy rebuke of his old master is, I think, evident from a passage in his *Notizen*. Why did not Ries insert Beethoven's letter in that publication? It would have been in many respects interesting, and, at the same time, a real example of the great master's peculiarities.*

Franz Lachner, T. Horzalka, and Leopoldine Blahetka, all experienced from Beethoven a kind reception, and an acknowledgment of their eminent talents. It was in consequence of the encouragement, and indeed the assistance of Beethoven, in her education, that Mademoiselle Blahetka was

* Beethoven did not receive Rossini, though the latter called on him no less than four times. I shall make no comment on this fact, further than to observe that I wish Beethoven had not thus acted.

destined by her father to the musical profession.

How greatly did Beethoven admire the genius of Franz Schubert! But it was not until he was on his death-bed that he had a complete perception of that talent, which the representations of certain persons had previously caused him to underrate. When I made him acquainted with Schubert's *Ossians Gesänge, die Bürgschaft, die junge Nonne, Grenzen der Menschheit,* and some other productions of the same composer, he exclaimed, with deep emotion :—" Truly Schubert is animated by a spark of heavenly fire! "

I could quote the names of many other artists, who will cherish, as long as they live, a gratifying remembrance of the kindness shown to them by Beethoven. That our great master was not disposed to treat with undue courtesy artistical presumption, which sometimes, in his latter years, boldly raised its head before him, may naturally be supposed. *Exempla sunt odiosa.* But on such

aberrations Beethoven's high mind looked down with compassion.

I will close this chapter with the following remarks:—

Beethoven possessed too much genuine religious feeling to believe that Nature had created him to be a model for future ages, as many of his worshippers, not unfrequently actuated by interested motives, would fain have persuaded him. A stranger to the business of this world, and living, as it were, in another, Beethoven was like a child, to whom every external influence gives a new impulse; and who in like manner does not turn an unwilling ear to flattery, because incapable of estimating the purpose for which the adulation is bestowed. This ignorance of the world—this lofty or puerile feeling, whichever it may be termed, was in Beethoven only transitory, and he soon recovered his manly tone of mind. Beethoven well knew and always respected the motto—*Palmam qui meruit ferat!* His upright, impartial mind led him to bestow, unsolicited, the most un-

equivocal approbation on foreign talent; often as he found that approbation lessened, or discovered that it had been altogether cast away upon certain "backsliding men," as he termed them. Beethoven always bore in mind that a Mozart had preceded him, and that another might follow him. He ever cherished high expectations of the future, for he fervently believed in the omnipotence of the Creator, and the inexhaustibility of Nature. Oh! how great was Beethoven as a man! Who ever learned to know him on that side, and was capable of comprehending and judging not only of his mighty genius but also of his noble heart, will not fail to place the moral man, if not above the great composer, at least on the same level with him.

Beethoven was very fond, especially in the dusk of the evening, of seating himself at the piano to improvise, or he would frequently take up the violin or viola, for which purpose these two instruments were always left lying

on the piano. In the latter years of his life, his playing at such times was more painful than agreeable to those who heard it. The inward mind alone was active; but the outward sense no longer co-operated with it: consequently the outpourings of his fancy became scarcely intelligible. Sometimes he would lay his left hand flat upon the key-board, and thus drown, in discordant noise, the music to which his right was feelingly giving utterance. It is well known that Beethoven, in his early years, did not perform his own compositions purely; for no other reason, however, than his want of time to keep the mechanical power of his fingers in practice; but his improvisations, when he was free from the restraint of reading notes, were the finest effusions of the kind imaginable. The imperial court piano-forte-maker, Conrad Graf, made for Beethoven a sound-conductor, which, being placed on the piano-forte, helped to convey the tone more distinctly to his ear; but though this contrivance was ingenious, it afforded no assistance in Beethoven's case of extreme deaf-

ness. The most painful thing of all was to hear him improvise on stringed instruments, owing to his incapability of tuning them. The music which he thus produced was frightful, though in his mind it was pure and harmonious.

In winter as well as in summer it was Beethoven's practice to rise at day-break, and immediately to sit down to his writing-table. There he would labour till two or three o'clock, his usual dinner-time. Meanwhile he would go out once or twice in the open air, where, to use M. Saphir's phrase, he would work and walk. Then, after the lapse of half an hour or an hour, he would return home to note down the ideas which he had collected. As the bee gathers honey from the flowers of the meadows, so Beethoven often collected his most sublime ideas while roaming about in the open fields. The habit of going abroad suddenly and as unexpectedly returning, just as the whim happened to strike him, was practised by Beetho-

ven alike at all seasons of the year: cold or heat, rain or sun-shine, were all alike to him. In the autumn he used to return to town as sun-burnt as though he had been sharing the daily toil of the reapers and gleaners. Winter restored his somewhat yellow complexion. In No. 2 of the Appendix will be found a fac-simile of some of his first ideas, noted down with pencil, immediately as they were conceived amidst the inspiring scenery of nature.

The use of the bath was as much a necessity to Beethoven as to a Turk; and he was in the habit of submitting himself to frequent ablutions. When it happened that he did not walk out of doors to collect his ideas, he would not unfrequently, in a fit of the most complete abstraction, go to his wash-hand basin, and pour several jugs of water upon his hands, all the while humming and roaring, for sing he could not. After dabbling in the water till his clothes were wet through, he would pace up and down the room, with a vacant expression of countenance, and his eyes

frightfully distended; the singularity of his aspect being often increased by an unshaven beard. Then he would seat himself at his table and write; and afterwards get up again to the wash-hand basin, and dabble and hum as before. Ludicrous as were these scenes, no one dared venture to notice them, or to disturb him while engaged in his inspiring ablutions, for these were his moments, or I should rather say his hours, of profoundest meditation. It will be readily believed, that the people in whose houses he lodged were not very well pleased when they found the water trickling through the floor to the ceiling below, as sometimes happened; and Beethoven's change of lodgings was often the consequence of these occurrences. On such occasions comical scenes sometimes ensued.

At every quarterly payment of his pension Beethoven was required, before he could receive the money, to procure from the curate of the district in which he resided, a certificate to prove that he was actually living. When he happened to be in the country, he used to

get me or some other friend to draw up this certificate, and whenever he wrote to make this request it was always in some humorous or jesting manner. On one of these occasions he addressed to me a note containing merely the following words, unaccompanied by any explanation; he of course knew very well that I should understand their import:—

"Certificate.

"The fish is alive.

"Vidi,

"Pastor ROMUALDUS."

It has been so much the custom to compare Beethoven with Jean Paul Richter, that the correctness of the comparison seems to be taken for granted; nevertheless, it appears to me to be very unjust. Jean Paul was not his favourite author. If Beethoven ever looked into his works, he cannot be said to have read them; they were too aphoristic and enigmatical for his taste. To imagine that there exists any general resemblance between our great

composer and Jean Paul Richter is a great mistake; that writer, it is true, occasionally makes excursions into the region of dreamy and sentimental life; but as a painter of feelings he is not to be placed on a level with Beethoven. A comparison with Shakspeare or Michael Angelo might be more correct. Shakspeare was Beethoven's favourite poet.

Though Beethoven was throughout his whole life a prey to misfortune and disappointment, yet there were moments in which he did not scruple to inflict pain and disappointment on others. Nevertheless, it must be observed that in most cases of this kind he acted under some other influence than that of his own feelings. The following circumstance occurred in the latter years of his life.

The wife of M. H——m, an esteemed piano-forte player and composer, residing in Vienna, was a great admirer of Beethoven, and she earnestly wished to possess a lock of his hair. Her husband, anxious to gratify her, applied to a gentleman who was very in-

timate with Beethoven, and who had rendered him some service. At the instigation of this person, Beethoven was induced to send the lady a lock of hair cut from a goat's beard; and Beethoven's own hair being very gray and harsh, there was no reason to fear that the hoax would be very readily detected. The lady was overjoyed at possessing this supposed memorial of her saint, proudly showing it to all her acquaintance; but when her happiness was at its height, some one, who happened to know the secret, made her acquainted with the deception that had been practised on her. In a letter addressed to Beethoven, her husband warmly expressed his feelings on the subject of the discovery that had been made. Convinced of the mortification which the trick must have inflicted on the lady, Beethoven determined to make atonement for it. He immediately cut off a lock of his hair, and enclosed it in a note, in which he requested the lady's forgiveness of what had occurred. The respect which Beethoven previously entertained for the instigator of this unfeeling

trick was now converted into hatred, and he would never afterwards receive a visit from him.

This is not the only instance that could be mentioned, in which our great master was influenced by vulgar-minded persons to do things unworthy of himself.

Questions have frequently been addressed to me respecting the motivo of the last movement of the Quartett in F, op. 135; to which Beethoven affixed as a superscription the words—*Der schwer-gefasste Entschluss. Un effort d'inspiration.* "*Muss es sein?*" "*Es muss sein!*"* Between Beethoven and the people in whose houses he at different times lodged, the most ludicrous scenes arose whenever the period arrived for demanding payment of the rent. The keeper of the house was obliged to go to him, almanack in hand, to prove that the week was expired, and that the money must be paid. Even in

* The resolution thus hesitatingly formed. An effort of inspiration. "Must it be?" "It must be!"

his last illness he sang with the most comical seriousness to his landlady the interrogatory motivo of the quartett above mentioned. The woman understood his meaning, and, entering into his jocose humour, she stamped her foot, and emphatically answered, "*Es muss sein!*" There is another version of the story relative to this motivo. It refers to a publisher of music, and does not differ very much from the anecdote I have just related. Both turn upon the article money, and are merely jokes. But what a poetic palace has Beethoven built on this very prosaic foundation!

Great men as well as their inferiors, are subject to certain natural wants, such as eating and drinking. Some of Beethoven's peculiarities in these matters, which will not be uninteresting to many of his admirers, deserve at the same time to be ranked among the curiosities of housekeeping.

For his breakfast he usually took coffee, which he frequently prepared himself; for in this beverage he had an oriental fastidiousness of taste. He allowed sixty beans for each

cup, and lest his measure should mislead him to the amount of a bean or two, he made it a rule to count over the sixty for each cup, especially when he had visitors. He performed this task with as much care as others of greater importance. At dinner his favourite dish was macaroni with Parmesan cheese, which must have been very bad before he pronounced it to be so; but that it was not always very good may be inferred from the uncertainty of the time he occupied in writing, and consequently of the hour for his meals. He was likewise very fond of every kind of fish; and consequently fast days imposed no sacrifice on him. To certain guests he only gave invitations on Fridays, for then his table was always adorned with a fine *Schill** and potatoes. Supper was not a meal which he cared much about. A plate of soup, or something left from dinner, was all he partook of, and he was in bed by ten o'clock. He never wrote in the afternoon,

* A kind of fish resembling the haddock, caught in the

and but very seldom in the evening. He disliked to correct what he had written. This he always felt an irksome task. He preferred making a fresh copy of his notes.

Beethoven's favourite beverage was fresh spring water, of which he often drank copiously from morning to night. He preferred the wine of the heights around Buda to every other; but, as he was no judge of wine, he could not distinguish the adulterated from the pure; and, by drinking the former, he frequently caused great derangement to his weak stomach; but no warning of this kind had any effect upon him. Among his enjoyments may also be numbered a glass of good beer and a pipe of tobacco in the evening. To these may be added the perusal of the political journals, especially the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*. This sort of reading engrossed a great deal of his time.

He frequently visited taverns and coffee-houses, even in the latter years of his life; but he usually had some favourite one, which was provided with a back door, at which he

could go in and out. Strangers who wished to get a sight of Beethoven used to go to the coffee-house he was in the habit of frequenting; for thither he would repair to a certainty once or twice a week, not for the purpose of conversing, but of reading the journals. When he had glanced over the last paper, he would hurry away, making his exit by the back door.

M. Ignaz von Seyfried, in his account of Beethoven,* states that he was a perfect master of the Latin, French, and Italian languages. In as far as relates to the first-mentioned language, Dr. Wegeler mentions in his work (p. 9) that Beethoven "learned something of Latin at Bonn." But, in proof of his very slight acquaintance with that language, I need only mention the fact that, on the first occasion of his composing a Mass, he was obliged not only to get the words translated, but also the quantities of the different syllables explained to him. How far he was

* "Beethoven Studien," p. 26.

conversant with the French language may be seen from the style of his letter to Cherubini (in the Third Period); and other examples of the same kind might be quoted. That he was better acquainted with it in his earlier days, before his deafness rendered him incapable of joining in conversation, may be readily presumed. As to Italian, he could only read it. Beethoven greatly admired the classic writers of antiquity, and perused their works in the best translations, of all of which he possessed copies. This industrious reading, combined with his vast musical labours, left him little time for the study of languages. He had, however, as intimate a knowledge of the translated works of some of the Greek authors as he had of his own scores. With Shakspeare, also, he was equally well acquainted. In his friends he required the same extent of reading; otherwise their society became wearisome to him.

I feel bound to notice some observations made by M. von Seyfried on the subject of Beethoven's housekeeping. At page 16 of

his publication he states that "Beethoven used to go himself to market, and after bargaining and buying, not at the best price, he would return home and cook, with his own hands, the articles he had purchased," &c. Oh! M. Seyfried! "Quousque tandem?"—Is it not usual for persons in the most respectable conditions of life to purchase rare vegetables or fruit for the table? Beethoven did so, but when he wished to furnish his table with some rarities for his guests his housekeeper accompanied him, and carried home what he purchased; and he always purchased the best. His old housekeeper, on the contrary, was not so nice in her selection. Had M. von Seyfried ever been Beethoven's guest, he might have persuaded himself that his table was not ill provided. But that Beethoven should have been so far the victim of suspicion as to be induced, by an absurd distrust of others, to cook his own food, is a circumstance which I never heard of; and other friends of the great composer, to whom I have applied for information, dis-

claim in like manner all knowledge of the fact. However, as Beethoven was very fond of a joke, it is not impossible that he may have got up this cookery farce for the sake of mystifying some of his guests. Nevertheless, thus much is certain, that in his latter days he carried his suspicious feeling to such an extreme that he would trust nobody to pay the most trifling bills for him, and would often doubt the authenticity of a receipt. This suspicion extended even to his trustworthy old housekeeper. M. von Seyfried must pardon this comment on his statements. The exaggeration was doubtless on his part unintentional; he wrote from hearsay, a medium through which facts are frequently altered and perverted. In the year 1805 he was, as he mentions, on a footing of intimate intercourse with Beethoven, but that intimacy did not extend either to a previous or a subsequent period. However, the suspension of personal communication had not the effect of diminishing the respect entertained for Beethoven by M. von Seyfried; that able

artist did not regard our great composer with the jaundiced eye with which he was regarded by certain *hommes de metier*. M. von Seyfried is one of the few who understood and appreciated Beethoven's inward worth, without being misled by outward appearances. (See p. 27 of his work.)

The doubts respecting the genuineness of many manuscripts attributed to Beethoven, which have come to light since his death, are worthy of consideration.* A great deal of imposition has already been practised, and will probably be carried still further; consequently, only Beethoven's handwriting, or his attestation to the authenticity of the manuscripts, can remove doubts on the subject.

I will mention one instance out of many, to show how far unblushing effrontery has already been carried on this point. In the year 1827, a few months after Beethoven's death, a certain M. E—— offered for sale to the Messrs. Schott, in Mainz, an Opera alleged to

* Ries, in his "Nôtizen," p. 124, sets forth at length the reasons for these doubts.

be composed by Beethoven. Those publishers having consulted me on the business, I advised them to demand a sight of the work in Beethoven's hand-writing, adding, that there existed no authentic manuscript Opera by Beethoven. The particulars of this not unimportant affair were published in 1828, in the 7th volume of the Cæcilia.

It is a positive fact, that Beethoven never wrote any scientific work, either on music or any other subject. Whatever works, therefore, may have been published under his name, cannot be authenticated upon autographic evidence.

I will wind up these biographical particulars with a description of the great master's personal appearance, together with a few remarks on the best portraits of him with which I am acquainted.

Beethoven's height scarcely exceeded five feet four inches, Vienna measure. His figure was compact, strong, and muscular. His head, which was unusually large, was covered with long bushy grey hair, which, being

always in a state of disorder, gave a certain wildness to his appearance. This wildness was not a little heightened when he suffered his beard to grow to a great length, as he frequently did. His forehead was high and expanded; and he had small brown eyes, which, when he laughed, seemed to be nearly sunk in his head; but, on the other hand, they were suddenly distended to an unusually large size when one of his musical ideas took possession of his mind. On such occasions he would look upwards, his eyes rolling and flashing brightly, or straight forward with his eyeballs fixed and motionless. His whole personal appearance then underwent a sudden and striking change. There was an air of inspiration and dignity in his aspect; and his diminutive figure seemed to tower to the gigantic proportions of his mind. These fits of sudden inspiration frequently came upon Beethoven when he was in company, and even when he was in the street, where he naturally excited the marked attention of every passer by. Every thought that arose in his mind was

expressed in his animated countenance. He never gesticulated either with his head or his hands, except when he was standing before the orchestra. His mouth was well formed; his under lip (at least in his younger years) protruded a little, and his nose was rather broad. His smile diffused an exceedingly amiable and animated expression over his countenance, which, when he was in conversation with strangers, had a peculiarly pleasing and encouraging effect. But though his smile was agreeable, his laugh was otherwise. It was too loud, and distorted his intelligent and strongly marked features. When he laughed, his large head seemed to grow larger, his face became broader, and he might not inaptly have been likened to a grinning ape; but fortunately his fits of laughter were of very transient duration. His chin was marked in the middle and on each side with a long furrow, which imparted a striking peculiarity to that part of his countenance. His complexion was of a yellowish tint, which however, went off in the summer season, when

he was accustomed to be much out in the open air. His plump cheeks were then suffused with fresh hues of red and brown.

Under this latter aspect, full of health and vigour, and during one of his intervals of inspiration, the painter, H. Schimon, (now in Munich,) took his likeness. The picture is a bust size, in oil. At the time it was painted, Beethoven was forty-nine years old. The engraving prefixed to this work is taken from it. Some years after this picture was painted, another was executed by Stieler, the portrait painter to the court of Munich. This is a half length, and the composer is represented with a pen in his hand, writing on a piece of music paper the words "Missa Solennis." This picture is excellent, and the likeness faithful; but it has not the air of vigour and animation portrayed in that of Schimon, the absence of which may be easily accounted for, Beethoven having suffered a fit of illness of two years' duration. But he remained as Stieler's portrait represents him until his death, which took place five years after the

picture was painted. Beethoven's family possess a portrait of him, which was painted at an earlier period than either of those I have described. It is a half length, and represents him in a sitting posture.

These three pictures are the only ones which can be relied on, as likenesses of the great composer, and as worthy of the attention of his admirers. The few others which are here and there to be seen are valueless, having been painted merely from the imagination of the artists.

The same remark is applicable to most of the copperplate and lithographic portraits of Beethoven. Excepting the copperplate engraving by Letronne, and the lithographic drawing after Stieler's picture, (however only those published by Trentschensky, late Artaria, in Vienna,) I know of no print which conveys an accurate idea of the countenance of my beloved friend and master—that countenance which I fancy I still behold, living, and before me.

[The author of this Biography adds here an Appendix, which I have omitted, as having too little relation with the object of this work, and by his own authorisation to the publisher. It suffices to mention that it treats of the state of music at Münster and Aix-la-Chapelle. In the first town M. Schindler lived three years as director of a musical institute, and since 1835 he has been music-director at Aix-la-Chapelle. In both these towns he has endeavoured, more or less successfully, to exalt the taste for classical music. He bears testimony also against the eccentricity and degeneracy of the modern style of pianoforte-playing, particularly in reference to the manner of performing Beethoven's music, and draws the attention of the musical world to a most promising talent, a Mdlle. Hansemann, in Aix-la-Chapelle, his pupil. This lady, according to his expectations, will develop in her style of playing the true spirit of Beethoven. —Ed.]

SUPPLEMENT

TO VOLUME II.

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No. I.

BEETHOVEN'S LETTERS TO MLLE. VON BREUNING, WEGELER, AND RIES.

I.

TO MLLE. VON BREUNING.

Vienna, November 2nd, 1793.

Charming Eleonora—my dearest friend,

A year has elapsed since my stay in this capital, and this is the first letter you receive from me; yet rest assured you have ever lived in my recollection. I have often conversed with you and yours, although not with that peace of mind which I could have desired, for the late wretched altercation was hovering before me, showing me my own despicable conduct. But so it was; and what would I not give, could I obliterate from the page of my life this past action, so degrading to my character, and so unlike my usual proceedings.* It is true, there were many circumstances widening the breach between us, and

* This fully proves that Beethoven always showed more contrition than his fault could warrant. The cause of the altercation is not mentioned in Wegeler's *Notizen*, from which these letters are extracted.—ED.

I presume that in those whisperings, conveying to us our mutual expressions, lay the chief source of the growing evil. We both imagined that we spoke from conviction, and yet it was but in anger, and we were both of us deceived. Your good and noble mind has, I know, long forgiven me, but they say that self-accusation is the surest sign of contrition, and it is thus I wanted to stand before you. Now let us draw a veil over the whole affair, taking a warning by it, that, should a difference arise between friends, they should not have recourse to a mediator, but explain face to face. You receive herewith a dedication from me to you, and I only wish the work were greater and more worthy of you. They wanted me here to publish this little work, and I avail myself of the opportunity, to give you, my charming Eleonora, a token of my friendship and esteem, as well as a proof that you and all yours are ever present to my memory. Accept this trifle as coming from a warm admirer. Oh! if it could but give you pleasure, my wishes would be fulfilled.* Let it be a revival of the many blessed hours which I spent at your house; perhaps it may tend to re-

* This work was the Variations on Mozart's Figaro, "Se vuol ballare." (Dunst, 4th part, No. 27.) He afterwards dedicated a Sonata, or rather Sonatina, to her, which appeared in Dunst's edition, 1st part, No. 64.

call me to your mind until I return, which however will not be so soon. How we *will* rejoice then, my dear friend; you will find me a more cheerful creature, whose days of trouble have passed away, their furrows smoothed by the lot of better days! Should you see B. Koch,* I beg you will tell her it is not fair that she has not once written to me, whilst I sent her two epistles, to Malchus † *three*, and no answer. Tell her that if *she* chooses not to write she should at least make Malchus do so. I venture to conclude with a request that I might be so happy as once more to be put in possession of an Angola waistcoat, knitted by your hand.‡ Do excuse the troublesome request of your friend: it originates in a great predilection for all that comes from your hands, and, let me acknowledge the secret, in the gratification of my vanity, at being able to say that I possess something from one of the best and most charming young ladies of Bonn. I have still got the one which you were so kind as to give me at

* Barbara Koch, afterwards Countess Belderbusch, an intimate friend of Madame von Breuning, a lady distinguished alike in all the qualities which can adorn the mind of woman. She was surrounded not only by men of the highest talent—such as Beethoven, Romberg, Reicha, &c.—but science as well as rank did homage to her brilliant qualities.

† Afterwards Count of Marienstadt, and a classical writer.

‡ Angola rabbits, or silk hares.

Bonn, but the present fashion has made it look so antiquated, that I can only keep it in my wardrobe as your gift, and as such it will ever be dear to me. You would give me sincere pleasure were you to favour me soon with a letter. Should you like to have any of mine, I promise you I shall await the opportunity to show you in this, as in all other instances, how truly I am

Your friend and admirer,

L. v. BEETHOVEN.

P.S. The Variations will be somewhat difficult to play, particularly the shake in the Coda.* But let not that alarm you; it is so managed that you need only do the shake, leaving out the other notes which occur in the violin part also. I should never have written such a thing, but that I had noticed an individual about Vienna who, after having heard me extemporize the preceding evening, put down many of my peculiarities the next day, showing them off as his own.† Taking it for granted that

* A shake is carried on through several bars with alternate fingers, whilst three fingers are employed besides. The fingering is marked.

† Beethoven complained to me of this musical espionage. He named to me the Abbé Gelinek, that most fertile writer of Variations, who always quartered himself in his vicinity. This might have been the cause of Beethoven's always choosing lodgings in a square or on the ramparts.

such things would shortly appear, I thought it wiser to be the first to publish them. Another reason was to put the piano-forte masters of this place to confusion, for many of them are my deadly enemies, and I thus take my revenge upon them, knowing how they will be asked every now and then to play these Variations, and to how little advantage my gentlemen will appear in them.

BEETHOVEN.

2.

SECOND LETTER TO MLLE. V. BREUNING.

I was most agreeably surprised by the beautiful cravat, the work of your hands. It created sensations of sorrow, much as I was pleased by the thing itself. This sorrow was called up by a recollection of former times, and by the shame I felt at your generous conduct. Truly, I did not think you had deemed me worthy of your remembrance. Oh! could you have witnessed my feelings at yesterday's occurrence, you would not deem me guilty of extravagance when I assure you that your remembrance saddened me and called forth many tears. Do pray believe me, little as I may have deserved it, believe me, *my friend* (let me ever call you such), I have suffered much, and still suffer, from the loss of your friendship. Never

shall I forget you and your dear mother. You were so kind to me that your loss cannot and will not so soon be made up to me. I know what I had, what I lost, and what you were to me; but I must return to scenes equally painful for you to hear, as for me to relate, were I to fill up this blank.

As a slight return for your kind recollection of me, I take the liberty of sending the Variations and the Rondo with violin accompaniments. I am very busy just now, or I would have copied the long-promised Sonata for you. It is but a sketch in my manuscript, and even Paraquin, clever as he is, would have had much difficulty in transcribing it. You may have the Rondo copied, and return the score; that which I now send is the only thing amongst my works which could be of use to you, and as you are about going to Kerpen, I thought these trifles might afford you some pleasure.

Farewell, my friend, I cannot possibly give you any other name; indifferent as I may be to you, I hope you will believe in the assurance of my regard for yourself and your mother. Pray let me know if I have it in my power in any way to contribute to your pleasure; it is the only remaining means of showing you my gratitude for past kindness. A happy journey to you, and may your dearest

mother return home perfectly recovered! Do not forget

Your still admiring friend,

BEETHOVEN.

3.

BEETHOVEN TO WEGELER.

Vienna, June 29, 1800.*

My dear and beloved Wegeler,

A thousand thanks to you for your recollection of me; I have not deserved it; I have not even *tried* to deserve it; and yet my most unpardonable carelessness cannot check your friendship, which remains pure and unshaken. Do not for a moment think that I could forget you or any of those once so dear to me; there are times when I long for you, when I sincerely wish to stay with you for a while. My country and the charming place which gave me birth are ever before my eyes; their beauty undimmed as when I left them—in short, I shall consider that time the happiest, which leads me back to you all, once more greeting the Rhine in its patriarchal beauty. I cannot tell you *when* this may be, but thus much I must say to you all, that you shall not see me until I am much greater—not greater only in my art, but better and more

* The date of the year is wanting, but it is most probably 1800.

perfect as a man; and then, if our country should be more flourishing, I will employ my art for the benefit of the poor only.* O blessed moment! how happy do I deem myself that I can call thee forth, that I can myself create thee! * * *
You wish me to say something of my circumstances; why, they are by no means bad. Lichnowsky, who, improbable as it may seem to you, from the little altercations we have had, but which tended only in confirming our friendship†—Lichnowsky,

* Bonn had, through the war, lost its prince, the court, the administrative body—in fact, all its resources. It never had any trade or manufactures.

† Beethoven was most easily excited, and consequently very irritable; but when the first burst of passion had subsided, he had an open ear and a yielding heart for the reproofs of his friends. He would consequently be much more contrite than the occasion warranted. I have now before me a note of his which I received at Vienna, and which runs thus:—"What an abominable picture of myself you have shown me! Oh! I feel it: I am not worthy of your friendship. I did not meditate a base action: it was thoughtlessness which urged me to my unpardonable conduct towards you." Thus he fills three pages; and this is the end:—"But no more. I fly to you, and in an embrace ask for my lost friend; and you will restore him to me—to your contrite, faithful, and loving friend, BEETHOVEN." The two letters to Mlle. von Breuning, as above quoted, are of the same tenor. He had quarrelled with Stephen von Breuning (as with what friend did he not quarrel?), but, being made sensible of *his grievous wrong*, he wrote and acted in the same way, upon which the most heartfelt reconciliation took place; and the sincerest friendship subsisted uninterruptedly between them until Beethoven's death.

who has always been my warmest patron, has settled upon me the sum of six hundred florins, which I may draw until I find a convenient appointment; my compositions are well paid, and I may say I have more orders than I can well execute; six or seven publishers, and more, being ready to take any of my works: I need no longer submit to being bargained with—I ask my terms, and am paid. You see this is an excellent thing; as, for instance, I see a friend in want, and my purse does not at the moment permit me to assist him; I have but to sit down and write, and my friend is no longer in need. I am grown much more economical too; should I remain here, I think I may rely upon having a day for a concert once a-year. I have already had several. But an evil spirit in the shape of my bad health plays me false; my hearing has become weaker and weaker for the last three years, and my constitution has been much weakened by a stomach complaint, fearfully increased during my stay here, which is said to be the cause of this evil. Frank wanted to restore my health by tonics, and my hearing by oil of almonds; but, alack a-day, this was not to be! My hearing remained impaired, my digestion in its former condition; this continued till last autumn, when I was many a time in despair. A medical practitioner of the genus *ass* advised

the cold bath for me; a more rational one ordered me that of the Danube, which is tepid: this did wonders; my general health improved, my hearing continued bad, or became worse. Last winter I was in a wretched state—every ailment returning with renewed force, until about a month ago I went to Vering, judging that my case might require surgical, as well as medical assistance, and having much confidence in his skill. He succeeded in alleviating my sufferings by the use of the tepid bath, into which was poured a strengthening mixture; he gave me no medicine, only four days ago I had some pills, besides a *tea* for my ears, and I may say I feel stronger and better—but my ears! they are ringing and singing night and day. I do think I spend a wretched life; for the last two years shunning all society, because I cannot bring myself to walk up to people and say, "*I am deaf.*" In any other profession this might pass; but in the one I have chosen, it is a wretched plight to be in; besides, my enemies, who are not few in number, what would they say? To give you a notion of this extraordinary deafness, I must tell you that I am forced in a theatre to lean up close to the orchestra in order that I may understand the actor. I do not hear the high notes of instruments or singers at a certain distance, and it is astonishing that there

are individuals who never noticed it while conversing with me; from my having been subject to frequent reveries, they attribute my silence to these. I sometimes hear those who speak in a low voice—that is to say, the sounds, but not the words, and yet if any one begins to bawl out, it annoys me excessively. Heaven knows what it may end in! Vering says I shall certainly be much better, although I may not entirely recover. I have often cursed my existence; Plutarch has won me back to resignation. I will, if possible, defy my fate, although there will be moments when I shall be the most miserable of God's creatures. I beg of you not to mention my affliction to any one—no, not even to Laura. I confide this secret to you only, and should be glad if you would, some day, enter into correspondence upon it with Vering. Should it continue, I shall come to you next spring. You will take a cottage for me in some beautiful spot in the country, and there I shall ruralize for six months; perhaps *that* may work a change. Resignation! what a miserable resource, and yet it is the only one left me. Do excuse my troubling you with my griefs, when you are already in sorrow yourself.

Stephen Breuning is here, and I see him daily, enjoying those recollections which his presence calls

back to my mind. He is indeed grown an excellent fellow, as kind and true-hearted as I trust we all are. I have beautiful rooms just now, leading on to the Bastei (ramparts), and of infinite value to me, on account of my health. I believe I shall be able to prevail upon Breuning to come to me. You shall have your Antiochus, and plenty of my music, if you do not think they will put you to too much expense. Honestly speaking, I am truly pleased with your love of the art. Let me but know *how*, and I will send you all my works, which are now become pretty numerous, and daily increasing. I send you in exchange for my grandfather's picture, which I beg you will forward to me by coach, that of his grandson, your ever faithful Beethoven; it has appeared at Artaria's, who, together with many other publishers, solicited me to let them have it. I intend shortly to write to Stephen, for the purpose of lecturing him upon his obstinate mood. I will make his ears ring with our old friendship, and entreat him not to add vexation to your sufficiently saddened circumstances. I shall also write to the amiable Laura. I have never forgotten one of you, dear, kind friends, even when I was most silent; for, as to writing, why, that you know never was my forte—the dearest friends have not had letters from me for years. I live en-

tirely in my music, and no sooner is one thing finished than I begin another—indeed, I now sometimes write three or four things at the same time. Pray let me hear from you oftener, and I will take care to find time for replying to your letters. Kind regards to all, including my dear Mme. v. Breuning; tell her I am still subject to the "raptus." As to K., I am not surprised at the change in her. Fortune's wheel is round, and does not always halt before the best and noblest.

A word about Ries, to whom give my kind regards, and say that I shall further write to you respecting his son, although I believe Paris would be a better place than Vienna to make his fortune in. Vienna is so overstocked, that even those who have great merit stand a bad chance of succeeding. By the autumn or winter I shall be able to judge what I can do for him, as everybody then hastens back to town. Farewell, my faithful Wegeler. Be ever assured of the love and friendship of

Yours,

BEETHOVEN.

4.

BEETHOVEN TO WEGELER.

Vienna, Nov. 16, 1801.

My dearest Wegeler,

I am truly obliged for the new marks of your interest in my welfare, the more so as I feel myself unworthy of them. You wish to know how I am, what I am taking; and, much as I dislike conversing upon the subject at all, I would rather do so with you, than with any one else. Vering, for the last few months, has applied blisters to both my arms, consisting of a certain bark, known to you, as I suppose.* This is a most disagreeable remedy, as it deprives me of the free use of my arms for two or three days at a time, until the bark has drawn sufficiently, which occasions a good deal of pain. It is true, the ringing in my ears is somewhat less than it was, especially in my left ear, in which the disease began, but my hearing is by no means improved; indeed I am not sure but that the evil is increased. My health is improved, and the tepid bath always sets me up for eight or ten days. I take but little medicine, and have begun to use the herb-poultice as you prescribed. Vering

* The bark of daphne mezereum.

opposes the shower-bath. I am upon the whole much dissatisfied with him; he cares too little about his patients; were I not to call upon him sometimes, which indeed is but seldom, I should never see him. What do you think of Schmidt?* I am not fond of changing, but I think Vering is too much of the practitioner to allow of his gathering fresh thoughts from books. Schmidt seems to differ widely from him in this respect, and might not be so careless. They tell me wonders of galvanism; what is your opinion of it? A medical man told me he had seen a deaf and dumb child recover its hearing (at Berlin), as well as a man who had been deaf for seven years. I hear that your friend Schmidt† makes experiments of this nature.

I have begun to mix in society again, and thus to enjoy my existence rather more than I did; you cannot conceive how deserted and miserable a life I have led these two years, my deafness pursuing me like a spectre and scaring me from mankind: I must have appeared a perfect misanthrope, whilst

* John Adam Schmidt, councillor, &c. &c., oculist, and author of several classical works.

† I lived in close and friendly intimacy with Schmidt and Hunczovsky up to their death. The former wrote under his portrait, which he sent me,—

"Cogitare et esse sui, idem est. Wegelero suo Schmidt."

I am so far from it. A dear and charming girl has wrought this beneficial change in me; she loves me as I do her, and this has brought back some happy moments, the first I have enjoyed these two years; it is the first time I feel that marriage could render me happy.* She is not, unfortunately, of my station in life, and at present I certainly *could* not marry, for I must be tossed about

* My brother-in-law Stephen Breuning, Ferdinand Ries, Bernard Romberg, and myself, have been taught by experience that Beethoven was ever a slave to the tender passion, and that in the highest degree. His and Stephen Breuning's first love was Mlle. Jeannette d'Honrath, of Cologne, who often spent some weeks at the residence of the Breunings. She was as fair as lively, engaging and amiable, had a beautiful voice, and delighted in music. She often used to sing, in derision, to our friend, the well-known song :—

"What! part with thee this very day?
My heart a thousand times says nay,
And yet I know I must not stay."

The happy rival was Major Greth, of Cologne, who married the fair lady. This attachment of Beethoven's was followed by one for the amiable Mlle. W——; and it is but three years since B. Romberg told me many anecdotes of this Werther-like love. Neither this nor any of the former inclinations left any lasting impression upon his own mind or that of the fair ones. Beethoven was a great favourite at Vienna, and perhaps more so than many an Adonis might be; and I will leave connoisseurs and dilettanti to judge whether "Adelaide," "Fidelio," and many other things, could have been written if the author had not experienced those feelings which they so admirably depict. But let us take the author's word for it, as given in this letter, that he *was* swayed by love. To the best of my knowledge, his affections were generally placed in the higher ranks.

the world first. Were it not for my hearing, I should have travelled over half the globe—that is what I long for. My greatest enjoyment is to pursue my art and produce in it. Do not think I should be happy with you all about me. In how far could that ameliorate my condition? Your very anxiety for me would be painfully visible in your looks, and would add to my misery. And that beautiful country of mine, what was my lot in it?—the hope of a happy futurity. This might now be realised if I were freed from my affliction. Oh, freed from that, I should compass the world! I feel it, my youth is but beginning—have I not hitherto been a sickly creature? My physical powers have for some time been materially increasing, those of my mind likewise; I feel myself nearer and nearer the mark—I feel, but cannot describe it. This alone is the vital principle of your Beethoven. No rest for me, I know of none but sleep, and I grieve at having to sacrifice to it more time than I have hitherto deemed necessary. Take but one half of my disease from me, and I will return to you a matured and accomplished man, renewing the ties of our friendship, for you shall see me as happy as I *may* be in this sublunary world—not as a sufferer, no, that would be more than I could bear. I will blunt the sword of fate,

it shall not utterly destroy me. How beautiful it is to live a thousand lives in one—no, I am not made for a retired life, I feel it. You will write as soon as possible, will you? Take care Stephen make up his mind to take an appointment somewhere in the Teutonic Order. His health will not endure the fatiguing life which he leads here; he is, moreover, so deserted that I do not see how he is to stand it. You know how we get on here; indeed I will not assert that society would diminish his exhaustion of nerve, and he is not to be prevailed upon to go anywhere. I had some music at my rooms some time since; friend Stephen did not appear. Do recommend him more coolness and self-possession; I have not succeeded in enforcing it; without them he cannot recover his health and happiness. Let me know in your next letter whether you don't mind my sending you a great quantity of my music; you can sell that which you do not want, and thus pay your postage, having my likeness into the bargain. My kindest remembrances to Laura, to mamma, also to Christopher. You love me a little, eh? Be assured that I do love you, and remain ever your faithful friend,

BEETHOVEN.

5.

BEETHOVEN TO RIES.

Baden, July 24, 1804.

* * * * You will have been surprised at the affair with Breuning;* believe me, my friend, that I had been wrought into this burst of passion by many an unpleasant circumstance of an earlier date. I have the gift of concealing and restraining my irritability on many subjects; but if I happen to be touched at a time when I am more than usually susceptible of anger, I burst forth more violently than any one else. Breuning has doubtless most excellent qualities, but he thinks himself utterly without faults, and yet is most open to those, for which he blames others. He has a littleness of mind, which I have held in contempt since my infancy. My powers of judgment had almost prophesied to me the course which matters would take with Breuning, for we differ too materially in our manner of thinking, acting, and feeling. I fancied late difficulties might have been overcome—experience has taught me otherwise, and now, no more friendship for me. I have met with two

* This alludes to a violent quarrel which arose between the composer and his friend, about some lodgings which the latter h taken for him.

friends only in this world with whom I never had any altercation; but what men were they!—the one is dead, the other still alive. Although we have not heard from each other these six years, yet I know that I hold the first place in his heart, as he does in mine. The basis of friendship should be the greatest similarity in the minds and feelings of men. I only wish you would read my letter to Breuning and his to me. No, he will never regain the place in my heart which he once held in it. Whoever can attribute so mean a proceeding to his friend, and can himself act so basely towards him, is not worthy of my friendship. Do not forget the matter of my lodgings. Farewell. Do not tailor* too much; make my respects to the fairest of the fair, and send me a dozen needles. I should never have thought I could be as idle as I am here. Should a fit of industry succeed I may accomplish something grand. Vale.

BEETHOVEN.

6.

BEETHOVEN TO WEGELER.

Vienna, May 2nd, 1810.

My good old Friend,

I can almost fancy these lines creating a sur-

* Ries then lived at a tailor's, who had beautiful daughters.

prise in your mind; and yet, although left without epistolary witnesses, you live most vividly in my recollection; indeed, there is amongst my MSS. one long destined for you, and which you will certainly receive during this summer.* My retired life has ceased these last few years, and I have been forcibly drawn into the world. I have not yet decided for or against this change, but who has not felt the storm which is raging around us? I, however, should be happy, perhaps the happiest of men, had not that demon taken possession of my ears. I have read somewhere that man should not wilfully part from this life whilst he could do but one good deed; and, but for this, I should ere now have ceased to exist, and by my own hand too. Oh, life is so charming; but to me it is poisoned!

You will not refuse my request to procure me a copy of my baptismal register. The expenses, whatever they be, could be remitted to you by Stephen Breuning, with whom I know you have a running account, and I will settle with him. Should you think it worth your while to investigate the matter, and should you like to go from Coblentz to Bonn for that purpose, I beg you will put

* My lot in this particular was that of his pupil Ries. The dedication was made by letter only; but are not such letters of greater value?

your costs down to me. There is one thing to be considered in the matter—that I had a brother born before me, likewise named Ludwig, with the second name of Maria, but who died young. The birth of this brother should be ascertained previous to my age being fixed.* I know I have been put down as older than I am, by a mistake arising from this circumstance. Alas! I have lived some time without knowing my own age. I had a family-book; but that has been lost, the Lord knows how! Do not be angry, therefore, if I recommend this to you most warmly, and try to find out the birth of the Ludwig Maria, as well as that of the Ludwig who came after him. The sooner you send me the register, the greater my obligation. They tell me you sing a song of mine at your Freemasons' lodge; probably one in E major, which I have not got myself; pray send it to me, and I promise to make you ample amends for it.† Think of me with kindly feelings, little as I apparently deserve it.

* This alludes to what will appear by and by in Ries's sketches.

† Beethoven was here mistaken. It was not a song of his composition which he no longer possessed; but merely new words put to Matthisson's Ode. I did the same thing with an early song of Beethoven's—"Who is a free man?" (*Wer ist ein freier Mann?*) Beethoven wished to have words for the theme of those Variations with which the grand Sonata, Op. 26, dedicated to Prince Lichnowsky, commences. My attempt did not however satisfy me: thus he never saw it.

Embrace your dear wife, kiss your children, and all that are dear to you, in the name of your friend,

BEETHOVEN.

7.

BEETHOVEN TO WEGELER.

Vienna, Sept. 29, 1816.

I take the opportunity which offers through J. Simrock,* to recall myself to your memory. I hope you have received my engraving,† and the Bohemian glass. As soon as I shall again wander through Bohemia, you shall have something similar. Farewell, you are husband and father—so am I, but without a wife.‡ Love to all yours—to all *mine*.

Your friend,

BEETHOVEN.

* Joseph Simrock, music publisher, the head of the present house.

† "Dessiné par Letronne, et gravé par Hoefel, 1814. For my friend Wegeler. Vienna, March 27, 1815. Ludw. van Beethoven." Our mutual friend, Director Eichhoff, brought it away for me after the congress.

‡ Beethoven was educating the son of his brother Caspar, who had died the preceding year.

8.

Beethoven to Wegeler.

Vienna, Oct. 7, 1826.

My old and dearest Friend,

I cannot give you an adequate idea of the delight I felt in your and Laura's letter. It is true, my answers should have followed with the swiftness of an arrow; but I am careless in replying to my friends, because I believe those whom I really love know me without my writing to them. I often get an answer ready in my thoughts, but when I want to put it on paper I mostly throw away my pen, because I cannot write as I feel. I do remember every kindness you have shown me: for instance, when you had my room whitewashed, and thus made me a most agreeable surprise.* I feel the same gratitude towards the Breunings: our separation was the necessary result of the instability of men's lives—each pursuing his own ends and trying to fulfil destiny—the principle of all that is unalterably good still firmly uniting us. I regret I cannot today write you at full length as I should wish, being in bed. I will answer but a few points of your letter. You say that I am mentioned somewhere

* Beethoven was then living at Bonn, in the Wenzel Street.

as a natural son of the deceased King of Prussia. I had heard this long ago, but from principle I have never written on myself, or answered anything that others have said of me; thus I leave you most willingly to vindicate my parents' honour, and especially that of my mother, in the eyes of the world. You speak of your son. I hope it is understood that when he comes here, he will find a father and a friend in me, and that I shall serve him with the greatest pleasure wherever I can. I have yet your Laura's *silhouette*, a proof positive how I still value all that was dear and near to me in my youth. On the subject of my diplomas, I will mention to you, but shortly, that I am an honorary member of the Royal Society of Arts in Sweden, the same in Amsterdam, and an honorary citizen of Vienna. Some time ago a Dr. Spieker took away with him to Berlin my last great Symphony with chorusses; it is dedicated to the King, and he made me write the dedication in my own hand. I had previously asked and received permission at the embassy to dedicate the work to the King. On Dr. Spieker's suggestion I had to send my MS., with my own corrections and improvements, to His Majesty, to be deposited in the royal library. Something has been whispered to me about the order of the Red Eagle of the Second Class. I

don't know how it will end, for I never sought a distinction *like* this; in our times, however, it would not be unwelcome to me for many reasons.

My motto is always—*Nulla dies sine lineâ*, and if I give my muse any rest it is but that she should arise with new vigour. I hope to achieve a few more great works, and then to close my earthly career like an old child amongst some good people. You will receive some music through the brothers Schott, of Mayence. The portrait which I send herewith is a master-piece of art, but not the last likeness which has been taken of me. I have to name another mark of distinction conferred upon me, as I know it gives you pleasure. A medal has been sent me by the late King of France, with the inscription "Donné par le roi à M. Beethoven," and accompanied by a most obliging letter of the Duc de Chartres, premier gentilhomme du roi.* Thus much to-day. My dearest friend, I am overpowered by the recollections of the past, and this letter reaches you bedewed with my tears. Now that a beginning is made, you shall soon hear from me again, and the more you write, the greater will be my happiness. There can be no question as to our friendship on either side, and so farewell. I

* The reader may judge hereby what to think of Beethoven's contempt of such distinctions.

beg you will embrace your dear Laura and your children in my name, and think of me. God be with you. With true esteem, ever your faithful friend,

BEETHOVEN.

9.

BEETHOVEN TO WEGELER.

Vienna, Feb. 17, 1827.*

My old and worthy Friend,

I received most fortunately your second letter through Breuning. I am still too weak to answer it, but you may think that its contents are truly welcome to me.† My convalescence, if such I may call it, goes on slowly. It is to be expected that a fourth operation must take place, although the medical men have not yet pronounced upon this. I take patience, and think: Evil sometimes leads to good. But how surprised I felt to find from your last letter that you had not received anything. From the letter which you here receive, you will see that I wrote on the 10th of De-

* A month before his death.

† I had, if my memory serves me, reminded him of Blumauer, who lived many years after having been tapped. I proposed to him to fetch him from the Bohemian baths, take him by a circuitous route to the Upper Rhine, and then down to Coblentz, where he was finally to recover.

cember of last year. It is the same with the portrait, as the date will show when it reaches you.* Stephen insisted upon sending you the things by private hand, but they were left until now, and it was difficult to get them back even at this moment. You will now receive the portrait by post through Messrs. Schott, who also send you the music. I should like to say much to you to-day, but I am too weak, so I can only embrace you and Laura. With true friendship and devotedness to you and yours, believe me,

Your old and faithful friend,

BEETHOVEN.

[This letter, too, was written in a strange hand, and signed by Beethoven.]

* On the portrait stands, *above* his name, "To my long tried and much beloved friend, F. G. Wegeler." There is no date affixed.

No. II.

[Beethoven's Correspondence with Mr. C. Neate, of London, and F. Ries, (Beethoven's former pupil,) concerning the publication of several of his Works—their performance at the Philharmonic Concerts—Beethoven's intended Visit to England.*]

1.

Beethoven to Mr. Neate, at Vienna.

Vienna, December, 1815.

My dear Mr. Neate,

I have received a letter from Mr. Ries, as amanuensis to Salomon (who has had the misfortune to break his right shoulder in a fall from his horse), and he tells me, on the 29th of September, that the three Overtures which you took of me for the Philharmonic Society† four months ago, had not then reached London. This being the second remembrancer which Mr. Salomon sends me on the subject, I thought I had better let you know. Should you not have sent them off, I should

* I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Neate for the following correspondence, which succeeded the acquaintance formed between the two at Vienna in the year 1815; and, as will be seen, includes a letter from Mr. Neate in elucidation of a misunderstanding which had arisen between them. Beethoven's letters to Ries I extract from Dr. Wegeler's Notices, &c.—Ed.

† Mr. Neate was at the time one of the directors of the Philharmonic Society.—Ed.

like to revise the Overture in *C major*, as it may be somewhat incorrect. With regard to any written agreement you may like to have about these things for England, that is very much at your service at a moment's notice. I would not have them suppose that I could ever act otherwise than as a *man of honour*. There are dispositions so fickle that they think *one way* to-day and *another way* to-morrow, and fancy others as ready to change their mind; and with such tempers one cannot be positive and mistrustful enough. So fare you well, my dear Mr. Neate.

Yours truly,

LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.

2.

BEETHOVEN TO F. RIES.

Wednesday, November 22nd, Vienna, 1815.

Dear Ries,

I hasten to inform you that I have to-day sent off the piano-forte score of the Symphony in A by post to the house of Thomas Coutts and Co. The court not being here, there are very few, if any, couriers, and this is, moreover, the safest way. The Symphony is to be brought out about March. I shall fix the day. It has been so long in doing, that I cannot name an earlier time. The Trio in the

Sonata for violin may come out later, and both will be in London in a few weeks. I beg of you, dear Ries, to look after these things, and to take care I receive the money; the expenses are great ere these things reach you. I want cash; I have had a loss of 600 florins in my yearly salary. At the time of the bank-notes *(Banco-Zettel)* it was nothing—the reduced paper-money *(Einlösungs-Scheine)* succeeded, and it is through these I lose the 600 florins, after several years of vexation and entire loss of salary. We are now at a juncture when the *Einlösungs-Scheine* stand lower than ever did the *Banco-Zettel.* I pay 1000 florins rent; figure to yourself the misery which this paper-money causes. My poor unhappy brother (Carl) has just died; he had a bad wife; I may say he was in a consumption for some years, and to make life bearable to him, I gave him what I may reckon at 10,000 florins *(Wiener Währung).* I own this is not much for an Englishman, but a vast deal for a poor German or Austrian. The poor fellow was much changed of late years, and I may say I lament him with all my heart, whilst I am truly glad to be able to say to myself, I have not neglected anything which could contribute to his preservation. Tell Mr. Birchall to repay you and Mr. Salomon for the postage of your letters to me, and mine to you; he

may deduct it from the sum which he has to pay me; I am anxious that those who are active for me, should suffer the least possible through it.

*Wellington's Victory at the Battle of Vittoria** must have arrived long ago at Coutts and Co.'s. Mr. Birchall need not pay me till he has got all the works. Do let me know as soon as possible the day which Mr. Birchall fixes for the publication of the piano-forte score. Thus much to day, with the warmest recommendation of my concerns; I am at your service wherever you may require it. Farewell, dear Ries!

Your friend,

BEETHOVEN.

3.

BEETHOVEN TO RIES.

Vienna, January 20, 1816.

My dear Ries!

The Symphony will be dedicated to the Empress of Russia. The piano-forte score of the Symphony in A must not come out till the month of June; the publisher here cannot be ready before that time. Will you, my dearest Ries, inform Mr. Birchall of this without delay? The Sonata, with violin accompaniment, will be sent off by the next

* This is the title on the piano-forte score.—(Beethoven's own note).

post, and may be likewise published in London by the month of May—the Trio somewhat later (you will receive it by the next post, too). I shall myself fix the time for its publication.

And now, my dear Ries, take my sincere thanks for all your good offices, and in particular for the correction of the proofs. May Heaven bless you, and may you progress more and more; I shall ever take the most sincere interest in it. My best regards to your wife.

Ever your sincere friend,

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

4.

Manuscript Agreement, as drawn up by Beethoven for the Philharmonic Society of London, concerning the above-named three MS. Overtures:—

Vienna, February 5, 1816.

Mr. Neate has taken of me, in July, 1815, three Overtures for the Philharmonic Society of London, and has paid me for them the sum of 75 guineas, for which sum I engage, not to have these said Overtures printed elsewhere, either in parts or score, always reserving for myself the right to have the said works performed wherever I please, and to publish them in piano-forte arrangement so soon as Mr. Neate shall write me word that they have

been performed in London; besides which, Mr. Neate assures me that he obligingly takes upon himself, after the lapse of one or two years, to obtain the consent of the Society to my publishing these three Overtures in parts as well as in score, their consent to that effect being indispensable. Thus I respectfully salute the Philharmonic Society.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

5.

BEETHOVEN TO RIES.

Vienna, February 28, 1816.

* * * I have not been well for some time; my brother's death has had its influence upon my mind and my writings. I am truly grieved at Salomon's death; he had a noble mind, and I remember him since my earliest youth. You have become his executor, and I, at the same time, the guardian of my poor brother's child. You will scarcely have had as much vexation as I had at this death; yet I feel the sweet consolation of having rescued a poor little innocent from the hands of an unworthy mother.

Farewell, dear Ries! If I can be of the least use whatever to you, pray consider me wholly as your true friend,

BEETHOVEN.

6.

Beethoven to Ries.

Vienna, March 8, 1816.

My answer comes somewhat late; but I was ill, and had a good deal of work. * * * As yet I have not seen a farthing of the ten ducats, and I begin to fancy that the English are generous only in foreign countries; the Prince Regent, too, has not even given me the value of the copying expenses for my Battle, which I sent him, nor has he vouchsafed a verbal or written acknowledgment. My income amounts to 3400 florins in paper; I have to pay 1100 florins rent, and 900 florins to my servant and his wife: now, do you calculate yourself what remains; and besides this, I have entirely to provide for my little nephew; he is at school at present, which costs about 1100 florins, and leaves much to desire; so I must go into regular housekeeping to take him home. How much there is required to live here, and yet there is no end to it because—because—because—. You know what I mean. I should be glad of some commissions from the Philharmonic Society, besides the concert. Above all, my dear pupil Ries should sit down and dedicate something of sterling worth to me, upon

which the master would return measure for measure. How can I send you my portrait? * * * My best wishes for your wife; alas, I have none; and *one* only have I met, but shall never possess her; this does not, however, make me an enemy to the sex.

Your sincere friend,

BEETHOVEN.

7.

BEETHOVEN TO RIES.

Vienna, April 3, 1816.

* * * * Neate must be in London by this time; he has taken charge of several of my works and has promised me all his interest for them. The Archduke Rudolph, amongst others, plays your compositions with me, dear Ries, and your *Soyno* pleases me above all the rest. Farewell. I commend me to your well-beloved wife and to all the fair English women who will receive my greetings. Your true friend,

BEETHOVEN.

8.*

Beethoven à Mr. Neate.

Vienne, le 15 Maj, 1816.

(Adresse Sailerstadt, No. 1055 et 1056, au 3éme étage.)

Mon tres chér ami!

L'amitié de vous envers moi me pardonnerà touts le fauts contre la langue francaises, mais la hâte ou j'ecris la lettre, ce peu d'exercice et dans ce moment même sans dictionnaire francais tout cela m' attire surement encore moins de critique qu' en ordinairement.

Avanthier on me portoit un extrait d'une gazette anglaise nommée *Morning cronigle,* ou je lisoit avec grand plaisir, que la Societé philarmonique à donné ma Sinfonie in A ♯; c'est une grande satisfaction pour moi, mais je souhais bien d'avoir de vous même des nouvelles, que vous ferez avec tous les compositions, que j'ai vous donnés: vous m'avez promis ici, de donner un concert pour moi, mais ne prenez mal, si je me méfis un peu, quand je pense que le Prince régent d'angleterre ne me dignoit pas ni d'une reponse ni d'une autre reconnoissance pour

* The reader will perceive that I have given this letter without attempting to correct its orthography, conceiving it to be one of those cases where the original imperfection rather adds to than diminishes the interest of the document.—Ed.

la Bataile que j'ai envoyé a son Altesse, et lequelle on a donnée si souvent a Londre, et seulement les gazettes annoncoient le reussir de cet oeuvre et rien d'autre chose—comme j'ai deja ecrit une lettre anglaise à vous mon tres cher ami, je trouve bien de finir, je vous ai ici depeignée ma situation fatal ici, pour attendre tout ce de votre amitié, mais hélas, pas une lettre de vous—Ries m'a ecrit, mais vous connoissez bien dans ces entretiens entre lui et moi, ce que je vous ne trouve pas necessaire d'expliquer.

J'espere donc cher ami bientôt une lettre de vous, ou j'espere de trouver de nouvelles de votre santé et aussi de ce que vous avez fait a Londres pour moi—adieu donc, quant à moi je suis et je serai toujour votre

vrai ami,

BEETHOVEN.

9.

BEETHOVEN TO MR. NEATE.

Vienna, May 18, 1816.*

My dear Neate,

By a letter of Mr. Ries I am acquainted with your happy arrival at London. I am very well pleased with it, but still better I should be pleased if I had learned it by yourself.

* This letter, not written but signed in Beethoven's own handwriting, is here given in the original English text.—ED.

Concerning our business, I know well enough that for the performance of the greater works, as the Symphony, the Cantate, the Chorus, and the Opera, you want the help of the Philharmonic Society, and I hope your endeavour to my advantage will be successful.

Mr. Ries gave me notice of your intention to give a concert to my benefit. For this triumph of my art at London I would be indebted to you alone; but an influence still wholesomer on my almost indigent life, would be to have the profit proceeding from this enterprise. You know, that in some regard I am now father to the lovely lad you saw with me; hardly I can live alone three months upon my annual salary of 3400 florins in paper, and now the additional burden of maintaining a poor orphan—you conceive how welcome lawful means to improve my circumstances must be to me. As for the Quatuor in F minor, you may sell it without delay to a publisher, and signify me the day of its publication, as I should wish it to appear here and abroad on the very day. The same you be pleased to do with the two Sonatas Op. 102 for pianoforte and violoncello;* yet with the latter it needs no haste.

I leave entirely to your judgment to fix the terms

* These were dedicated by the author to Mr. Neate.—Ed.

for both works, to wit, the Quatuor and the Sonatas, the more the better.

Be so kind to write to me immediately for two reasons; 1st, that I may not be obliged to shrink up my shoulders when they ask me if I got letters from you; and 2dly, that I may know how you do, and if I am in favour with you. Answer me in English if you have to give me happy news, (for example, those of giving a concert to my benefit,) in French if they are bad ones.

Perhaps you find some lover of music to whom the Trio and the Sonata with violin, Mr. Ries had sold to Mr. Birchall, or the Symphony arranged for the pianoforte, might be dedicated, and from whom there might be expected a present. In expectation of your speedy answer, my dear friend and countryman, I am, yours truly,

LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.

10.

BEETHOVEN TO RIES.

Vienna, June 11, 1816.

My dear Ries,

I am sorry again to put you to the expense of postage; much as I like to serve and assist others, it always hurts me to draw upon them on my own account. The ten ducats are not forthcoming,

which leads to the conclusion that in England, as well as here, there are people who promise, but do not perform.

I do not blame *you* in this matter. Not having heard anything from Neate, I only beg you will ask him, whether he has disposed of the Quartett in *F minor*. I am almost ashamed to speak of all the other works intrusted to him, ashamed to own to myself that I have given them to him with that unbounded confidence which knows of no other conditions, than those which his care and friendship would suggest for my benefit.

I have had the translation of a notice in the Morning Chronicle on the performance of my Symphony (probably the one in A) given to me. It seems I shall fare with this work, and with all those which Neate has taken, as I did with my battle (of Vittoria). I shall read of their performance in the newspapers, and get nothing else by them.

Yours, &c.,

BEETHOVEN.

Mr. Neate had been intrusted by Beethoven with several MS. works, (the two Sonatas, Op. 102, for pianoforte and violoncello, and the pianoforte Trio in B flat, Op. 97,) to dispose of them to English

publishers, but found great obstacles in so doing from the difficulty of the music and the unwillingness of some of the principal music-publishers to purchase works so little understood, by an author too who, at that time, was more noted for his eccentricities than for any of those noble attributes which in after days have procured for him the admiration of the age. The delays occasioned by these circumstances, as well as by others relating to Mr. Neate's private life, and finally the unsatisfactory results of his negotiations, led Beethoven to the suspicion that his interest had been neglected and his confidence betrayed. This induced Mr. Neate to write the following letter.

11.

Mr. Neate to Beethoven.

London, October 29, 1816.

My dear Beethoven,

Nothing has ever given me more pain than your letter to Sir George Smart.* I confess that I deserve your censure, that I am greatly in fault; but must say also that I think you have judged too hastily and too harshly of my conduct. The letter I sent you some time since, was written at a moment

* This letter cannot be produced.—Ed.

when I was in *such* a state of mind and spirits that I am sure, had you seen me or known my sufferings, you would have excused every unsatisfactory passage in it. Thank God! it is now all over, and I was just on the point of writing to you, when Sir George Smart called with your letter. I do not know how to begin an answer to it; I have never been called upon to justify myself, because it is the first time that I ever stood accused of dishonour; and what makes it the more painful is "that I should stand accused by the man who, of all in the world, I most admire and esteem, and one also whom I have never ceased to think of, and wish for his welfare, since I made his acquaintance." But as the appearance of my conduct has been so unfavourable in your eyes, I must tell you again of the situation I was in, previous to my marriage. *

* * * *

* I remain in my profession, and with no abatement of my love of Beethoven! During this period I could not myself do anything publicly, consequently all your music remained in my drawer unseen and unheard. I however did make a very considerable attempt with the Philharmonic, to acquire for you what I thought you fully entitled to. I offered all your music to them upon condition that they made you a very handsome present;

this they said they could not afford, but proposed to see and hear your music, and then offer a price for it; I objected and replied "that I should be ashamed that your music should be put up by auction and bid for!—that your name and reputation were too dear to me;" and I quitted the meeting with a determination to give a concert and take all the trouble myself, rather than that your feelings should be wounded by the chance of their disapproval of your works. I was the more apprehensive of this, from the unfortunate circumstance of your Overtures not being well received; they said they had no more to hope for, from your other works. I was not a Director last season, but I am for the next, and then I shall have a voice which I shall take care to exert. I have offered your Sonatas to several publishers, but they thought them too difficult, and said they would not be saleable, and consequently made offers such as I could not accept, but when I shall have played them to a few professors, their reputation will naturally be increased by their merits, and I hope to have better offers. The Symphony you read of in the 'Morning Chronicle' I believe to be the one in C minor; it certainly was not the one in A, for it has not been played at a concert. I shall insist upon its being played next season, and most probably the first

night. I am exceedingly glad that you have chosen Sir George Smart to make your complaints of me to, as he is a man of honour, and very much your friend; had it been to any one else, your complaint might have been listened to, and I injured all the rest of my life. But I trust I am too respectable to be thought unfavourably of, by those who know me. I am, however, quite willing to give up every sheet I have of yours, if you again desire it. Sir George will write by the next post, and will confirm this. I am sorry you say that I did not even *acknowledge* my obligation to you, because I talked of nothing else at Vienna, as every one there who knows me can testify. I even offered my purse, which you generously always declined. Pray, my dear friend, believe me to remain,

Ever yours, most sincerely,

C. NEATE.

In reply to the above, Mr. Neate received the following letter from Mr. Häring, a private gentleman and distinguished amateur on the violin, who used to keep up a friendly intercourse with Beethoven at Vienna:—

12.

MR. HARING TO MR. C. NEATE,

(At Beethoven's dictation.)

Vienna, 18th December, 1816.

1055, Seiler-Staette, third story.

My dear Sir,

Both letters to Mr. Beethoven and to me arrived. I shall first answer his, as he has made out some memorandums, and would have written himself, if he was not prevented by a rheumatic feverish cold. He says: "What can I answer to your warmfelt excuses? Past ills must be forgotten, and I wish you heartily joy that you have safely reached the long-wished-for port of love. Not having heard of you, I could not delay any longer the publication of the Symphony in A which appeared here some few weeks ago. It certainly may last some weeks longer before a copy of this publication appears in London, but unless it is soon performed at the Philharmonic, and something is done for me afterwards by way of benefit, I don't see in what manner I am to reap any good. The loss of your interest last season with the Philharmonic, when all my works in your hands were unpublished, has done me great harm; but it could not be helped, and at this moment I know not what to say. Your

intentions are good, and it is to be hoped that my little fame may yet help. With respect to the two Sonatas, Op. 102, for piano-forte and violoncello, I wish to see them sold very soon, as I have several offers for them in Germany, which depend entirely upon me to accept; but I should not wish, by publishing them here, to lose all and every advantage with them in England. I am satisfied with the ten guineas offered for the dedication of the Trio, and I beg you to hand the title immediately to Mr. Birchall, who is anxiously waiting for it; you'll please to use my name with him. I should be flattered to write some new works for the Philharmonic—I mean Symphonies, an Oratorio, or Cantatas,* &c. Mr. Birchall wrote as if he wished to purchase my 'Fidelio.' Please to treat with him, unless you have some plan with it for my benefit concert, which in general I leave to you and Sir George Smart, who will have the goodness to deliver this to you. The score of the Opera 'Fidelio' is not published in Germany or anywhere else. Try what can be done with Mr. Birchall, or as you think best. I was very sorry to hear that the three Overtures were not liked in London. I

* In consequence of this offer, the Philharmonic Society ordered a Symphony for one hundred guineas, and he accordingly sent them his Ninth Symphony.—ED.

by no means reckon them amongst my best works, (which, however, I can boldly say of the Symphony in A), but still they were not disliked here and in Pesth, where people are not easily satisfied. Was there no fault in the execution? Was there no party-spirit?

"And now I shall close, with the best wishes for your welfare, and that you enjoy all possible felicity in your new situation of life.

"Your true friend,

"LOUIS VAN BEETHOVEN."

13.

BEETHOVEN TO RIES.

Vienna, July 9, 1817.

Dear Friend,

I feel much flattered by the honourable proposals you make me in your letter of the 9th of June: this comes to show you how I appreciate them, and, were it not for my unlucky affliction, and for the additional attendance this would make me require on a journey and in a strange country, I should *at once* accept the proposal of the Philharmonic Society. Now place yourself in my situation, consider how many more difficulties I have to contend with than any other artist, and then judge whether my demands be unjust. I am going here

to subjoin them, and beg you will communicate them to the Directors of the above-named Society.

1. I mean to be in London in the middle of January, 1818, at the latest.

2. The two grand new Symphonies are then to be ready, and are to remain the Society's exclusive property.

3. The Society to give me for them three hundred guineas, and allow me one hundred guineas for my travelling expenses, which will much exceed that sum, as I must necessarily take some one with me.

4. As I shall immediately begin the two Symphonies, if my proposals be accepted, the Society to send me at once a cheque of one hundred and fifty guineas, that I may provide a carriage and other necessaries for my journey without delay.

5. I accept the conditions relative to my non-appearance in any other public orchestra, to my non-conducting, to my giving the preference to the Philharmonic Society upon equal terms, and in fact, with my sense of honour, all this would have been understood, though not mentioned.

6. I may rely upon the assistance of the Society in one or more benefit concerts, as circumstances may permit. I feel sure of this, from the feelings of friendship of several of the Directors of this esti-

mable body, as indeed from the kind interest which most of the professional men have shown for my works; this will be an additional spur to my endeavours to fulfil their expectations.

7. I also beg to have the above written out in English, signed by three Directors of the Society, and sent over to me.

You may easily imagine how I enjoy the thoughts of becoming acquainted with the worthy Sir George Smart, and of seeing you and Neate again. Would I could fly across to you instead of this letter!

Your sincere admirer and friend,

L. v. BEETHOVEN.

(P.S. in his own hand.)

Dear Ries,—I embrace you with all my heart. I have expressly made use of another hand for the above that you might read and lay it before the Society with more ease. I have full confidence in your feelings towards me, and hope the Philharmonic Society will accept my proposals: you may rest assured that I shall exert all my powers to fulfil, in the worthiest manner possible, the honourable call of so distinguished a body of musicians. How strong is your band? how many violins, &c. &c., with single or double wind instruments? Is the room large—does the music tell in it?

14.

BEETHOVEN TO RIES.

Vienna, March 5, 1818.

My dear Ries,

Much as I wished it, I could not possibly manage to get to London this year; I beg you will inform the Philharmonic Society that it was my weak state of health which prevented me. I have some hopes of being effectually cured this spring, and then I shall avail myself about autumn of the proposals made to me by the Society—fulfilling all their conditions.

Will you ask Neate in my name not to make a public use, at least, of such works of mine as he has got, until my arrival: whichever way matters may stand with him, he has given me cause to complain.

Potter called on me several times; he seems to be a good creature, and has much talent for composition. I hope and wish that your circumstances may improve from day to day; I cannot say that mine do. * * * * * I cannot bear to see want—I must give; so you may fancy how much more I suffer in this matter. Pray let me hear from you soon. If possible, I shall decamp sooner, to escape my utter ruin, and shall be in London towards the end of winter at the

latest. I know you will assist a distressed friend; had it been in my power, and had I not ever been fettered by circumstances, surely I should have done much more for you. Fare you well! remember me to Neate, Smart, Cramer—although I understand that the latter moves in contrary motion to you and me. Never mind; I hope I somewhat understand the art of managing such matters, and producing a pleasing harmony at our meeting in London. I embrace you with all my heart.

Your friend,

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

My kind regards to your dear, and, as I understand, beautiful wife.

15.

BEETHOVEN TO RIES.

Vienna, April 30, 1819.

My dear Ries,

I could not ere this answer your last letter of the 18th of December. Your sympathy does me good. It is impossible to get to London for the present, entangled as I am in various ways; but God will assist my plans of reaching it certainly next winter, when I shall bring the new Symphonies. I am in expectation of the text for an Oratorio which I am to write for our Musical Society, and which may likewise serve us in London. Do

for me what you can, for I stand in need of it. I should gladly have accepted any orders for the Philharmonic Society; Neate's reports, however, of the all but failure of the three Overtures have vexed me; they have not only been successful here, each in its own way, but those in E flat and C have even produced a powerful effect; so that the fate of these compositions in the Philharmonic Society is a riddle to me. You will have received the arrangement of the Quintetto and the Sonata. Pray let them both be engraved immediately, especially the Quintetto. The Sonata may follow a little more at leisure, but that too not later than two or three months hence. I had not received your former letter which you mention, and therefore did not scruple to strike a bargain for both these works in this place too—that is to say, only for Germany. It will be three months before the Sonata comes out here, but you must hurry with the Quintett. As soon as you send me a cheque for the money I shall let you have an agreement for the publisher, securing him the property of these works for England, Scotland, Ireland, France, &c.

The *Tempi* of the Sonata, according to Maelzel's Metronome, will reach you by the next post. The Quintett and Sonata are gone by De Smidt, courier to Prince Paul Esterhazy. I shall send my por-

trait by the earliest opportunity, as I understand that you really wish for it. Farewell! think kindly of your friend

BEETHOVEN.

My best love to *your* best love! ! !

16.

Vienna, April 16, 1819.

Here, dear Ries! are the *Tempi* of the Sonata (Op. 106). First Allegro, *Allegro* alone, strike out the *assai,* and add

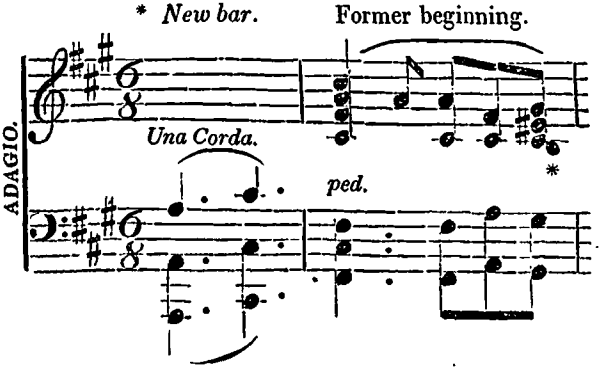
Maelzel's Metronome = 138

Second movement Scherzoso, M. M. = 80

Third movement, M. M. = 92

* I have, in my edition of this Sonata, marked the time of the first movement 138 of Maelzel's Metronome, because Beethoven himself had fixed that number. He, according to "Wegeler's Notizen," gives it with a minim—I with a crotchet; but neither of these can, to my mind, be made to suit the character of the movement. The minim increases it to so fearful a prestissimo as Beethoven could never have intended, since he desired the *Assai*, originally prefixed to the *Allegro*, to be omitted. The crotchet slackens the movement all too much; and although I have, in my edition, allowed Beethoven's numbers to remain, in deference to the great man, yet I would advise the player to hold a middle course, according to the following mark: = 116.—ED.

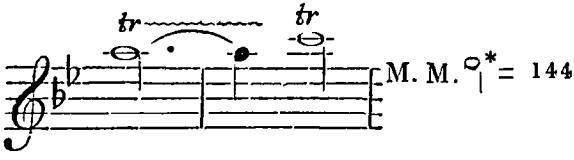
Observe that another bar should be prefixed to this movement, viz. :—



* Ries gives the following account of this new bar :—All the "Initiated" must be interested in the striking fact which occurred respecting one of Beethoven's last solo-Sonatas (in B major, with the great Fugue Op. 106)—a Sonata which has *forty-one pages of print*. Beethoven had sent it to me to London for sale, that it might appear there at the same time as in Germany. The engraving was completed, and I in daily expectation of the letter naming the day of publication. This arrived at last, but with the extraordinary "request,"—"Prefix the following two notes, as a first bar, to the beginning of the Adagio." This Adagio has from nine to ten pages in print. I own the thought struck me involuntarily, that all might not be right with my dear old master, a rumour to that effect having often been spread. What! add *two notes* to a composition already worked out and out, and completed six months ago? But my astonishment was yet to be heightened by the *effect* of these two notes. Never could such be found again—so striking, so important—no, not even if contemplated at the very beginning of the composition. I would advise every true lover of the art to play this Adagio first without, and then *with* these two notes, which now form the first bar, and I have no doubt he will share in my opinion.

Fourth movement, *Introduzione largo* M.M. 𝅗𝅥 = 76

Fifth and last movement, $\frac{3}{4}$ time



Excuse the mistakes; if you knew my circumstances you would not be surprised at them, but would wonder at what I produce in spite of them. The Quintett cannot be delayed any longer, and will shortly appear; not so the Sonata, about which I anxiously expect to hear from you, inclosing the terms. The name of the courier, through whom you have to receive the Quintett and Sonata, is De Smidt. I beg to have a speedy answer, and shall soon write more at length.

In haste, yours,

BEETHOVEN.

* This minim should be a crotchet—an error which originates either in a misprint in Dr. Wegeler's "Notizen," or in Beethoven's own manuscript letter to Ries.—ED.

17.

BEETHOVEN TO RIES.

Vienna, April 19, 1819.

Dear Friend,

Excuse the trouble which I am giving you. I cannot account for the numerous mistakes which have found their way into the copy of the Sonata, unless, indeed, they proceed from the circumstance of my not being able any longer to keep a copyist of my own; events have brought this about, and may the Lord help me until . . . become better off. This will take another twelvemonth. It is most shocking how this matter has been brought about, and what has become of my salary, and no one can say what *may* become of it, until the above-mentioned twelvemonth comes round. Should the Sonata (Op. 106) not do for London, I might send another, or you may leave out the Largo and begin with the Fugue of the last movement, or else the first movement, the Adagio, and for the third, the Scherzo and the Largo and Allegro risoluto. I leave it to you to manage this as you think proper.* This sonata was written in time of need; for it is

* How numerous his proposals! How much scope he leaves me! Was it in presentiment of the difficulties which would attend its sale?—RIES.

hard to write almost for one's daily bread; thus far am I reduced. We must correspond further upon my visit to London. It would certainly be the only means of saving me from my miserable and needy condition, which ruins my health, and will never permit my faculties to act as they might under more favourable circumstances.

BEETHOVEN.

18.

BEETHOVEN TO RIES.

Vienna, May 25, 1819.

* * * I was all the while oppressed with such cares as I had never known, and all through my excessive benevolence to others. Write on industriously. My dear little Archduke Rudolph and I, we often play your works, and he says the former pupil does his master credit. Now fare you well. I content myself with embracing your wife—who, I understand is very handsome—in fancy only, for the present, but hope to have that pleasure in reality during next winter. Do not forget the Quintett, and the Sonata, and the money—I meant to say the *honoraire, avec ou sans honneur.* I trust to hear from you not only as fast as *allegro,* but *veloce prestissimo,* and good tidings too. This letter reaches you through a right clever Englishman; they are

a powerful race for the most part, and I should like to spend some time amongst them in their own country.

Prestissimo—Responsio, il suo amico e maestro

BEETHOVEN.

19.

BEETHOVEN TO RIES.

Vienna, November 10, 1819.

Dear Ries,

I write to let you know that the Sonata is out, that is to say, only about a fortnight; and it is about six months since both were sent to you—the Quintett and the Sonata. I shall despatch in a few days through a courier who leaves this, the Quintett as well as the Sonata, so that you will be able to correct both works. Not having heard from you of the receipt of either, I thought the matter had fallen to the ground. Have I not been wrecked once before in this year through Neate? I wish you could try to get me the fifty ducats; I have reckoned upon receiving them, and, indeed, have many ways for my money. Enough for to-day, only let me tell you that I have almost concluded a new Mass; let me know what you could do with it in London; but that soon, very soon, and soon too let me have the money for both the works. I will write

more fully another day. In haste, your true and sincere friend,

BEETHOVEN.

20.

BEETHOVEN TO RIES.

Vienna, April 6, 1822.

My dearest Ries,

I have been ill again for the last six months and more, and thus could never answer your letter. I have received the £26, and am sincerely obliged to you for them, but your Symphony dedicated to me has not arrived. My greatest work is a grand Mass, which I have lately written, &c. &c. Time presses to-day, so I say only the needful; what might the Philharmonic Society offer me for a Symphony?

I will think of coming to London, if my health would but permit it—perhaps next spring! You would find in me a master who truly appreciates the pupil, in his turn become a great master, and who knows how, and in what way, the art might be benefited from our acting jointly. I am as ever completely devoted to my muses, and this alone can ensure me happiness. I act for others, too, as best I may. You have two children—I have one (my brother's son)—but you are married, consequently your two cannot be as expensive as my one.

Now, farewell; kiss your fair lady, until I may perform this solemn act in person.

Your sincere friend,

BEETHOVEN.

P.S. Be quick in letting me have your dedication, that I may show off in return, which I mean to do as soon as I have received yours.

21.

BEETHOVEN TO RIES.

Vienna, December 20, 1822.

My dear Ries,

I have had so much business on hand, that I could not send you a reply to your letter of the 15th of November. I gladly accept the request of the Philharmonic Society to write a new Symphony for them; although the terms offered are not what they ought to be, and what the English might afford, in comparison to other nations.

If I *could* but get to London, what would I not write for the Philharmonic Society! for, Heaven be praised, Beethoven *can* write, although he can do nothing else. If it please God to restore my health, which is somewhat improved, I may yet avail myself of the several proposals made to me from the different parts of Europe, and even from North

America, and thus might I once more be put in a flourishing state.

Yours, &c.,

BEETHOVEN.

22.

BEETHOVEN TO RIES.

[Extract of a letter, the beginning of which is nowhere to be found.]

* * * Do get matters speedily arranged for your poor friend; I expect your travelling plan too;* I can bear up no longer; I am in for it, deeper than ever; should I not go, look you, there is a *crimen læsæ!* Since you seem to wish for a dedication of mine, I am quite ready to gratify you; much more ready than I should be for any great man—for the greatest, *entre nous.*

The d—l knows where one might fall into their hands. You will receive the new Symphony (the ninth with choral parts) with the dedication to yourself. I hope at length to get possession of yours to me. "B" is to open the letter to the king (George the Fourth) he took charge of, and he will see what has been written to the king about the Battle of Vittoria; the enclosed letter to him† contains the same;

* The plan for Beethoven's journey.

† The letter, sealed in two places, as also the direction on the cover, were written in Beethoven's own hand. These were inclosed

but there is no longer a question about the Mass. Let our amiable friend B. try and get me at least a battle-axe or a turtle; the printed copy of the score of the Battle is, of course, also to be given to the King. This letter puts you to great expence,* pray deduct it from what you have to send me; how much I regret being so troublesome to you! The Lord be with you. Best love to your wife, until I come myself. Have a care; you think I am old; I am an old youngster.

Ever yours,

BEETHOVEN.

23.

BEETHOVEN TO MR. NEATE.

Vienna, February 25, 1823.

My dear friend,

Ries tells me you wish to have three Quartetts of me, and I now write, to beg you will let me know about what time they are to be ready, as I am fully satisfied with your offer of a hundred guineas for them; only let me beg of you, to send me a cheque for that sum, upon one of our banking-houses, so

in a letter to me, and a cover put over the whole. Probably the address seemed so illegible to himself that he put a third cover over it, without removing the second one.—RIES.

* Seventeen shillings: ten and a fifth florins.—RIES.

soon as I shall let you know that the Quartetts are finished, and I will, in my turn, deliver them to the same banker upon the receipt of the hundred guineas. I trust you are enjoying to the full the blessings of a family life; would I could have the pleasure of becoming an eye-witness to your happiness! I have sent Ries a new Overture for the Philharmonic Society, and am only waiting the arrival of a cheque for the new Symphony, to forward him that too, through our Austrian embassy. You will find in the bearer, Mr. A. Bauer, a man equally intelligent and amiable, who can give you a full account of my doings. Should my health improve,* I mean to visit England in 1824; let me know what you think about it. I should be delighted to write for the Philharmonic Society, to see the country and all its distinguished artists; and as to my pecuniary circumstances, they too might be materially benefited by this visit, as I feel that I shall *never* make anything in Germany. My name on the address of letters is sufficient security for their reaching me. With every kind wish for your welfare, believe me

Your sincere friend,

BEETHOVEN.

* It has materially suffered during the last three years

24.

Beethoven to Ries.

Vienna, April 25, 1823.

Dear Ries,

The cardinal (Archduke Rudolph) has been staying here for a whole month; and as I had to give him two hours and a half's lesson per day, I was robbed of much time, besides feeling, the day after such lessons, scarcely able to think, much less to write.

My distressed circumstances, however, require that I should instantly write that which will procure money, sufficient for the moment. What a sad discovery this must be to you! And, moreover, all my troubles have caused me to be unwell—have given me sore eyes. But do not be alarmed; you will shortly receive the Symphony. Indeed it is all brought on by these miserable circumstances. You will also receive, a few weeks hence, thirty-three new Variations on a subject (a Valse Op. 120) dedicated to your wife. Bauer (first secretary to the Austrian embassy) has the score of the "Battle of Vittoria," which was dedicated to the then Prince Regent, and for which I have still to receive the copying expenses. Now I beg of you, dear friend, to send me, as soon as possible, a draught for the

amount of whatever you may be able to get me for it. You and I know the publishers well.

With regard to your tender conjugal point, you will always find me in direct opposition to yourself, and decidedly taking the lady's part.

Ever your friend,

BEETHOVEN.

25.

BEETHOVEN TO RIES.

Hetzendorf, near Vienna, July 16, 1823.

My dear Ries,

The receipt of your letter, the day before yesterday, gave me great pleasure. I suppose you have got the Variations by this time. I could not write the dedication to your wife, as I do not know her name. Pray make it in the name of your own and your wife's friend, and let her be surprised with it, on its coming out. The fair sex is fond of that sort of thing. Between ourselves, the great charm of the *beautiful* lies in its coming upon us unawares.

With regard to the Allegri di Bravura, I shall pardon yours. To say the truth, I am no friend to that species of writing, calculated to promote mechanism all too much, in those at least which I

know. I have not looked at your's yet, but shall inquire for them at ———, with whom I beg you will not communicate without great prudence. Might I not be your agent here for many things?

These publishers are certainly acting up to their name by *publishing* your works; but you get nothing by such publicity, which is only a *reprint*. Matters might perhaps be differently managed. I shall certainly send you a few chorusses; and, if required, produce a few new ones. They are quite my hobby.

Many thanks for the produce of the *Bagatelles*. I am quite content with it. Do not give anything to the King of England. Take whatever you can get for the Variations: I shall be satisfied anyhow. But one thing I must stipulate, that I shall positively take no other reward for the dedication to your wife than a kiss to be received by me in London. You sometimes write guineas, whereas I receive but pounds sterling, and I understand there is a difference.* Do not be angry at this, with a *pauvre musicien autrichien;* but indeed my situation is a difficult one. I am likewise writing a new violin Quartett. Might that too be

* Beethoven received 25 guineas in a cheque of £26 5*s*., while the calculations were made in pounds.—RIES.

offered to the musical or unmusical London Jews? —*en vrai juif.* With the sincerest embrace,

Your old friend,

BEETHOVEN.

26.

BEETHOVEN TO RIES.

Vienna, Sept. 5, 1823.

My dear good Ries,

I still continue without news of the Symphony, yet you may depend upon it . . . . will soon reach London. Were I not so poor as to be obliged to live by my pen, I should not take anything of the Philharmonic Society. As it is, I must certainly wait until my terms for the Symphony be made payable here. Wishing, however, to prove my confidence and affection for this Society, I have already sent off the new Overture. I leave it to the Society to settle for it at its own rate. My worthy brother (Johann), who keeps his carriage, thought fit to draw upon me too; and has consequently offered this same Overture, unknown to me, to a London publisher, Boosey. Pray tell him, my brother was mistaken with regard to the Overture. He bought it of me to carry on usury with it, as I perceive.—*O frater!* As yet I have not seen anything of your Symphony dedicated to me. Did I

not consider this dedication as a kind of challenge, demanding satisfaction on my side, I should by this time have inscribed some work to you. As it is, I thought I ought by rights to see your work first; and how I wish I could in any way show you my gratitude! I am deep in your debt for so many proofs of attachment and active kindness.

Should my health improve by a proposed course of bathing, I shall embrace your wife in 1824 in London.

Ever yours,

BEETHOVEN

[The following three letters are given as originally written in French, not in Beethoven's own hand, but signed by himself:]—

27.

BEETHOVEN À MONSIEUR C. NEATE.

Vienne, le 15 Janvier, 1825.

Ce fut avec le plus grand plaisir que je reçus votre lettre du .... par laquelle vous avez eu la bonté de m'avertir que la Société Philharmonique distinguée d'artistes m'invite à venir à Londres.

Je suis bien content des conditions que me fait la Société, seulement je desire de lui proposer de m'envoyer, outre les 300 guinées qu'elle me promet, encore 100 guinées pour faire les dépenses du voyage; car il faudra acheter une voiture; aussi dois-je être accompagné de quelqu'un. Vous voyez bien que cela est necessaire; d'ailleurs je vous prie de m'indiquer l'auberge où je pourrai descendre à Londres.

Je prendrai un nouveau Quatuor avec moi. Quant au bruit dont vous m'écrivez, qu'il existe un exemplaire de la 9ème Symphonie à Paris, il n'est point fondé. Il est vrai que cette Symphonie sera publiée en Allemagne, mais point avant que l'an soit écoulé, pendant lequel la Société en jouira.

Sur ce point il faut encore vous avertir de ne faire que de petites preuves de cette composition, en Quatuor par exemple, car c'est la seule manière d'etudier bien une belle œuvre; les chœurs, avant tout, doivent être exercés. Il y a encore quelques erreurs, dont je vous enverrai le catalogue par la poste prochaine.

Il me semble avoir été oublié dans la 2de partie de la Symphonie, qu'à la répétition du minor après le Presto il faut commencer de nouveau du signe 𝄋.

et continuer sans répétition jusqu'à la Ferma, alors on prend aussitôt la Coda.

Je vous prie de me répondre au plus vite possible, car on demande de moi une grande composition nouvelle, que je ne commençerai cependant pas, sans avoir vôtre réponse. Il faut que j'écrive toujours, pas pour me faire des richesses,—seulement pour pourvoir à mes besoins.

Or je dois avoir de la certitude sur ce point.—Je serai bien charmé de vous voir, et de connoitre la noble nation Anglaise.

Je suis, avec la plus haute consideration,

Monsieur,

Votre sincere ami,

Louis van Beethoven.

28.

Beethoven à Monsieur Neate.

Vienne, le 19 Mars, 1825.

Mon très cher ami!

Je ne pourrai guère venir à Londres durant le printemps, mais qui sait quel accident m'y conduit peut-être en automne. J'espére que vous vous trouvez bien dans votre famille, et en bonne santé.

Quant aux Quatuors, dont vous m'écrivez dans vos lettres, j'en ai achevé le premier, et je suis à présent à composer le second, qui, comme le troisiéme, sera achevé dans peu de temps. Vous m'offrez 100 guinées pour 3 Quatuors, je trouve cette proposition bien généreuse. Il se demande seulement, s'il m'est permis de publier ces Quatuors après un an et demie, ou deux ans.* C'est ce qui serait tres avantageux pour mes finances. En ce qui concerne la manière de simplifier l'envoiement des Quatuors, et de l'argent de votre part, je vous propose de remettre les œuvres à Messrs. Fries & Co., qui témoigneront à vous même, ou à quelque banquier de Londres, d'être possesseurs des Quatuors, et qui vous les remettront aussitôt après l'arrivée de l'argent.

Voici une affaire, par laquelle vous pouvez me prouver votre amitié. Je vous prie seulement de me répondre au plus-tôt possible. Je me fie toujours à votre amitié pour moi, et vous assure que vous pouvez faire de même à moi.

Je suis, avec la plus grande consideration,

Votre ami,

BEETHOVEN.

* Mr. Neate did not succeed in disposing of these three Quartets (œuvres posthumes) to a publisher.—ED.

29.

Beethoven à Monsieur Neate.

Vienne, le 25 May, 1825.

Mon ami!

Je crois nécessaire de vous écrire encore une fois. Je vois dans la lettre que vous m'avez écrite il y a deux ans, que l'honoraire des Quatuors est £100 sterling. Je suis content de cette offre, mais il est nécessaire de vous avertir, que le 1er Quatuor est si cherché par les plus célèbres artistes de Vienne, que je l'ai accordé à quelques uns d'eux pour leur benefice. Je crois tromper votre amitié en ne vous avertissant point de cette circonstance, parceque vous pouvez aussi en faire usage à Londres. Or si vous me repondez que vous êtes content des propositions que je vous ai faites dans ma lettre derniére, je vous enverrai aussitôt le 1er Quatuor; cependant je vous prie d'accélerer votre resolution, puisque les éditeurs desirent vivement de le posseder. Cependant vous n'avez point de remettre l'honoraire qu'après avoir reçu l'assurance de ma part, que les 2 autres Quatuors sont achevés. Seulement je vous prie d'ajouter à votre lettre l'assurance de votre contentement en ce qui concerne mes offres. Voilà ce que j'ai cru devoir vous dire. Je crois vous avoir

fait une complaisance, et je suis certain que vous ferez le même envers moi. Conservez votre amitié pour moi.

Je suis, avec le plus grand estime,

Votre ami sincère,

LOUIS VAN BEETHOVEN.

30.

BEETHOVEN TO RIES AT BONN.

Vienna, April 9, 1825.

Dear worthy Ries,

The needful in all haste! In the score of the Symphony which I sent you (it is the ninth with choruses), there stands, as far as I remember, in the first oboe in the 242nd bar,—

It should be thus:

instead of

I have looked over the whole of the parts, with the exception of the brass band—that only in part—and I trust they must be tolerably correct. I would willingly have sent you the score,* but I

* It was suggested that this Symphony should be performed at the musical festival at Aix-la-Chapelle. Beethoven, however, did not send it. The committee had written to him directly, but had re-

have a concert before me, and the only score I possess is my manuscript. The concert, however, depends upon my health; for I must soon set off to the country, where alone I can prosper at this time.

You will soon receive the *Opferlied*, copied a second time; and I beg you will mark it as corrected by myself, that it might not be used together with the one you have already by you. This song gives you an idea of the miserable copyist I have had ever since *Schlemmer's* death. There is scarcely a note in which I can trust him. As you have already had all the written parts of the finale of the Symphony, I have now sent you the second choral parts. You can easily have these scored from before the beginning of the chorus; and at the commencement of the vocal, it will be quite easy to have the instrumental parts prefixed to the second vocal ones: it will require a little reflection. It was impossible to write all this at once; and, had we hurried such a copyist, there would have been errors upon errors. I have sent

ceived promises only. At last I wrote, and begged that, knowing him and his scores as well as I did, he would send me the original score, which I should be able to make out. I promised him at the same time (well aware of his constant want of money) another present, which I received for him some time after to the amount of forty louis-d'ors.—RIES.

you an Overture in C, $\frac{4}{8}$ time, not yet published: the printed parts, too, you will receive by the next post. The *Kyrie* and *Gloria* (two of the principal pieces of the *Messe Solemnelle*), in D major, are likewise on their way to you, together with an Italian vocal Duet. You will receive, besides these, a grand March with chorusses, well fitted for grand musical performances.* Another grand, and as yet unknown, Overture might come forth, but I fancy you have enough of these.

Farewell, in the land of the Rhine, ever dear to me.† Every enjoyment of life attend you and your wife. The most friendly remembrances to your father.

From your friend,

BEETHOVEN.

* Probably belonging to a dramatic piece, "The Ruins of Athens," written for a performance at Pesth.

† When I left England I went to live at Godesberg, near Bonn, one of the most beautiful parts on the Rhine. I had invited Beethoven to come and see me there; and had pressed him to live at once with me, and in his native home, for some little time. —RIES.

No. III.

Account of a Concert given by Beethoven at the Kaernthnerthor Theatre, Vienna.*

* * * * *

On the 7th of May, 1824, a grand musical performance took place at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre. The leaders of the music were Kapellmeister Umlauf and M. Shuppanzigh, and the great composer himself assisted on the occasion. He took his place at the side of the principal leader, and, with his original score before him, indicated the different movements and determined the precise manner in which they were to be given; for, unfortunately, the state of his hearing prevented him from doing more. The theatre was crowded to excess, and the sensation caused by the appearance of this great man was of a kind that is more easy to imagine than to describe. The arrangement of the pieces performed was as follows:—1st, Beethoven's Grand Overture in C major; 2nd, Three Grand Hymns, with solo and chorus parts, from his New Mass, never before performed; 3rd, a Grand New Symphony, with a finale, in which are introduced

* From the Harmonicon, October, 1824.

a solo and chorus part from Schiller's *Lied an die Freude* (Song of Joy). This also was performed for the first time, and is Beethoven's last composition. We shall offer a few observations on each of these in the order of their performance.

With respect to the Overture, it indisputably belongs to the most finished of his compositions. The introductory *Andante* is throughout of the most simple, noble, and masterly kind, and the rather lengthened *Allegro* that follows is full of brilliant fancy: it is in the free fugue style, in three parts, each of which is sustained with equal power and effect. It is never monotonous, its form is constantly varying without in any manner sacrificing unity of effect; without the smallest rest point, the interest is constantly kept up; it flows along in a stream of harmony always pure and limpid; but it certainly presents an arduous task to the performer. It is thus that Handel would have written, had he had at his disposal the rich orchestra of our times; and it is only a spirit congenial with that of the immortal author of the Messiah that could succeed in treading in the footsteps of this giant of the art. The Three Hymns are principal portions of the New Mass which Beethoven has lately composed. The first, which was the *Kyrie Eleison,* is in D major, a movement full of fire and deep reli-

gious feeling. The *Christe* that followed is in triple time, and full of happy effects of counterpoint; the return to the first measure of the *Kyrie* is managed in a masterly manner, and the whole terminates in harmonics of a very singular and touching character. But altogether the effect is not so much that of children supplicating a parent, which is the true intent of the words, in the place in which they stand, as the deep and mournful supplications of a people humbled in the dust.

The treatment of the *Credo* that follows is in the highest degree original and uncommon. Both the principal key, B flat major, as well as the time, change perhaps too often, so that the ear is scarcely able to comprehend the suddenness of the effects intended to be produced. At the *consubstantialem patri,* a short but very powerful figure commences; the *incarnatus est* is a movement of very pathetic effect, and the tender and touching passage, *passus et sepultus est,* with its well placed dissonances in the violin accompaniment, is not to be described. Well imagined and sustained, the strongly figured movement at the entrance of the contra-theme is somewhat quickened, but the first *moderato* again returns. The Amen opens with a broad and richly ornamented passage; it swells into splendid effect, and terminates in a long dying fall. If it were

permitted in a church composition to speak of effect in the same manner as in a secular production, it cannot be denied that this retarding kind of conclusion tends to weaken the powerful impression produced by the preceding bolder results; especially when no reasonable cause can be assigned for such a mode of conclusion, unless it be the determination of a composer to differ from all the rest of the world. Who does not feel himself inspired by those brilliant Fugues with which a Naumann, a Haydn, and a Mozart terminate their compositions of this kind, which seem as if on the wings of seraphs to waft the soul towards heaven? The character of the *Agnus Dei*, in B minor, is solemn and tender, and the introduction of four French horns tends to heighten the effect in an extraordinary degree. The *Dona* in D major, $\frac{6}{8}$ time, passes into an *Allegretto* movement of feeling, and advances in beautiful imitations, till suddenly the passage changes, and the kettle-drums, like distant thunder, intone the deep *pacem*.* A soprano solo introduces the second *Agnus Dei* in a kind of recitative, and a chorus, strengthened by trumpets, precedes the tremendous *Miserere Nobis*. The effect of the latter is singular in the extreme, and

* Most of our readers will concur with us in thinking this a most eccentric mode of colouring musically so gentle a word.

when we reflect upon the sentiments intended to be expressed, we scarcely know whether to praise or blame.

With respect to the new Symphony it may, without fear, stand a competition with its eight sister works, by none of which is the fame of its beauty likely to be eclipsed; it is evidently of the same family, though its characteristic features are different—

facies non omnibus una
Non diversa tamen, qualem debet esse sororum.—Ovid.

The opening passage is a bold *Allegro* in D minor, full of rich invention, and of athletic power; from the first chord till the gradual unfolding of the colossal theme, expectation is constantly kept alive and never disappointed. To give a skeleton of this composition would be scarcely practicable, and, after all, would convey but a very faint idea of the body; we shall therefore only touch upon some of the more prominent features, among which is a *Scherzo* movement (D minor) full of playful gaiety, and in which all the instruments seem to contend with each other in the whim and sportiveness of the passage; and a brilliant March in the vivid major mode, forms a delightful contrast with the passages by which it is introduced. Whoever has imagined in hearing the *Andante* of the 7th

Symphony, that nothing could ever equal, not to say surpass it, has but to hear the movement of the same kind in the present composition in order to change his sentiments. In truth, the movement is altogether divine, the interchanges and combinations of the motives are surprising, the tasteful conduct of the whole is easy and natural, and in the midst of the rich exuberance of the subject, the simplicity that prevails throughout is truly admirable. But it is in the Finale that the genius of this great master shines forth most conspicuously. We are here, in an ingenious manner, presented with a return of all the subjects in short and brilliant passages, and which, as in a mirror, reflect the features of the whole. After this a singular kind of recitative by the contra-basses introduces a *crescendo* passage of overwhelming effect, which is answered by a chorus of voices that bursts unexpectedly in, and produces an entirely new and extraordinary result. The passages from Schiller's "Song of Joy" are made admirably expressive of the sentiments which the poet intended to convey, and are in perfect keeping with the tone and character of the whole of this wonderful composition. Critics have remarked of the Finale, that it requires to be heard frequently in order to be duly appreciated.

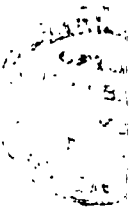
At the conclusion of the concert Beethoven was

unanimously called forward. He modestly saluted the audience, and retired amidst the loudest expressions of enthusiasm. Yet the feeling of joy was tempered by a universal regret, to see so gifted an individual labouring under an infliction the most cruel that could befal an artist in that profession for which Nature had destined him. We have no doubt but the master will consider this as one of the proudest days in his existence; and it is to be hoped that the testimony of general feeling which he has witnessed will tend to soothe his spirit, to soften down some of its asperities, and to convince him that he stands upon a pinnacle far above the reach of envy and every malignant passion.

Both singers and instrumental performers acquitted themselves on this interesting occasion in a manner that is deserving of the highest praise. Of the worthy Kapellmeister Umlauf, who undertook the conduct of this great work, and M. Shuppanzigh, a master of known abilities, who led the band, it is but justice to say that their zeal, knowledge, and talents deservedly obtained them the most conspicuous place, and the merited thanks of their brother artists. The impracticability of devoting sufficient time for the number of rehearsals that were necessary, in order to do justice to music which is at once new and of so lofty a character,

made it impossible to give it with that precision, and those delicate shades of forte and piano, which are required to do them justice.

The deep and general feeling which this concert, in honour of the great master of the modern art in Germany, excited, together with the disappointment experienced by many who were unable to obtain admission, induced the Director of the Theatre to make an offer to the composer of a certain consideration if he would condescend once more to appear in public, and assist at a repetition of the same music. With this request he complied; and in addition to the pieces before performed, he offered them a manuscript Terzetto, with Italian words, which was accordingly performed, and considered by the numerous Italian amateurs in Vienna as a kind of compliment paid by the composer to themselves. The performance went off with still greater *éclat* than on the former occasion, and this new composition was hailed by all with no less enthusiasm than the other works.



No. IV.

Characteristics of Beethoven, from Wegeler and Ries's "Notizen."

When Beethoven's reputation had attained the highest point at Vienna, his dislike to playing in society was so ungovernable that he used completely to lose his temper in consequence; and would often come to see me in the most melancholy mood, complaining that play he *must*, although he felt the blood tingling in his fingers. By degrees I used to draw him into a conversation of a more cheerful tendency, and always succeeded in ultimately pacifying him. This object attained I used to drop all discourse, sit down to my writing-desk, and thus oblige Beethoven to take the chair next to me, for the purpose of further conversation —that chair being the one used at the piano. The vicinity of the instrument soon led him to strike some chords at random, whence sprung the most beautiful melodies. Oh! why did I not more fully understand him! Wishing to possess a manuscript of his, I more than once put before him on the desk some music-paper, seemingly without inten-

tion; it was always filled, but when he had done this, he folded it and put it into his pocket, leaving me to laugh at my own miscalculation. He never permitted me to say much, if anything, about his playing on these occasions, and always went away an altered being, ready to come back to me. His antipathy to playing in company, however, remained unshaken, and was frequently the cause of the greatest quarrels between him and his friends and patrons.

Haydn had been anxious that Beethoven should write on the titles of his early works "*pupil of Haydn*;" to this Beethoven objected, saying, that although he had received some instructions from Haydn, yet *he had never learnt anything of him.* Beethoven during his first stay at Vienna had been Mozart's pupil for a short time, but used to complain of this great master never having played to him. Albrechtsberger gave him instructions in counterpoint, and Salieri in dramatic music. I was well acquainted with these three men; they all agreed in their regard for Beethoven, as well as in their opinion of his mode of learning. Each said Beethoven had always been so obstinate and self-willed, that his own hard-earned experience often had to teach him those things the study of

which he would not hear of; this was more especially affirmed by Albrechtsberger and Salieri. The dry rules of the former, and the less important ones of the latter on dramatic composition (in the old Italian school), would not excite any interest in Beethoven; we may therefore be allowed to doubt Seyfried's "incontrovertible evidence" as given in his Studies, that "Beethoven devoted his two years' *apprenticeship* with Albrechtsberger with unremitting perseverance to his theoretical studies."

Ries says, in his Notizen, page 87, Beethoven had promised the three Sonatas for piano-forte solo (Op. 31), to Nägeli of Zurich, whilst his brother Carl (Caspar), who alas! always would interfere in his affairs, wanted to sell them to a Leipsic publisher. The brothers used to have frequent disputes on this subject, Beethoven being determined to keep his promise. At the time of sending off these Sonatas, Beethoven lived in Heiligenstadt. He was one day walking with his brother when a new quarrel arose between them on this subject, which actually ended in blows. The next day he gave me the Sonatas to be sent off to Zürich without delay; he had at the same time written to his brother, and sent the letter under cover to Stephen Breuning for perusal. I never heard a

lecture given more forcibly and more good-naturedly than that which Beethoven here preached to his brother, on his conduct of the preceding day. He began by showing it to him in its true and most despicable light—then forgave him everything—but warned him that if he valued his own future happiness, he must alter his life and conduct altogether. His letter to Breuning on this occasion was no less beautiful than the above-mentioned.

As a proof of Beethoven's extraordinary faculties it may here be quoted, that, at the first rehearsal of his piano-forte Concerto in C major, which took place at his house, his piano proved to be half a tone lower than the wind instruments. He immediately desired these to tune in B instead of A, whilst he himself played his part in C sharp.

Ries gives us a curious instance of the manner in which the great master showed his originality. He says it is in the first movement of the Sinfonia eroica that Beethoven has vented his spleen upon the horn. Previous to the motivo returning in the second part, he has indicated it through the horn whilst the two violins hold on the chord of the second. Those who are not initiated into this secret of the score, must ever think the horn-player

had miscounted, and made a wrong entry. At the first rehearsal of this Symphony, which was a stormy one, and where the horn-player came in correctly, I stood next to Beethoven, and, taking it for granted that the horn-player was wrong, I said "Listen to that stupid fellow—can he not count—it sounds wretchedly!" I think my ears narrowly escaped being boxed, and Beethoven did not for some time forgive me.* He played the same evening his piano-forte Quintett with wind instruments. Ram, the celebrated oboe-player of Munich, played also, and accompanied the Quintett. At one of the pauses in the last Allegro, previously to the subject coming on again, Beethoven of a

* This passage has puzzled many a leader and conductor, and many have altered it thus:—

Whilst in the score it is written,—

ED.

sudden began to extemporize, taking the Rondo for his subject, thus amusing himself and his audience for some time. Not so his wind instruments; these lost their temper, particularly Mr. Ram, who was much incensed. It was indeed ludicrous to see these gentlemen, who were constantly expecting to recommence, putting up their instruments, and as quickly taking them down again. At length Beethoven was satisfied, and returned to the Rondo, the whole company being in raptures.

The Funeral March of the grand Sonata, Op. 26, in a flat minor, dedicated to Prince Lichnowsky, owes its existence to the high encomiums which were bestowed by Beethoven's friends on Paer's Funeral March in his Opera of "Achilles."*

On Steibelt coming from Paris to Vienna, several of Beethoven's friends were afraid lest the great reputation of the former should be injurious to

* Beethoven being in the box of a much esteemed lady during the performance of "La Molinara," she said, on hearing the well-known "Nel cor più," "I had some variations on this subject, but have lost them." Beethoven, the same night, wrote the six Variations on this subject, and the next morning sent them to the lady, writing upon them, "Variazioni, &c., perdute da ——, retrovate da Luigi v. B." They are so easy that the lady might well have played them at first sight.—WEGELER.

Beethoven. Steibelt did not call upon him, and they first met at Count Fries's where Beethoven performed his new Trio in B major for piano, clarionet, and violin (Op. 11) for the first time; the player not having here an opportunity for display. Steibelt listened with a kind of condescension, and paid Beethoven some every-day compliment, thinking himself secure in his triumph. He played a Quintett of his own, and an extempore Fantasia, and produced much effect by the novelty of his tremulandos. Beethoven was not to be persuaded into a second performance. At a concert, which took place a week later at Count Fries's, Steibelt again played a Quintett with much success, and had, moreover, got up for the occasion (as was palpably felt) a brilliant Fantasia, upon the very subject of the variations in Beethoven's Trio: this so incensed his admirers and himself that he was made to extemporize; he went up to the instrument in his usual, I may say uncouth manner, being half pushed towards it, took *en passant* the violoncello part of Steibelt's Quintett, laid it (intentionally?) upside down on the desk, and drummed a subject, beginning at the first bars with one finger; but having been excited and offended at the same time, he gave us such a performance as to make Steibelt quit the room ere he had done, declaring he would

never meet Beethoven again, and indeed making Beethoven's non-appearance a condition to those who desired to have him.

Beethoven usually put off to the very last moment such compositions as were to be ready at a stated period; thus he had promised the celebrated horn-player, Ponto, to write a Sonata for piano-forte and French horn (Op. 17), and play it with him at Ponto's concert; this had been publicly announced, never having been commenced till the day before the concert, and was terminated for the performance.

The celebrated Sonata in A minor, Op. 47, with violin-concertante, dedicated to Kreuzer, had originally been written for Bridgetower, an English performer, and much in the same manner, although the first Allegro was finished in good time. Bridgetower urged him on to set about it, his concert being announced, and he anxious to study his part. I was suddenly called to Beethoven one morning at half-past four, and he said—"Write out this violin part of the first Allegro with all haste" (his usual copyist was already employed): he had but slightly sketched the piano-forte part, and Bridgetower played that lovely subject with variations in

F major, from Beethoven's own manuscript, at eight in the morning at his concert in the 'Augarten'—there being no time to copy it. The last Allegro $\frac{6}{8}$ A major, had, on the contrary, been beautifully copied both in the violin and piano-forte part, having originally belonged to the first Sonata, Op. 30, in A major, dedicated to the Emperor Alexander; he deemed it too brilliant for this work, and substituted those variations which we still find in it.

Beethoven esteemed Mozart and Handel most of all composers, and next to them S. Bach. If ever I found him with music in his hand, or on his desk, it was sure to be that of one of these mighty men. Haydn rarely escaped without a side cut, partly perhaps from a former grudge he bore him, and of which the following may be a cause:—Beethoven's three Trios, Op. 1, were to be first ushered into the world of cognoscenti at one of Prince Lichnowsky's soirées. All those distinguished in the art had been invited, and Haydn amongst the number; *his* judgment being anxiously looked up to. The Trios were played and at once created a great sensation. Haydn, too, expressed himself with much satisfaction to Beethoven, advising him, however, *not* to publish the third in C

minor, whilst he, considering this the best,* was much struck by Haydn's advice, leaving him under the impression of being envied and looked upon rather in jealousy than as a friend.

If, in playing to him, I made a mistake in passages, or if I happened to strike a *wrong* note where he required a particularly accentuated one, he seldom said anything; but if I showed any want of expression, if I omitted a *crescendo*, &c., or if I did not succeed in rendering the character of the piece, he became incensed: the former, he said, was chance; but the latter, want of knowledge, of feeling, or of attention. Indeed, he himself might often be reproached with the former defect, even when playing in public.

In the second Symphony in D major, the manuscript score of which Beethoven gave me, something very striking occurs, in the Larghetto quasi Andante. This Larghetto is so beautiful, so clear and bright, and the harmony so pure, that the hearer could not imagine it had ever been altered. The plan had indeed been the same from the beginning, but, in the second violin, as well as in many parts of

* As it proves to be in our days, where it is always the one most admired.

the tenor, there are considerable alterations in the accompaniments, the original thoughts having been so carefully effaced as to render it impossible for me to trace them in spite of all the pains I took to that effect. On questioning Beethoven about it, he drily retorted, "*It is better thus.*"

During a walk which I took with Beethoven, I was talking to him of two consecutive fifths which occur in one of his earliest violin-Quartetts in C *minor*, and which, to my surprise, sound most harmoniously. Beethoven did not know what I meant, and would not believe they *could* be fifths. He soon produced the piece of music-paper which he was in the habit of carrying about with him, and I wrote down the passage with its four parts. When I had thus proved myself to be right, he said, "Well, and who forbids them?" Not knowing what to make of this question, I was silent, and he repeated it several times, until I at length replied, in great amazement, "Why, it is one of the very first rules." He, however, still repeated his question, and I answered, "Marpurg, Kirnberger, Fuchs, &c. &c.—in fact, all theorists." "Well, then, *I* permit them," was his final answer.

While Beethoven was playing with me at Count Brown's his three Marches for two performers, Op.

45, P—— was carrying on a loud and merry conversation with a beautiful young lady seated in the doorway near the ante-room. Beethoven made several attempts to silence them, and when these proved fruitless, suddenly and in the midst of playing lifted my hands off the keys, jumped up and said, loud enough to be heard by everybody, "I do not play for such swine." All attempts to make him return to the piano proved fruitless, nor did he permit me to play any more. The music ceased accordingly, to the vexation of every person present.

The following was the cause of his breaking with Himmel. They had met one day, and Beethoven sat down to extemporise at Himmel's request, afterwards desiring him to do the same; Himmel was weak enough to consent, and, after having played for a considerable time, Beethoven exclaimed, "Well, when are you going to begin in good earnest?" Himmel, who had thought wonders of his own performance, started up at these words, and both became rude to each other. Beethoven said to me, "I thought Himmel had just been preluding." They made it up afterwards, and Himmel could forgive but not forget; they even carried on a correspondence for some little time, but at last Himmel played Beethoven a sad trick. The latter always wanted to have the last news from Berlin,

which somewhat annoyed Himmel, who at length wrote to him—"The latest piece of news is the invention of a lantern for the blind." Beethoven carried this piece of intelligence abroad, and all the world wished to know how this might possibly be. He immediately wrote to *Himmel*, and reproached him with not having sent a full explanation. The answer received, but which I cannot here impart, was such as finally closed their correspondence; all that was ludicrous in the letter fell to Beethoven's share, and yet he was so imprudent as to show it to several persons.

One of our country excursions led us on so far that we did not return to Döbling (Beethoven's residence) till eight o'clock. He had been humming to himself the whole way, and keeping up a kind of howling, up and down, without articulating any distinct sounds. Upon asking him what he meant by this, he said "I have just thought of a subject for the last movement of the Sonata (in F minor, Op. 57). On entering the room, he ran up to the piano without taking off his hat. I sat down in a corner, where he soon forgot me, and for the next hour he went on storming over the keys until the Finale, such as we now admire it, was struck out. At length he got up, and, surprised at still finding me there, said, "I cannot give you a lesson to-day, I must work."

Beethoven once laid down a serious plan for a joint and very extensive tour, where I was to have arranged the concerts and played all his Concertos and other works. He himself would have conducted and extemporised only. The latter was in fact the most extraordinary performance that could be witnessed, especially when he was in good spirits, or otherwise excited. I never heard any one come near the height which Beethoven had attained in this branch of execution. The stores of thought which crowded upon him, the caprice by which he was led on, the variety of treatment, and the difficulties, whether accidental or called forth by himself, were inexhaustible.

As we were one day talking of subjects for Fugues at the conclusion of a lesson, I sitting at the piano and he next to me, I began to play the subject of the first Fugue of Graun's "Death of Jesus." Beethoven soon played it after me, first with the left hand, and then bringing in the right, he worked it up for more than half an hour without the slightest interruption. I am still at a loss to think how he could bear his uncomfortable position; but his inspiration made *him* insensible to external impressions.

On Clementi's coming to Vienna, Beethoven was going to call upon him; but his brother persuaded him that Clementi ought to pay him the first visit;

this he would probably have done, although much the older of the two, had there been no gossip about it. As it was, Clementi had been at Vienna for some time, before he knew Beethoven even by sight. At one time we used often to dine at the "Swan," at one and the same table—Clementi with his pupil Klengel, Beethoven with me: we knew each other, but did not speak or even bow, as by so doing we might either of us have forfeited our lessons; for my own part, I know this must have been the case, as Beethoven never held a middle course.

The Sonata in C major (Op. 53), dedicated to his first patron, Count Waldstein, had originally a long Andante. A friend of Beethoven's pronounced this Sonata to be too long, which brought him a volley of abuse in return; upon quietly weighing the matter, however, my master convinced himself of the truth of his assertion. He then published the grand Andante in F major, $\frac{3}{8}$ time, separately, and afterwards composed the highly interesting introduction to the Rondo, such as it now stands. This Andante will ever bring a sad recollection to my mind. When Beethoven played it for the first time to his friend Krumpholz and me, we were so delighted with it, that, by dint of begging, we got him to play it over again. On my return home, as I passed Prince Lichnowsky's door, I went in, to tell

him of Beethoven's beautiful new composition, and was now compelled to play the piece as far as I could remember it. As I went on, I remembered more and more of it, so that the Prince made me try the whole over again: by this means he too learnt part of it, and, thinking to afford Beethoven a surprise, he walked into his room the next day, saying, "I too have composed something which is not bad." Beethoven firmly declared he would not hear it; but in spite of this the Prince sat down and played the greater part of the Andante, to the amazement of the composer. He was so incensed at this that he vowed he never would play to me again; no, nor even in my presence, and often required of me to leave the room on that account. One day, as a small party were breakfasting with the Prince after the concert at the "Augarten" (at eight in the morning), Beethoven and I being present, it was proposed that we should drive to Beethoven's house to hear his new opera "Leonora," which had never been performed. Upon our arrival, Beethoven desired me to leave, and as the earnest solicitations of all present were of no avail, I did go, but with tears in my eyes. The whole party noticed it, and, Prince Lichnowsky following my steps, desired I would remain in the ante-room, and he would make up the matter, of which he considered himself to have been

the cause. Of this, however, my wounded pride would not hear. I learnt afterwards that Lichnowsky had reproached Beethoven with great violence, as after all it was only the Prince's love for the great composer's works which brought about the whole occurrence, and consequently Beethoven's wrath too; but all this tended only to make matters worse, as he now declined playing to the company assembled.

The third of his Violin-Quartetts in *D major* (Op. 18) was first composed, and the one in F, now the first, had originally been the third.

Beethoven had scarcely travelled at all; he had in his younger years, towards the close of the century, been to Presburgh, Pesth, and once to Berlin. Although his manner was alike to men, whether of the highest or the lowest conditions, yet he was by no means insensible to the civilities of the former. Whilst at Berlin he played several times at court (in the reign of King Frederick William II.), and there composed the two Sonatas with violoncello *obligato* (Op. 5) for himself and Duport, first violoncello to the king. Beethoven was presented, on his departure, with a gold snuff-box filled with louis-d'ors, and he used to relate with much com-

placency, that it was no common box, but such as is usually given to ambassadors.

He used to see a good deal of Himmel, whom he set down as having a pleasing talent, but nothing more; his piano-forte playing he called elegant and agreeable, but said he must not be compared to Prince Louis Ferdinand. He paid the latter, as he thought, a great compliment, by telling him he did not consider him anything like a royal or princely performer, but a famous piano-forte player.

During Prince Ferdinand's stay at Vienna, the old Countess —— gave a musical *soirée* to a few friends,—Beethoven amongst the number; but at supper there was a table laid for the Prince and the highest nobility alone, and no cover for Beethoven. He took fire, uttered some coarse expressions, and took his hat and left the house. A few days later Prince Louis gave a dinner-party, to which the old Countess had been invited. On sitting down, places were assigned to the Countess on one, to Beethoven on the other side of the Prince, a distinction which he always talked of with great pleasure

My father's letter of introduction to Beethoven

contained at the same time a credit to a small amount, should I stand in need of it. I never made use of it, but whenever he found my cash running low he sent me money unsolicited, and never would allow me to refund it to him; he really loved me, and in one of his absent fits gave me a singular proof of it. On my return to Silesia, where I had been as pianist to Prince Lichnowsky, upon Beethoven's recommendation, he was in the act of shaving just as I entered his room, soaped up to his very eyes; to which his excessively strong beard extended. On perceiving me, he started up and embraced me with so much cordiality, that he effectually transferred every particle of the soapy substance from his left cheek to my right. How we did laugh at this!

One evening, on coming to Baden to continue my lessons, I found Beethoven sitting on the sofa, a young and handsome lady beside him. Afraid of intruding my presence, which I judged might be unwelcome, I was going to withdraw, but Beethoven prevented me, saying, "You can play in the mean time." He and the lady remained seated behind me. I had been playing for some time, when Beethoven suddenly exclaimed, "Ries, play us an

Amoroso;" shortly after "a *Malinconico;*" then an "*Appassionato,*" &c. From what I heard I could guess that he had in some way given offence to the lady, and was now trying to make up for it by such whimsical conduct. At last he started up, crying, "Why that is my own, every bit!" I had all along been playing extracts from his own works, linked together by short transitions, and thus seemed to have pleased him. The lady soon left, and I found to my utter astonishment that Beethoven did not know who she was. I learnt that she had come in shortly before me to make his acquaintance. We followed her steps to discover her residence, and thence her rank; we saw her at a distance, the moon shining brightly, but found that she suddenly disappeared. We extended our walk through the lovely valley for the next hour and a half; on leaving him that night, he said, "I *must* find out who she is, and you must help." I met her a long time afterwards at Vienna, when I discovered her to be the mistress of some foreign prince. I communicated the news to Beethoven, but never heard anything more concerning her, either from him or any one else.

I never saw more of Beethoven than whilst I

lodged at a tailor's, who had three most beautiful daughters, of irreproachable conduct. It is to this he alludes when he thus concludes his letter of July 24, 1804: "Do not tailor too much, make my respects to the fairest of the fair, and send me half-a-dozen needles."

Beethoven took lessons of Krumpholz, on the violin, at Vienna; and when first I knew him,* we used to play his Sonatas with violin together. This was, however, wretched music, for in his zealous ecstasy he did not perceive that he had missed the right fingering of the passages.

Beethoven was most awkward and helpless, and his every movement completely void of grace. He seldom laid his hand upon anything without breaking it: thus he several times emptied the contents of the inkstand into the neighbouring piano. No one piece of furniture was safe with him, and least of all a costly one: he used either to upset, stain, or destroy it. How he ever managed to learn the art of shaving himself still remains a riddle, leaving the frequent cuts visible in his face quite

* Consequently after his hearing had been impaired.—WEGELER.

out of the question. He never *could* learn to *dance* in time.

Beethoven's Violin Quintett (Op. 29), in C *major*, had been sold to a publisher at Leipzig, but was stolen at Vienna, and suddenly appeared at Artaria & Co.'s. Having been copied in one night, it had innumerable mistakes, and whole bars had been left out. Beethoven behaved on this occasion with a degree of policy of which we in vain look for a second example in his life. He required Artaria to send me fifty printed copies for correction, but desired me at the same time to be so lavish of the ink upon the coarse paper, and to draw my pen so thickly through some of the lines, as to render it impossible for Artaria to sell or use any one of these copies. The corrections applied chiefly to the *Scherzo*. I kept strictly to Beethoven's request; and Artaria, to avoid a law-suit, was compelled to melt down the plates.

Beethoven was very forgetful in most things. Count Browne having presented him with a beautiful horse, in return for the dedication of the Variations in A *major* (No. 5, on a Russian air), he rode it a few times, but soon forgot it, and, what is

worse, its food also. His servant, who became aware of this, began to hire out the horse for his own profit; and, to avoid Beethoven's noticing this, he purposely kept back the bills for provender until at last a tremendously long one reached him. This at once recalled to his memory both his horse and his forgetfulness.

Beethoven was at times exceedingly passionate. One day when I dined with him at the "Swan," the waiter brought him a wrong dish. Beethoven had no sooner uttered a few words of reproof (to which the other retorted in no very polite manner), than he took the dish, amply filled with the gravy of the stewed beef it contained, and threw it at the waiter's head. Those who know the dexterity of Viennese waiters in carrying at one and the same time numberless plates full of different viands, will conceive the distress of the poor man, who could not move his arms, while the gravy trickled down his face. Both he and Beethoven swore and shouted, whilst all the parties assembled roared with laughter. At last Beethoven himself joined the chorus, on looking at the waiter, who was licking in with his tongue the stream of gravy which, much as he fought against it, hindered him from uttering any more

invectives; the evolutions of his tongue causing the most absurd grimaces. The picture was worthy a Hogarth.

Beethoven scarcely knew what money was, which frequently caused unpleasant scenes; for, being suspicious by nature, he would fancy himself deceived without a cause. Irritable as he was, he used to call the people cheats, an appellation which had often to be atoned for by a *douceur* to the waiters. At those hotels which he mostly frequented they became at last so well acquainted with his fits of absence or eccentricity, that they would let him do anything, and even allow him to leave without having paid his reckoning.

As to Beethoven's posthumous manuscripts, I have my doubts about them. The "Œuvres Posthumes" will not be acknowledged as such by me, unless I see them attested in his own hand-writing. My reasons are the following:—

Firstly. Because, during the time of my stay with him, from the year 1800 until November, 1805, and on my return to Vienna in 1809, there was no one manuscript in his possession. Beethoven was in arrears with works up to his death.

Secondly. All such trifles and things which he never meant to publish, as not considering them worthy of his name, were secretly brought into the world by his brothers. Such were the Songs, published when he had attained the highest degree of fame, composed years before at Bonn, previous to his departure for Vienna; and in like manner other trifles, written for albums, &c., were secretly taken from him and brought out.

Thirdly. As most of his letters addressed to me whilst in England speak of pecuniary distress, why should he not have sent me manuscripts, if possessed of any?

Again. After having succeeded—and that not without trouble—to get the Philharmonic Society of London to order three Overtures of him, as their exclusive property, he sent me three, not one of which we could use. The public was naturally led to anticipate great things from such a name as Beethoven's: he was expected to produce works of no common order for these concerts, and such alone could the Society bring forward. He published the three Overtures three years later, and the Society did not think this worth a prosecution. The Overture to the "Ruins of Athens" was one of the three. I think it unworthy of him.

Had Beethoven possessed better productions amongst his manuscripts, he would doubtless have sent them to this Society: this his letters clearly prove. His frequent assertion too, that he could live by his pen, makes me doubt the genuineness of the three posthumous piano-forte Quartetts published by Artaria. I never could convince myself that they were his.

Beethoven could not possibly have cobbled together from old themes his gigantic work, the Three Sonatas, Op. 2, which he dedicated to Haydn, and which at once excited so great a sensation in the musical world, any more than he could in later years have misapplied those themes for flimsy, ill-written Quartetts; for, till his death, his genius was incessantly productive of originality.

No. V.

Additional Characteristics, Traits and Anecdotes of Beethoven.

(Extracted from Seyfried's Work, "Beethoven Studien," &c.)

Beethoven should by no means be offered as a model for directors of orchestras. The performers under him were obliged cautiously to avoid being led astray by their conductor, who thought only of his composition, and constantly laboured to depict the exact expression required by the most varied gesticulations. Thus, when the passage was loud, he often beat time downwards, when his hand should have been up. A diminuendo he was in the habit of making by contracting his person, making himself smaller and smaller; and when a pianissimo occurred, he seemed to slink, if the word is allowable, beneath the conductor's desk. As the sounds increased in loudness, so did he gradually rise up, as if out of an abyss; and when the full force of the united instruments broke upon the ear, raising himself on tiptoe, he looked of gigantic stature, and, with both his arms floating about in undulating motion, seemed as if he would soar to the clouds. He was all motion, no part of him remained in-

active, and the entire man could only be compared to a *perpetuum mobile*. When his deafness increased, it was productive of frequent mischief, for the maestro's hand went up when it ought to have descended. He contrived to set himself right again most easily in the piano passages, but of the most powerful fortes he could make nothing. In many cases, however, his eye afforded him assistance, for he watched the movements of the bows, and, thus discovering what was going on, soon corrected himself.

Among his favourite dishes was bread soup, made in the manner of pap, in which he indulged every Thursday. To compose this, ten eggs were set before him, which he tried before mixing them with the other ingredients; and if it unfortunately happened that any of them were musty, a grand scene ensued; the offending cook was summoned to the presence by a tremendous ejaculation. She, however, well knowing what might occur, took care cautiously to stand on the threshold of the door, prepared to make a precipitate retreat; but the moment she made her appearance the attack commenced, and the broken eggs, like bombs from well directed batteries, flew about her ears, their yellow and white contents covering her with viscous streams.

He never walked in the streets without a note-book, in which he entered whatever occurred to him at the moment. If the conversation accidentally turned upon this habit, he parodied the words of Joan of Arc,—"Without my colours I must not come," and with undeviating firmness observed the self-imposed law. But his regularity was confined to this: the most exquisite confusion reigned in his house; books and music were scattered in all directions; here the residue of a cold luncheon—there some full, some half-emptied bottles; on the desk the hasty sketch of a new quartett; in another corner the remains of breakfast; on the piano-forte the scribbled hints for a noble Symphony, yet little more than in embryo; hard by, a proof-sheet, waiting to be returned; letters from friends, and on business, spread all over the floor; between the windows a goodly Stracchino cheese, and on one side of it ample vestiges of a genuine Verona salai; and, notwithstanding all this confusion, he constantly eulogised, with Ciceronian eloquence, his own neatness and love of order! When, however, for whole hours, days, and often weeks, something mislaid was looked for, and all search had proved fruitless, then he changed his tone, and bitterly complained that everything was done to annoy him. But the servants knew the natural goodness of their master; they suffered him to

rave, and in a few moments it was all forgotten, till a similar occasion renewed the scene.

He himself often joked about his almost illegible characters, and used to add, by way of excuse, "Life is too short to paint letters or notes, and fairer notes would hardly rescue me from poverty" (punning upon the words *Noten* and *Nöthen*). The whole of the morning, from the earliest dawn till dinner-time, was employed in the mechanical work of writing; the rest of the day was devoted to thought, and the arrangement of his ideas. Scarcely had the last morsel been swallowed, when, if he had no more distant excursion in view, he took his usual walk; that is to say, he ran in double-quick time, as if hunted by bailiffs, twice round the town. Whether it rained, or snowed, or hailed, or the thermometer stood an inch or two below the freezing point—whether Boreas blew a chilling blast from the Bohemian mountains, or whether the thunder roared and forked lightnings played, —what signified it to the enthusiastic lover of his art, in whose genial mind, perhaps, were budding, at the very moment when the elements were in fiercest conflict, the harmonious feelings of a balmy spring!

Beethoven permitted himself but rarely, even

among his intimate friends, to express his opinions of contemporary artists. His own words, however will attest what he thought of the four following masters:—

"Cherubini is, in my opinion, of all the living composers, the most admirable. Moreover, as regards his conception of the Requiem, my ideas are in perfect accordance with his, and some time or other, if I can but once set about it, I mean to profit by the hints to be found in that work.

"C. M. Weber began to learn too late; the art had not time to develop itself, and his only and very perceptible effort was, to attain the reputation of geniality.

"Mozart's Zauberflöte will ever remain his greatest work, for in this he showed himself the true German composer. In Don Giovanni he still retained the complete Italian cut and style, and moreover the sacred art should never suffer itself to be degraded to the foolery of so scandalous a subject.

"Handel is the unequalled master of all masters! Go, turn to him, and learn, with few means, how to produce such effects."

"What is Rossini?" he was once asked. He immediately wrote in answer, as after he became deaf, he spoke but little,—"A good scene-painter."

During his last illness it was found necessary to draw off the water, and during the operation he observed, "Rather water from my body than from my pen."

He received a flattering invitation from a musical society to compose a Cantata, the request being accompanied by a portion of the sum to be paid for the work. Beethoven accepted it. For a very long time, however, nothing more was heard of him. Then came, couched in the most delicate terms, a letter to remind him of his engagement, signed, in consequence of the absence of the president of the society, by his locum tenens (*Stellvertreter*). The reply was—"I have not forgotten; such things must not be hurried; I shall keep my word.—Beethoven, MP.* (Selbstvertreter) se ipsum tenens!"

Alas! he *could not* keep his word.

If he happened not to be in the humour, it required pressing and reiterated entreaties to get him to the piano-forte. Before he began in earnest, he used sportively to strike the keys with the palm of his hand, draw his finger along the key-board from one end to the other, and play all manner of gambols, at which he laughed heartily.

* *Manu propria*, with his own hand.

During his summer residence at the seat of a Mecænas, he was on one occasion so rudely pressed to exhibit before the stranger guests, that he became quite enraged, and obstinately refused a compliance which he considered would be an act of servility. A threat that he should be confined a prisoner to the house—uttered, no doubt, without the slightest idea of its being carried into execution—so provoked Beethoven, that, night-time as it was, he ran off, upwards of three miles, to the next town, and thence travelling post, hurried to Vienna. As some satisfaction for the indignity offered him, the bust of his patron became an expiatory sacrifice. It fell, shattered into fragments, from the book-case to the floor.

During one of my visits to Vienna, my brother, who is a resident of Prague, made a journey expressly to see me; and one morning, finding I had an appointment with Beethoven, was exceedingly anxious to get a sight of a man of such celebrity, whom he had never yet had an opportunity of seeing. It was very natural that I should wish to gratify his curiosity, but I told him, that although he was my own brother, yet I knew the peculiarities of the man so well, that nothing could induce me to commit the indiscretion of an introduction.

He was, however, too intent upon his wish to let the opportunity escape without a further endeavour, and said that, surely, I might allow him to call, as if in furtherance of another appointment which we had mutually made. To this I consented, and off we went to Beethoven's, where I left my brother in the passage below to wait the issue of our arrangement. I remained with Beethoven about half an hour, when taking out my watch and looking at it, I hastily wrote in his conversation-book that I had a particular appointment at that hour, and that I apprehended my brother was still waiting below to accompany me. Beethoven, who was sitting at the table in his shirt-sleeves, instantly started from his seat, and quitting the room with precipitation, left me in no little embarrassment, wondering what was to follow. In a minute afterwards back he came, dragging in my brother by the arm, and in a hurried manner forced him into a seat. "And is it possible," said he, "that you, too, could think me such a bear as not to receive your brother with kindness?" My brother, who had before received some vague insinuations that the renowned composer was not at all times in his sober senses, looked as pale as ashes, and only began to regain his self-possession on hearing the question which Beethoven so kindly, yet so reproachfully, asked me; for it

appeared that the latter had rushed precipitately down the stairs, and, without saying a word, seized my brother by the arm and dragged him up stairs as if he had caught hold of a criminal. No sooner was my brother fairly seated than he behaved in the most kind and obliging manner towards him, pressing him to take wine and other refreshments. This simple but abrupt act clearly shows, that however strange his manners were, he had at heart that kindly and good feeling which ever accompanies genius. If we were to take the external manner for the internal man, what egregious mistakes should we often make!—Ed.

No. VI.

BEETHOVEN'S LAST MOMENTS.

THE PROPERTY FOUND AFTER HIS DEATH. CORRESPONDENCE relative to the gift made to Beethoven by the Philharmonic Society of London.

I.

MR. SCHINDLER TO MR. MOSCHELES.

Vienna, March 24, 1827.

My dear good Moscheles,

You must not be surprised at the difference of date between these two letters. I wished to retain Beethoven's for a few days, because, on the day after that letter was written, *i. e.* the 19th of March, we had every reason to fear that our great master was about to breathe his last. This event, however, has not yet happened, but by the time you read these lines, my good Moscheles, our friend will be no longer among the living. His dissolution approaches with rapid steps, and indeed it is the unanimous wish of us all to see him released from his dreadful sufferings. Nothing else remains to be hoped for. One may indeed say that, for the last

eight days, he has been more like a dead than living man, being able only now and then to muster sufficient strength to ask a question, or to inquire for what he wanted. His condition appears, to all accounts, to be very similar to that which was lately endured by the Duke of York. He is in an almost constant state of insensibility, or rather of stupor; his head hanging down on his chest, and his eyes staringly fixed for hours upon the same spot. He seldom recognises his most intimate acquaintances, and requires to be told who stands before him. This is dreadful to behold, but only for a few days longer can such a state of things last: since yesterday all the natural functions of the body have ceased; he will, therefore, please God, soon be released, and we shall no longer have to behold his sufferings.

Crowds of people flock to his abode, to see him for the last time, though none are admitted, except those who are bold and audacious enough to molest the dying man in his last hours.

We have been so fortunate as to arrange everything respecting his last will, though there is hardly anything left but a few pieces of old furniture and some manuscripts. He had in hand a Quintett for stringed instruments, and the tenth Symphony, of which he makes mention in his letter to you. Of

the Quintett there are two movements entirely finished, and it was intended for Diabelli.*

The day immediately succeeding the receipt of your letter he was in extremely good spirits, and talked much of the plan of the Symphony, which was to have proved so much the more grand, as it was intended for the Philharmonic Society. He has frequently spoken of a journey to England as soon as he should recover, and had calculated how he and myself could live most economically on the tour. But, good God! his journey will probably lead him much further than to England. When he found himself a little relieved, he amused himself with reading the ancient Greek authors; also several of Walter Scott's novels. As soon as your consolatory letter had reached him, all his melancholy thoughts, and all his dread of future misery at once vanished. He cheerfully said, "Now we may again occasionally treat ourselves with a merry day." His funds had been already nearly exhausted, and he had consequently been obliged for some time past to retrench his table, which grieved him more than anything else. He immediately desired to have his favourite dish of fish, even if it were only that he might taste of it. The

* A music-seller at Vienna.

exaltation of his mind is indeed so great, that he at times borders upon the childish. We were also obliged to procure for him a great arm-chair, which cost fifty florins, on which he rests daily at least for half an hour, whilst his room and bed are arranging. His caprice, or rather obstinacy, are, however, excessive; just as ever: and this falls particularly hard upon me, since he wishes to have absolutely nobody about him but myself. And what remained for me to do in this, but to give up my teaching and my whole business, in order to devote all my time to him? Everything he eats or drinks I must taste first, to ascertain whether it might not be injurious for him. However willingly I do all this, yet this state of things lasts too long for a poor devil like myself. Whatever there remains of the thousand florins, we intend to apply in defraying the expenses of a respectable interment, which shall be performed without parade in the churchyard near Döbling,* where he ever delighted to roam.

As early as during your last visit to this city,† I stated to you the condition of Beethoven's finances, but did not at that time apprehend that we were to

* A village in a romantic country, about three miles from Vienna.

† Towards the latter end of 1826.

see this excellent man so soon arrive, and thus miserably too, at his last moment.

[Interval of some hours.]

I have just left Beethoven. He is certainly dying; before this letter is beyond the walls of the city, the great light will have become extinct for ever. He is still in full possession of his senses. The enclosed lock I have just cut from his head. I hasten to despatch the letter, in order to run to him. God bless you!

Your most sincere friend,

A. SCHINDLER.

2.

MR. RAU TO MR. MOSCHELES.

Vienna, March 28th, 1827.

Dear Friend,

Beethoven is no more; he departed this life, in a most painful struggle and with dreadful sufferings, on the 26th instant, between five and six o'clock P.M., after having been insensible for the last twenty-four hours.

And now as to the state of his affairs. My last letter to you spoke of nothing but the extreme want and poverty in which he was, according to his own statements, and yet, when an inventory of his effects was taken, in my presence, we found, in an old, half-

mouldy box, no less than seven bank-shares. Whether Beethoven had hidden these intentionally (for he was naturally mistrustful, and hoped for a speedy recovery), or whether their possession had escaped his own memory, is a problem which I do not venture to solve.

The sum of one thousand florins, as sent by the Philharmonic Society, was found untouched. I laid claim to it in conformity with your instructions, but was obliged to deposit it with the magistrates until further notice from the Society as to its final disposal. I would not consent to their defraying the burial expenses out of this money without the Society's authorization to that effect. Should you have it in your power to dispose of any part of the money, pray let it be done in favour of the two old servants who have attended the patient with the utmost care and devotedness, and who—poor faithful creatures!—have been entirely forgotten in the will, Beethoven's nephew being named his sole heir.* As to the present which Beethoven intended sending to the Philharmonic Society, you will hear

* In answer to the above, I informed Mr. Rau, in the name of the Philharmonic Society, that the money having been sent for the express purpose, and on condition that Beethoven himself should make use of it, the Society would, now that the event had taken place before the end in view could be achieved, expect the money to be returned.—Ed.

of it in due time from Mr. Schindler. Let me know soon and circumstantially what steps I am to take, and you may rely upon my conscientiousness in fulfilling your wishes. Beethoven will be buried on the 29th, and an invitation to attend the funeral has been sent to all professors of the different chapels and theatres. The body will be borne by twenty composers, and as many more will be torch-bearers; Grillparzer has written a most affecting address to be spoken by Anschütz at the grave; indeed, everything which could be done to render the solemnity worthy of the deceased seems to be in preparation. * * * *

* * * * * *

* * *

Your friend,

RAU.

3.

Extract of a Letter from

MR. SCHINDLER TO MR. MOSCHELES.

Vienna, September 14th, 1827.

My dear Friend,

I avail myself of the departure for London of Mr. Levisey, the English courier, to write, and also intrust to his care a memorial of our friend Beet-

hoven, since in your last you wished for a manuscript of some well-known composition of the great master: well, here is the end of the Scherzo of the last Symphony, and along with it one of those memorable sketch-books which Beethoven used mostly to fill in the open air, and afterwards to write his scores from them at home; I was so fortunate as to rescue several of them, and to me they are of the deepest interest, since they are scarcely intelligible to the uninitiated. I must tell you that the one I send contains sketches of one of his last Quartetts; and should you ever hear that work, you will no doubt recognise some of the passages, written down at full length. I believe I cannot better prove you my friendship than by sending you this relic, the first and only one I shall ever part with. Mr. L——r informs me he has already sent you Beethoven's portrait; I trust it is *that* lithograph in which he is represented sitting and writing, as all others are bad; on the sheet of paper before him stands *Missa solemnis*. I meant to send you all this together through Mr. Clementi, whose acquaintance I made at Baden, but he left before I was aware of it. * * * * * * *

Most sincerely, your friend,

A. SCHINDLER.

4.

Mr. Rau to Mr. Moscheles.

Vienna, February 15, 1828.

Dear Friend,

I send you enclosed a letter from the guardian of Beethoven's nephew, who is named his sole heir, by which you will see that matters are drawing to a close. I was requested, officially, to make a deposition respecting the thousand florins which the Philharmonic Society of London had given to Beethoven, but not having heard from you to that effect, and not wishing to take any responsibility upon myself, I requested a delay sufficient to allow of my writing and receiving your answer. The guardian's letter will at once show you how matters stand.* And now between ourselves. If you *could* induce the directors to give up the thousand florins

* The above-mentioned enclosure from the guardian (Mr. Hotschilar, imperial notary) urges still more forcibly all that Mr. Rau hints confidentially, with the request that I would lay before the Philharmonic Society the case of young Beethoven (then under age), and earnestly solicit that body not to reclaim the one thousand florins, but, in honour of the great deceased, allow the small patrimony, which he spared no sacrifice in securing for his nephew, to remain untouched. I complied with Mr. Hotschilar's request, and the Society gave its tacit consent by relinquishing all further proceedings: thus doing homage to the great man even in death.—Ed.

it would save much trouble, and perhaps a lawsuit. Even Dr. Eltz and Baron Eskeles think it would be most difficult to identify the thousand florins found in Beethoven's possession at his death with those sent by the Society, the more so as Hofrath Breuning, who had been appointed to take the inventory, has died since. Should the money, however, contrary to all expectations, be required back again, it will be necessary for the Philharmonic Society to send Dr. Eltz a legal writ, empowering him to proceed for them, and at their expense: this might indeed eat up the whole sum. Pray write *soon* and *most explicitly*. * * *

* * *

Your friend,

RAU.

No. VII.

Funeral Honours to Beethoven.

The 29th of March, 1827, was fixed upon for the funeral of the lamented Beethoven. The following fac-simile of the card (on the opposite page) relative to the funeral may not be uninteresting to the reader.

Translation of the Card.

"INVITATION

TO

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN'S

FUNERAL,

Which will take place on the 29th of March, at three o'clock in the afternoon.

The company will assemble at the lodgings of the deceased, in the Schwarz-spanier House, No. 200, on the Glacis, before the Scotch Gate.

The procession will thence go to Trinity Church, at the Fathers' Minorites in Alser Street.

The musical world sustained the irreparable loss of this celebrated composer about six o'clock in the evening of the 26th of March, 1827.

Beethoven died of dropsy, in the 56th year of his age, after receiving the Holy Sacraments.

The day of the exequies will be made known hereafter by

L. van Beethoven's
Admirers and Friends."

Einladung

zu

Ludwig van Beethoven's

Leichenbegängnisse,

welches am 29. März um 3 Uhr Nachmittags Statt finden wird.

Man versammelt sich in der Wohnung des Verstorbenen im Schwarzspanier=Hause, Nr. 200, am Glacis vor dem Schottenthore.

Der Zug begibt sich von da nach der Dreyfaltigkeits=Kirche bey den P. P. Minoriten in der Alsergasse.

Die musikalische Welt erlitt den unersetzlichen Verlust des berühmten Tondichters am 26. März 1827 Abends gegen 6 Uhr.

Beethoven starb an den Folgen der Wassersucht, im 56. Jahre seines Alters, nach empfangenen heil. Sacramenten.

Der Tag der Exequien wird nachträglich bekannt gemacht von

L. van Beethoven's
Verehrern und Freunden.

(Dieser Karte wird in Tob. Haslingers Musikalienhandlung vertheilt.)

This card having been largely distributed, all the necessary arrangements for the funeral were made with the utmost zeal and promptitude by Mr. Haslinger, the music publisher, and Messrs. Schindler and Hart, friends of the deceased. The morning was fine; and at an early hour crowds of people began to assemble on the Glacis of Alservorstadt, the quarter of the town in which Beethoven resided. Towards the middle of the day, the numbers had increased to upwards of twenty thousand persons of all classes; and so great was the pressure round the residence of the deceased, that it was found necessary to close the gates of the court-yard, where, under an awning, stood the coffin raised upon a bier, and surrounded by mourners. At half-past four the procession began to move, the way having been cleared by a body of the military. Eight principal singers of the Opera-house—Eichberger, Schuster, Cramolini, A. Müller, Hoffmann, Rupprecht, Borschitzky, and A. Wranitzky—had offered to carry the coffin on their shoulders. After the priest had pronounced some prayers, the singers performed a highly impressive Funeral Chant by B. A. Weber, and the whole procession moved forward in the following order:—

1. The cross-bearer; 2. Four trombone-players —the brothers Böck, Waidl, and Tuschky; 3. The

master of the choir, M. Assmayer; and, under his direction, 4. A choir of singers—M. Tietze, Schnitzer, Gross, Sikora, Frühwald, Geissler, Rathmeyer, Kokrement, Fuchs, Nejebse, Ziegler, Perschl, Leidl, Weinkopf, Pfeiffer, and Seipelt, which, alternately with the trombone quartett, performed the Miserere. This walking orchestra was immediately followed by, 5. The high priest; 6. The coffin, borne by the above-mentioned opera-singers, and attended by the chapel-masters—Eybler, Hummel, Seyfried, and Kreutzer, on the right, and Weigl, Gyrowetz, Gänsbacher, and Würfel, upon the left, as pall-bearers. On both sides, from the beginning of the procession to the coffin, were the torch-bearers, thirty-six in number, consisting of poets, authors, composers, and musicians, among whom were M. Grillparzer, Anschütz, Bernard, Castelli, Mayseder, C. Czerny, J. Böhm, Linke, Hildebrand, Schuppanzigh, Holz, Katter, Krall, Baron Lannoy, J. Merk, F. Schubert, Riotte, Schoberlechner, Steiner, Haslinger, Sig. Lablache, David, Radichi, Mechetti, Meric, Pacini, Meier, Schick, Schmidl, Streicher, Weidman, Wolfmeyer, C. Graf, Raimund, Piringer, Grünbaum, &c.; the whole in full mourning, with white roses and bunches of lilies fastened to the crape on their arms. Next followed Beethoven's brother, and M. von

Breuning, (one of the earliest friends of the deceased, and the executor of his last will,) the pupils of the Conservatorio, and the scholars of Kapellmeister Drechsler, (the thorough-bass teacher of St. Ann's,) all deeply lamenting the loss which the musical world had sustained.

As the procession approached the church, the *Miserere** was entoned to an original melody of the deceased, with an accompaniment of four trombones. The history of this striking composition is as follows:—When Beethoven was, in the autumn of 1812, visiting his brother, at the time an apothecary in Linz, he was requested by M. Glögll, Kapellmeister of the cathedral, to compose some movement of a solemn kind for the approaching festival of All Souls. Beethoven willingly undertook the task, and wrote a piece, entitled *Equale a quatro Tromboni,* remarkable for the originality of the harmonies, and its faithful imitation of the genuine antique style.†

On the morning of the 26th of March, 1827, when all hope of Beethoven's recovery had been given over, Mr. Haslinger repaired with it to Kapellmeister Seyfried, with a request that he would

* Given in the following pages.—Ed.

† The original MS. of this curious production is in the possession of Mr. Haslinger, and prized as a relic of no common kind.—Ed.

adapt the words of the Miserere to this *Equale,* that the body of the prince of musicians might be accompanied to its everlasting rest by his own creations. M. Seyfried, in pursuance of this idea, undertook the work, which was finished the night following Beethoven's death, with infinite judgment and good taste. The movements were arranged for four voices (two tenors and two basses) and four trombones.

On reaching the church, the body was placed on a bier at the foot of the high altar, when, after the usual prayers, was sung the solemn anthem *Libera me Domine, de morte eternâ,* composed by Kapellmeister von Seyfried, in the genuine ecclesiastical style. On quitting the church, the coffin was placed in a hearse drawn by four horses, which proceeded towards the burial-ground at Währing, followed by a line of more than two hundred carriages. On reaching the gates of the cemetery, the following poem, from the pen of Grillparzer, was recited by Anschütz, the tragedian, in a very feeling manner:—

'Tis done! A master-spirit of the age
Has pass'd away to his eternal rest:
Henceforth his name belongs to history's page,
Enroll'd with men the noblest and the best.
Yet, though his name does to all time belong,
Ye lately heard and saw the wond'rous man,
Ye heard his living voice, his living song,
And to receive his dying accents ran.

Then deep in mem'ry treasure up his form:
That brow, though stern, with sweetest fancies fraught,
That eye with inspiration kindling warm,
That bosom labouring with the force of thought.
And ye, to whom it was not given to view
His living lineaments with wond'ring eye,
May in his tones behold him pictured true,
In breathing colours that can never die.
Yes: he could paint, in tones of magic force,
The moody passions of the varying soul—
Now winding round the heart with playful course,
Now storming all the breast with wild control.
Forthdrawing from his unexhausted store,
'Twas his to bid the burden'd heart o'erflow:
Infusing joys it never knew before,
And melting it with soft luxurious woe!
We came his funeral rite to celebrate,
Obedient to fond love and duty's call;
But on this moment such proud feelings wait,
It seems a joyous birthday festival.
He liveth! It is wrong to say he's dead:—
The sun, though sinking in the fading west,
Again shall issue from his morning bed,
Like a young giant vigorous from his rest.
He lives! for that is truly living, when
Our fame is a bequest from mind to mind:
His life is in the breathing hearts of men,
Transmitted to the latest of his kind.

Baron von Schlechta and M. Castelli read short but eloquent poems to the sorrowing multitude, and, before the grave was closed, M. Haslinger put into the hands of M. Hummel three wreaths of laurel, which were dropped upon the coffin. The mourners waited till the earth was smoothed

over the grave. All the visitants in turn took a last farewell of the mortal remains of a great genius, and returned home in silence, the shades of evening having by this time gathered around.

On the 3rd of April, 1827, a solemn tribute was paid to the memory of Beethoven at the imperial church of St. Augustin by the performance of Mozart's *Requiem*, in which the great singer Lablache sung the bass part, in a manner that produced a deep impression and shows him to be a profound artist: the whole terminated with the solemn *Miserere* and *Libera* of Kapellmeister von Seyfried. On the 5th of April, 1827, was performed, in the church of St. Charles, the whole of Cherubini's celebrated *Requiem*, admirably executed under the direction of Kapellmeister Hummel. A musical performance also took place, by way of opening a subscription for a monument to Beethoven. It commenced with the celebrated Pastoral Symphony of the lamented master, which was followed by a *Kyrie* from his second Mass in D. From the Abbé Vogler's celebrated *Missa pro defunctis*, were given the *Dies iræ*, the *Sanctus*, and *Benedictus*. The whole closed with Catel's Overture to *Semiramis*. The selection was admirably performed, and the object proposed adequately fulfilled.

LATIN EPITAPHS

ON

BEETHOVEN'S TOMB.

1.

LUDOVICO . VAN . BEETHOVEN.
Cujus.
Ad . Triste .. Mortis . Nuncium.
Omnes . Flevere . Gentes.
Plaudente.
Coelitum . Choro.

2.

In tumulum Ludovici van Beethoven.
Fato mortalis; vita bonus; arte perennis,
Morte suum moriens eximit ipse decus.

MISERERE,

PERFORMED AT BEETHOVEN'S FUNERAL, AT VIENNA, MARCH 29, 1827.

mi-se - re - re me - i De - us mi-se-
mi-se - re - re me - i De - us mi-se-
- re - re me - i De - us mi - se - re - re
mi-se - re - re me - i De - us mi-se-

-re-re me-i De - - us mi-se-re-re
-re-re me-i De - - us mi-se-re-re
me - i De - - us - - mi-se-re-re
-re-re me-i De - - - us mi-se-re-re

f
me - i se-cun-dum
f
me - i se - - cun - dum
f
me - i se-cun - - - - - - dum
f
me - - i se -
f
f

mag - - - nam mi - se - ri - cor - di - am
mag - - - nam mi - se - ri - cor - di - am
mag - nam mi - se - ri - cor - di - am
cundam magnam mi - se - ri - cor - di - am
fz

p
f
mi - - se - - ri - cor - di - am
p
f
mi - - se - - ri - cor - di - am
p
f
mi - - se - - ri - cor - di - am
p
f
mi - - se - - ri - cor - di - am
p
f
fz

p
mi - se - ri - cor - di - am tu - - am
p
mi - se - ri - cor - di - am tu - - am
p
mi - se - ri - cor - di - am tu - - am
p
mi - se - ri - cor - di - am tu - - am
p

f
mi-se - re - re me - i De-
f
mi-se - re - re me - i De-
f
mi-se - re - re me - - i De - -
f
mi-se - re - re me - i De -
f
f
p
f

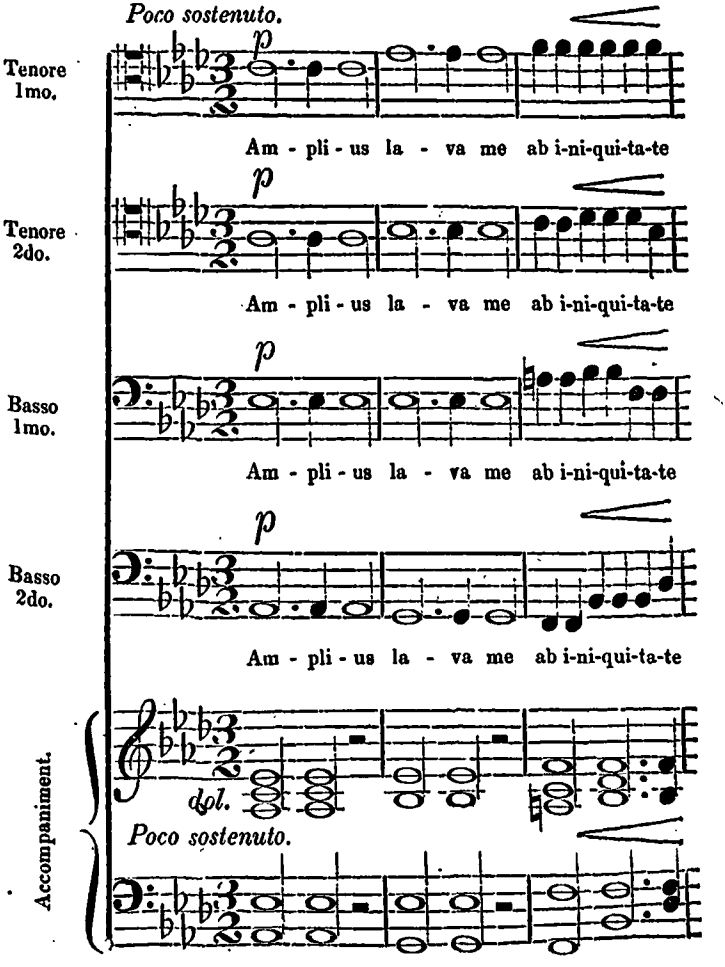
f
us, mi-se - re - re me - i se - cun - dum
us, mi - se-
f
us, mi - se - re - re me - i se-
f
us, mi - se - re - re
f
f

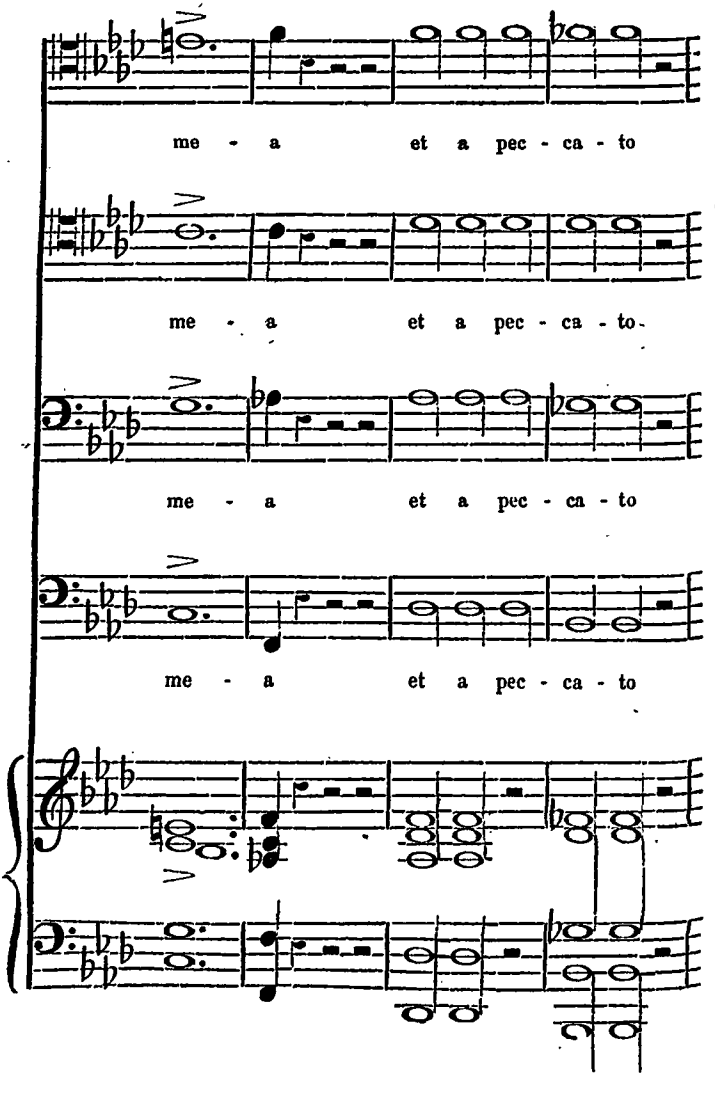
mag - - - nam mi - se - ri - cor - di - am
re - - - re mi - se - ri - cor - di - am
cun - - dum mi - se - ri - cor - di - am
me - - - - i mi - se - ri - cor - di - am
p
ff
p

tu - - am - - - - se - cun - dum
tu - am se - cun - dum mag-
tu - am se - cun - dum mag - nam
tu - - - am - - - - se - cun - dum

pp
mag - nam mi - se - ri - cor - di - am tu - am!
pp
nam mi - se - ri - cor - di - am tu - am!
pp
mag - nam mi - se - ri - cor - di - am tu - am!
pp
mag - nam mi - se - ri - cor - di - am tu - am!
pp

AMPLIUS.


Poco sostenuto.
Tenore 1mo.
Am - pli - us la - va me ab i-ni-qui-ta-te
Tenore 2do.
Am - pli - us la - va me ab i-ni-qui-ta-te
Basso 1mo.
Am - pli - us la - va me ab i-ni-qui-ta-te
Basso 2do.
Am - pli - us la - va me ab i-ni-qui-ta-te
Accompaniment.
dol.
Poco sostenuto.


me - a et a pec - ca - to
me - a et a pec - ca - to
me - a et a pec - ca - to
me - a et a pec - ca - to

me - o mun - da me
me - o mun - da me
f
me - - o mun - - da me et a pec-
f
me - o mun - da me et a pec-
f

et a pec - ca - to a pec - ca - - to
et a pec - ca - to a pec - ca - - to
ca - to pec-ca-to me - o pec - ca - to
ca - to pec-ca-to me - o pec - ca - to

ff
pp
me - o mun - da me!
ff
pp
me - o mun - da me!
ff
pp
me - o mun - da me!
ff
pp
me - o mun - da me!
ff
pp

LIBERA.

(By Seyfried.)

quando coe-li mo-vendi sunt et ter - - - - - ra
quando coe-li mo-vendi sunt et ter - - - - - ra
quando coe-li mo-vendi sunt et ter - - - - - ra
quando coe-li mo-vendi sunt et ter - - - - - ra
mf
dum ve-ne-ris ju-di-ca-re sae-cu-lum ju-di-ca-re
mf
dum ve-ne-ris ju-di-ca-re sae-cu-lum ju-di-ca-re
mf
dum ve-ne-ris ju-di-ca-re sae-cu-lum ju-di-ca-re
mf
dum ve-ne-ris ju-di-ca-re sae-cu-lum ju-di-ca-re

pp
saeculum per ig - - - - nem. Tremens fac-tus sum
pp
saeculum per ig - - nem. Tremens fac-tus sum
pp
saeculum per ig - - nem. Tremens fac-tus sum
pp
saeculum per ig - - nem. Tremens fac-tus sum
e - go et ti - me - o dum dis-cus-si - o ve - ne - rit
e - go et ti - me - o dum dis-cus-si - o ve - ne - rit
e - go et ti - me - o dum dis-cus-si - o ve - ne - rit
e - go et ti - me - o dum dis-cus-si - o ve - ne - rit

at - que ven - tu - ra i - - ra. Quando
at - que ven - tu - ra i - - ra. Quando
at - que ven - tu - ra i - - - - ra. Quando
at - que ven - tu - ra i - - - - ra. Quando
coe - li mo - ven-di sunt et ter - - - - - - ra.
coe - li mo - ven - di sunt et ter - - - - - - - - ra.
coe - li mo - ven - di sunt et ter - - - - - ra.
coe - li mo - ven-di sunt et ter - - - - - ra.

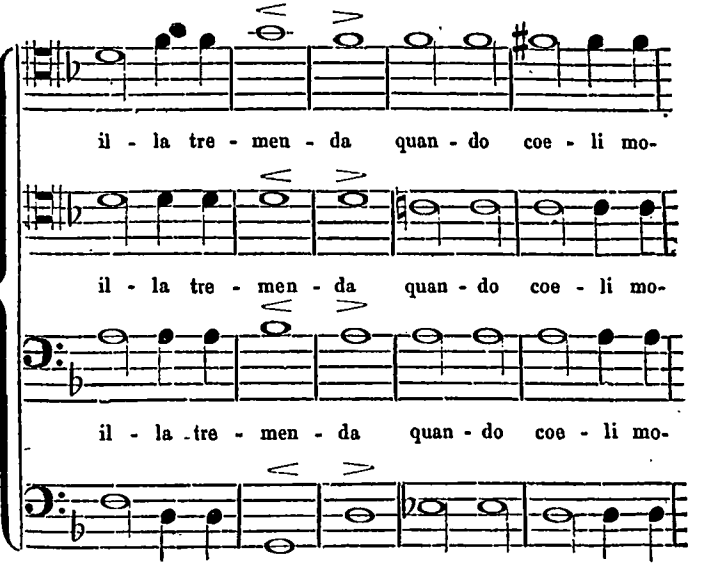
Di - es il - la di - es i - rae ca - la - mi-
Di - es il - la di - es i - rae ca - la - mi-
Di - es il - la di - es i - rae ca - la - mi-
Di - es il - la di - es i - rae ca - la - mi-
ta - tis et mi - se - ri - - ae di - es magna
ta - tis et mi - se - ri - - ae di - es magna
ta - tis et mi - se - ri - - ae di - es magna
ta - tis et mi - se - ri - - ae di - es di - es mag - na

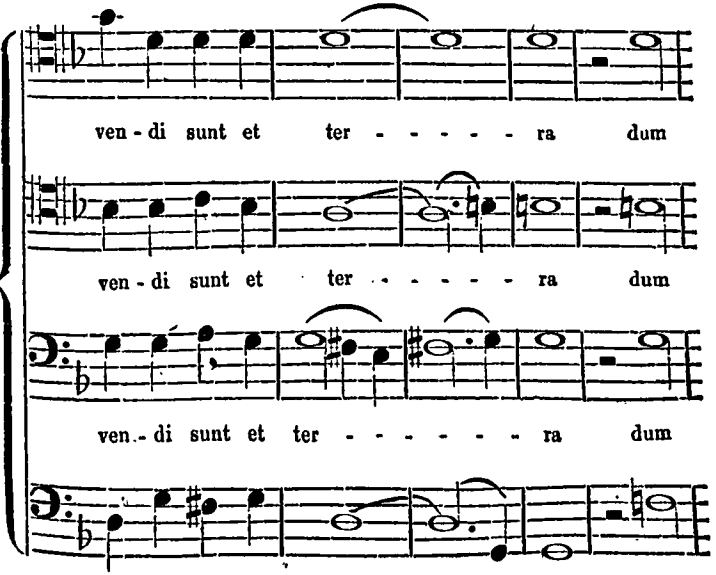
p
mag-na di-es et a-ma-ra val-de.
p
mag-na di-es et a-ma-ra val-de.
p
mag-na di-es et a-ma-ra val-de.
p
mag-na di--es et a-ma-ra val--de.
mf
dum ve-ne-ris ju-di-ca-re sae-cu-lum ju-di-ca-re
mf
dum ve-ne-ris ju-di-ca-re sae-cu-lum ju-di-ca-re
mf
dum ve-ne-ris ju-di-ca-re sae-cu-lum ju-di-ca-re
mf
dum ve-ne-ris ju-di-ca-re sae-cu-lum ju-di-ca-re

p
saeculum per ig - - - - nem. Re - quiem ae-
p
saeculum per ig - - - - nem. Re - quiem ae-
p
saeculum per ig - - - - nem. Re - quiem ae-
p
saeculum per ig - - - - nem. Re - quiem ae-
ter - nam do - na do - na e - is Do - mi - ne
ter - nam do - na do - na e - is Do - mi - ne
ter - nam do - na do - na e - is Do - mi - ne
ter - nam do - na do - na e - is Do - mi - ne

ff
et lux per - pe - tu - a et lux per - pe - tu - a
ff
et lux per - pe - tu - a et lux per - pe - tu - a
ff
et lux per - pe - tu - a et lux per - pe - tu - a
ff
et lux per - pe - tu - a et lux per - pe - tu - a
p
lu - ce - at e - is et lux per - pe - tu - a lu - ce - at
p
lu - ce - at e - is et lux per - pe - tu - a lu - ce - at
p
lu - ce - at e - is et lux per - pe - tu - a lu - ce - at
p
lu - ce - at e - is et lux per - pe - tu - a lu - ce - at

p
e - - - - - - - - is. Li-be-ra me Do-mi-ne
p
e - - - - - - - - is. Li-be-ra me Do-mi-ne
p
e - - - - - - - - is. Li-be-ra me Do-mi-ne
p
e - - - - - - - - is. Li-be-ra me Do-mi-ne
fp
li-be-ra de mor-te ae-ter - - na in di - .
fp
li-be-ra de mor-te ae - ter - na i di - e
fp
li-be-ra de mor-te ae-ter - - na in di - e
fp
li-be-ra de mor-te ae - ter - - na in di - e


il - la tre - men - da quan - do coe - li mo-
il - la tre - men - da quan - do coe - li mo-
il - la tre - men - da quan - do coe - li mo-
il - la tre - men - da quan - do coe - li mo-


ven - di sunt et ter - - - - - ra dum
ven - di sunt et ter - - - - - ra dum
ven - di sunt et ter - - - - - - - ra dum
ven - di sunt et ter - - - - - - ra dum

ve - ne - ris ju - di - ca - re sae - cu - lum ju - di - ca - re
ve - ne - ris ju - di - ca - re sae - cu - lum ju - di - ca - re
ve - ne - ris ju - di - ca - re sae - cu - lum ju - di - ca - re
ve - ne - ris ju - di - ca - re sae - cu - lum ju - di - ca - re
sae - cu - lum per ig - - - - - - - - - nem.
sae - cu - lum per ig - - - - - - - nem.
sae - cu - lum per ig - - - - - - - nem.
sae - cu - lum per ig - - - - - - - nem.

No. VIII.

Concert in aid of Beethoven's Monument at Drury Lane Theatre, July 19th, 1837.

It was in the summer of the year 1837 that the citizens of Bonn, who had for the last two years been actively engaged in raising funds for the erection of a monument to Beethoven in his native city, addressed Lord Burghersh, through the Baron von Schlegel, president of their managing committee, in the following letter:—

My Lord,

Monsieur le Baron de Bulow has encouraged me to address your Lordship on behalf of the proposed monument to Ludwig van Beethoven, in his native town of Bonn. This project has been most favourably entertained in Germany: we have received the profits of many concerts given for this purpose in the small as well as large towns, besides private subscriptions; nevertheless, our means are still insufficient for the execution of a monument in all respects worthy of this great genius. Besides, his glory would remain imperfect if we did not ob-

tain for it some conspicuous support from abroad, and especially from London, which has become one of the principal places in Europe in which music is cultivated in the greatest perfection. A public concert, given in that capital, in aid of the monument to Beethoven, would complete our wishes.

If a connoisseur and patron of talent like your Lordship would deign to encourage such an undertaking, distinguished artists will zealously assist, and the numerous admirers of Beethoven will not refuse their aid to do honour to his memory.

Having had the honour, in former times, of being received by your Lordship, and of being present at your brilliant musical entertainments in Florence and in London, I gladly avail myself of this occasion to recal myself to your kind recollection; and I beg you to accept the expression of my devotion and of the great respect with which

I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

Your most obedient and humble servant,

(Signed) A. W. De Schlegel.

Bonn, May 21st, 1837.

Lord Burghersh, taking up the matter with the utmost zeal, addressed an appeal to the principal musical institutions of London, which in their turn

showed their readiness to promote the object in view.

At a meeting of the professors belonging to the Ancient Concert, the co-operation of the members of that body was unanimously granted, Mr. Knyvett and Mr. Cramer being deputed to act as its representatives. A like course was adopted by the Philharmonic Society, which nominated Sir George Smart and Mr. Moscheles in a similar capacity; Mr. Mori and Sig. Costa were appointed by the orchestra of the Italian Opera to express the adherence of that body; and Messrs. Potter and C. Lucas, at the suggestion of Lord Burghersh, on the part of the disposable forces of the Royal Academy. Several of the principal English and foreign vocalists then in London offered their co-operation with the utmost willingness and liberality. Mr. Bunn granted the use of Drury Lane Theatre, and on the 19th of July, 1837, under the management of a committee presided over by Lord Burghersh, assisted by the Right Hon. the Earl of Cawdor and the Right Hon. Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart., and formed of the members of the musical bodies above specified, a grand concert was given, the following account of which is extracted from the musical journals of the day.

The performance which took place at Drury

Lane Theatre on Wednesday evening was but thinly attended, owing to a variety of causes, among which may be noticed the dissolution of Parliament and the approaching elections, the lateness of the season, and, we fear, the high terms demanded for admission, namely, half-a-guinea the boxes, seven shillings the pit, and five shillings the gallery. In a musical point of view it realised the highest expectations that could have been formed of it; for assuredly it was the noblest entertainment of this description that ever was given in England. But considered with respect to its object, it has unfortunately been a failure, the attendance having been too small to produce any substantial contribution to the fund. This circumstance must have, in some measure, diminished the enjoyment which the admirers of Beethoven derived from the performance of some of his greatest masterpieces. But it did not damp the ardour of the performers. They evidently exerted themselves *con amore;* and we have never heard music performed with greater care, energy, or effect.

Nothing could have surpassed the splendour of the orchestra on this occasion, which was erected upon the stage, and the back of it was as high as the second tier of boxes. The principal singers were arranged in front; the chorus, consisting of

112 voices, on each side; the conductor in the centre. The band consisted of fifty violins, twelve violas, twelve violoncellos, eleven double basses, twenty-five wind instruments, &c., making a total of 110 instruments, and a grand total of about 230 performers. The soli performers were Mesdames Schrœder Devrient, Bishop, Knyvett, Birch, Wyndham; Messrs. Braham, Bennett, Balfe, Seguin, and H. Phillips. The conductors, Sir George Smart, Mr. Moscheles, and Mr. Knyvett; the leaders, Messrs. F. Cramer, Loder, and T. Cooke.

The selection combined: Part I. The Mount of Olives. Part II. The Choral Symphony. Part III. Overture Egmont.—Canon from Fidelio.—Concerto in E flat (pianoforte, Mr. Moscheles).—Grand scena in E.—And Finale from Fidelio.

The Mount of Olives, which formed the first act, was given entire for the first time in England. The solo parts were sung by Mrs. Knyvett, Mrs. Bishop, Miss Birch, Mr. Braham, Mr. Phillips, and Mr. Bennett. Braham was in perfect voice, and had his voice perfectly under his command. He sang, indeed, so well, that the principal performers in the orchestra could not refrain from offering him their friendly and hearty congratulations. The band was led by F. Cramer, and conducted by Sir George Smart.

Beethoven's great Choral Symphony formed the second act. It was admirably performed, and received with immense applause. Schroeder sang with a power and truth which only the music and a kindred genius could have supported. Mr. Moscheles' performance of the noble Concerto, and his conducting the Choral Symphony, have been already mentioned in these pages. Both were beyond commendation. The choralists in "Here seize him," and the "Hallelujah," were very effective; the former (which is a similar movement to the pistol scene in the "Fidelio") was unanimously encored.

So far the journals. That the pecuniary result of this concert should have fallen short of what might be anticipated from such a cause and such assistance, must have had its cause in the lateness of the season and the recent death of King William the Fourth. The clear profits of this concert, together with some donations, amounted to only 100*l.*! No doubt that many of Beethoven's admirers in England, who were prevented from attending this solemnity, would have taken a pride in honouring the memory of the great master under more favourable auspices.

As to the proceedings of the Committee for the Beethoven Monument at Bonn, the following par-

ticulars may not be uninteresting. The President of the Committee, Baron A. W. von Schlegel, having relinquished his office, owing to an accumulation of private business, Dr. Breidenstein* was elected in his stead. The Committee have been most successful in their appeal to the musical world throughout Europe, so that the expenses of the proposed Monument are now nearly covered. The sums received are the produce of concerts in more than fifty different towns, the receipts of a concert given by those eminent artists Thalberg and De Beriot, at Bonn, for the same purpose, and the generous donation of 10,000 francs from Liszt, who joined the Committee as an active member. Promises of concerts for the same purpose have been received from Vienna, Paris, Brussels, and other places.

The Committee has already issued an address to artists, inviting them to send designs for the Monument before the 1st of March, 1841. From among the designs or sketches that shall be received, the three best will be selected by competent judges, and for each of them a premium of twenty frederics

* This gentleman, who stands in high repute as a professor of music at Bonn, has made himself so meritoriously known as a teacher of harmony and counterpoint, that the honour of instructing H. R. H. Prince Albert, while at the University of Bonn, in that branch of the art, devolved upon him.

d'or will be paid, upon condition that the authors of them, if required, will have models made of them, upon a reduced scale, and send them to the Committee.

In order to insure perfect impartiality in the selection of the designs, the authors are requested to attach a motto to each, and to inclose the same motto in an envelop, together with the name and the address of the artist. The competition is open to artists of all countries. It is necessary to add the following remarks, as they may have an influence upon the work itself:—

1. It is decided that the Monument, or rather the statue, which is to form the most essential part of it, shall be executed, not in marble, but in bronze.

2. The sum which, at the commencement of next year, we shall have at our disposal amounts to about 13,000 dollars, Prussian currency; in addition to which contributions are announced, and confidently expected, from several of the most important German and European capitals.—Ed.

No. IX.

Sale of Beethoven's MSS. and Musical Library.*

Vienna, March 16, 1828.

The sale of the lamented Beethoven's MSS. and musical library, which lately took place here, excited uncommon interest among the lovers of music, amateurs as well as professional men. The following are the heads under which the articles were arranged in the catalogue:—

1. Fragments from Beethoven's musical portfolio, consisting of noted paper, scraps of various themes, &c. 2. Fragments and sketches in a more complete form. 3. Autographs of scores already published. 4. Autographs of unpublished music. 5. Copies of various Symphonies, Choruses, Overtures, Masses, &c., corrected by the composer's own hand. 6. Printed music and theoretical works. 7. A small collection of works of general literature. 8. A small collection of musical instruments. The contest for several of the articles

* From the Harmonicon, April, 1828.

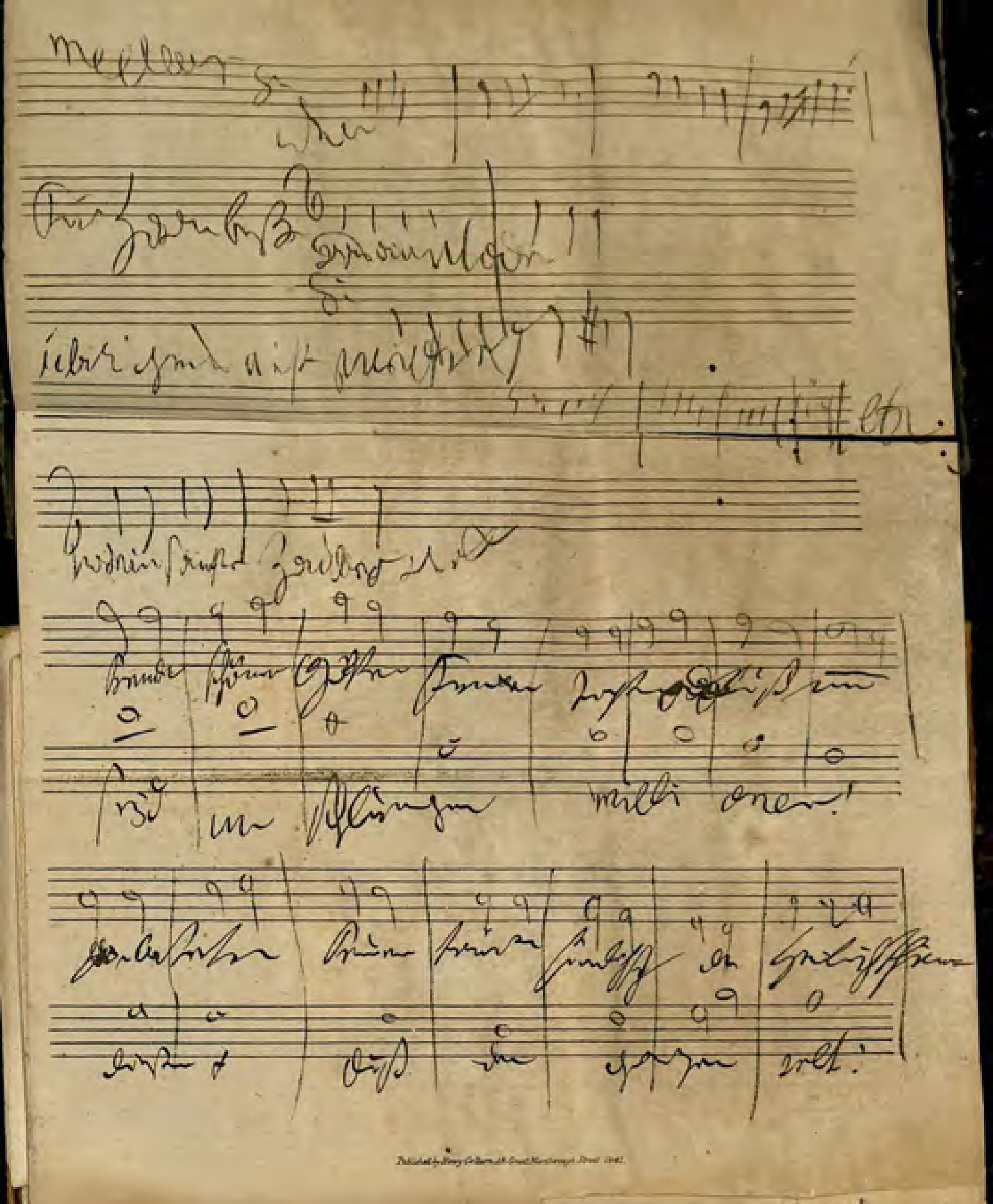
was warm and spirited, particularly between the well-known music-sellers Artaria, Haslinger, and Steiner. More than forty works, unknown to the public, were brought to the hammer, the greater part of which are productions of Beethoven's earlier years. No doubt the present possessors will, ere long, afford the world an opportunity of enjoying these works of the lamented master. We observed that the greater proportion of them became the property of Artaria, after a severe contest with his brother publishers; several fetched extraordinarily high prices. Besides a great many other articles, Beethoven's last work, an unfinished Quintett, begun in November, 1826, fell to the lot of Diabelli, who triumphantly bore it away, at a very high price, from a host of competitors. The same gentleman also became possessor of a Solo-Capriccio, of a Rondo for pianoforte and orchestra, and of the English pianoforte which Beethoven had received as a present from the Messrs. Broadwood. The gold medal which the composer had the honour to receive from Louis XVIII. on receiving the copy of one of his grand masses was bought by some anonymous collector. But by far the most interesting article of the whole sale fell to the lot of M. Haslinger—the collection of contrapuntic exercises, essays, and finished pieces, which Beethoven

wrote while under the tuition of his master, the celebrated Albrechtsberger, all in his own handwriting, with the interlineal corrections of that master, and his remarks on the margin. It is in five thick volumes, which were evidently preserved with great care. The struggle for the possession of this invaluable relic—the fruit of Beethoven's first studies—was long and spirited; but the stamina of M. Haslinger brought him through: after many a fiercely-contested round, he was at length declared the victor, none of his antagonists coming to time. We are happy to be able to state that this collection of studies,* so interesting to the whole musical world, is immediately to be placed in the hands of Kapellmeister Seyfried, who is to prepare it for the press. M. Haslinger also became the fortunate possessor of a pianoforte Trio, consisting of an Allegro, Adagio, Finale, and Variations, composed while Beethoven filled the place of organist in Cologne; of a short Sonata for four hands; of several songs and other vocal pieces; of a small collection, entitled *Zapfenstreiche für Türkische Musik;* of two violins, with the possessor's seal on each; and lastly, of Beethoven's copy of the works of Handel, Dr. Arnold's edition, in forty volumes folio. The latter, as is well known, was presented

* This work has indeed been published.—Ed.

to the lamented composer by his friend M. Stumpff, of London, the possession of which tended so much to soothe Beethoven during his last protracted illness. The mind and talents of Handel were kindred to his own, and he was seen for hours hanging over these volumes in rapture and forgetting his sufferings. Two other competitors contended warmly for this prize—M. Gläser of Gotha, and Mr. Schenk, the well-known composer of *Der Dorfbarbier;* but M. Haslinger still retained his honours as champion of the field.* We must, however, observe, that, warm as the opposition was between these different opponents, the contest was still conducted with becoming respect—not to say with a certain solemnity due to the relics of the mighty dead. Some of the prices given astonished even the most enthusiastic admirers of the composer, and are the most satisfactory proofs of the deep zeal and love for the art predominant among us.

* M. Schindler has informed us that this valuable collection was bought by Haslinger for 100 florins, about £10 sterling—a price which would not seem to bespeak much spirit in the rival bidders; and the writer of the above account of the sale adds, in a note, that the purchaser almost immediately advertised it for sale in the Leipzig Musical Gazette, price 450 florins, or £45.—TRANSLATOR.



N°2.
From Photostat of the Original Manuscript in the Royal Library

SYSTEMATIC CATALOGUE

OF

ALL THE ORIGINAL WORKS

BY

LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN,

AS PUBLISHED BY T. HASLINGER, FROM VIENNA.

A.—PIANO FORTE MUSIC.

I.—SONATAS.

FOR THE PIANO FORTE ALONE.

No.		Op.
1.	Sonata in E flat	
2.	„ in D	
3.	„ in F minor	
4.	„ in F minor	2
5.	„ in A	2
6.	„ in C	2
7.	„ in E flat	7
8.	„ in C minor	10
9.	„ in F	10
10.	„ in D	10
11.	„ in C minor	13
12.	„ in E	14
13.	„ in G	14
14.	„ in B flat	22
15.	„ in A flat	26
16.	„ in C sharp minor	27
17.	„ in E flat	27
18.	„ in D	28
19.	Sonata in G	29
20.	„ in D minor	29
21.	„ in E flat	29
22.	„ in G minor	49
23.	„ in G	49
24.	„ in C	53
25.	„ in F	54
26.	„ in F minor	57
27.	„ in F sharp	78
28.	„ in G	79
29.	„ in E flat	81
30.	„ in E minor	90
31.	„ in A	101
32.	„ in B flat	106
33.	„ in E	109
34.	„ in A flat	110
35.	„ in C minor	111

II.—MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,

FOR THE PIANO FORTE ALONE.

1.	Andante favori, in F	35
2.	Bagatelles in F	33
3.	„ „	104
4.	„ „	126
5.	Fantasie in G minor	77
6.	Polonäise in C	89
7.	Preludes in C	29
8.	Rondo in C	51
9.	„ in G	51
10.	„ in G (for Pianoforte and Violin)	
11.	Dances (Seven Waltzes)	
12.	„ (Six Waltzes)	
13.	„ (Minuets and Waltzes)	

III.—VARIATIONS

FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, WITH AND WITHOUT ACCOMPANIMENTS.

1.—*For the Piano-forte alone.*

No.			Op.
1.	Variations	(Theme de Marche)	
2.	„	(Quant' è più bello)	
3.	„	(Nel cor più non)	
4.	„	(Nozze disturbate)	
5.	„	(Waldmädchen)	
6.	„	(Mich brennt ein)	
7.	„	(Air russe)	
8.	„	(Tändeln und Scherzen)	
9.	„	(La Stessa)	
10.	„	(Kind willst du)	
11.	„	(Es war einmahl)	
12.	„	(in a familiar style)	
13.	„	(Vieni Amore)	
14.	„	(God save the King)	25
15.	„	(Rule Britannia)	26
16.	„	(Thême orig.)	34
17.	„	(With a Fugue)	
18.	„	(Thirty-two Variations)	36
19.	„	(Theme russe)	
20.	„	(Waltz by Diabelli)	

2.—*With Accompaniments.*

21.	Variations	(Se vuol ballare) for Piano-forte and Violin	
22.	„	(Air de Hündel) for Piano-forte and Violoncello	
23.	„	(Ein Mädchen)	
24.	„	(Bey Männern)	
25.	„	(Thême orig.) for Piano-forte, Violin and Violoncello	
26.	„	(Air écossais) for Piano-forte and Flute	
27.	„	(Air écossais)	
28.	„	(Air autrichien)	
29.	„	(Air écossais)	
30.	„	(Air écossais)	
31.	„	(Air écossais)	
32.	„	(Air tirolien)	
33.	„	(Air écossais)	
34.	„	(Air russe)	
35.	„	(Air écossais)	
36.	„	(Air tirolien)	
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